For the Lady's Book.

THE HEART.

VERNEUIL, though born and brought up in France, at a distance, it is true, from the capital, towards the close of the seventeenth century, reached the age of manhood without learning that the golden age was a fable. Every thing, it must be acknowledged, contributed to deceive him. He had not arrived at that time of life when, in individuals of sensitive feelings and ardent temperament, the judgment controls the imagination; nor had he yet learned to prefer the lessons of experience to the brilliant visions which he thought as true as they were pleasing. He loved, or thought he loved, the young and lovely Helen. Educated in the country, unsuspecting and unsophisticated as if the world were yet in its infancy, Helen was not displeased to find herself the idol of his adoration, nor thought that maiden modesty required her to frown upon his vows. He told his passion; and the maid, blushing, but not ashamed, confessed that her heart was not ungrateful.

Verneuil had not yet breathed the dangerously delicious air of Paris; but Parisian belles were a favourite theme of his conversation. He thought himself familiar with their arts, and steeled against their charms, having studied them diligently in comedies and novels. He rejoiced that Helen had never visited the metropolis; and, still more heartily, that the earliest bloom of her beauty had been freshened by the breezes of the Valais. This alone, he thought, was the genial clime of faithful affection. The fascinations of interest or ambition should never allure him from its recesses.

"How sweet to talk of love beneath the shade of these lofty mountains; while nature, even in her most majestic garb, looks on and listens with the smile of an approving parent. Elsewhere the native graces of my Helen might possibly seem too rustic. Other eyes might not admire, like mine, the rose whose tints 'Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,' the lilies fragrant as the breath of spring, and pure as the unfallen snow."

Bound to each other by a young and ardent attachment—dwelling together in the chateau of an amiable Baroness, somewhat advanced in years, sister to the father of Verneuil, and from youth the bosom friend of Helen's deceased mother—day after day the youthful pair talked, uninterrupted, of their present enjoyments and their future happiness. The good lady approved their growing affection; not because they seemed born for each other, but because she designed them to be her heirs, and was pleased to think that her estate would not be divided at her death. This was the motive that induced her to encourage the mutual inclination of her young friends. Content with the result, they looked no further.

An incident at length occurred to disturb the repose of this happy family. A lawsuit of material consequence required the presence of the Baroness at the Capital. My children, said she, we must away to Paris.—To Paris! exclaimed Verneuil.—Aye, to Paris. Surely you are not averse to the visit.—Not for myself, but for Helen; perhaps, Helen will find the air of Paris the most delicious in the world. When I was young, nothing charmed me half so much; and I undertake to answer for her. Her silence speaks her wishes; so, not a word from you. I shall proceed at once, so prepare.

The Baroness left her nephew alone with Helen, who showed no uneasiness at the prospect of this sudden change.—I see, said Verneuil, that your silence was indeed intended to signify consent.—I was not even consulted, was her reply. —The Baroness might well take your inclination for granted. If you felt repugnance to the expedition, why not show it, at least by some slight objection?—But why, dear Verneuil, should I have shown what I had no reason to feel?

Such was frequently the tone of their conversation on their way to the capital. The Baroness heeded them not; her thoughts being absorbed by her lawsuit.—Ah! she exclaimed, if my old friend the Duke is still living, I may count on his effectual aid.—Alas, sighed Verneuil, in Paris no one can dispense with a protector; and Helen will be assailed by offers from thousands.—So much the better, said the aunt.—So much the worse, said the nephew.—Helen, in entire simplicity of heart, enquired the meaning of all this. —Nothing, nothing; replied Verneuil, in a paroxysm of impatience. You will find every man of fashion—every hanger on about the court—from pure generosity, anxious to signalize himself as the patron of a beautiful young woman.—And what, asked Helen again, can be more natural or more generous?—Charming simplicity, thought Verneuil, but sadly out of place, except among the hills of the Valais.

It was yet broad day when they arrived; and the Baroness found that forty years had wrought sad changes in her darling Paris. The classic style of building, above all, shocked her taste; and she sighed for the outlawed Gothic.—What enormous windows! she exclaimed: the least of them large enough to light my whole chateau.

Helen, though too dutiful to say so, thought the modern fashion precisely what it ought to be. Her eyes wandered with admiration over the thousand objects that claimed her attention; and every moment presented new sources of delight. Verneuil wondered at nothing but the pleased astonishment of Helen.

The travellers alighted at the door of their relative, the Countess Derigney, where they found a large company awaiting their arrival. This was another cause of disquietude to Verneuil; and his disconcerted air produced some whispered pleasantries. The women, however, decided

among themselves that he was worth forming; and more than one could gladly have taken him in hand. The gentlemen, without exception, felt the same good will for Helen; and doubted not that she would do honour to her tutor. In her most simple remarks they owned a charm which mere simplicity could never have communicated.

Several days elapsed before Verneuil seemed at ease amid the splendid scene in which he moved; but he saw, with indescribable gratification, that his Helen was unchanged. Her eyes glanced rapidly from that which was new to that which was still newer, but her heart never wandered.

Said the Countess Derigney to the Marquis de Sericour, her favoured admirer—Those two children are admirably formed for a country couple. They will be all in all to each other—the best thing in the world for those who can do no better.

The lady spoke to one by no means disposed to contradict her. The Marquis looked on the world as a garden where every visitor should seize the fairest flowers within his reach, and on love as a game in which the winner and the loser should wear the same smile. In this temper he had for some time paid his devotions—if such they could be called, to the Countess. He would have blushed to own himself a woman's slave; nor did he aspire to the conquest of a heart, for this was a triumph the possibility of which he doubted. The wish that he felt, to change his own condition, sufficed to excuse a similar desire in the woman he professed to love.

His passion suited the Countess; a widow of two and twenty, with wit at will; naturally gay, systematically trifling, and a coquette by habit. *La belle passion*, like every thing else, she treated with levity; and had no taste for any sentiment more decided than a mere preference. Love, with her, was but a matter of fashion; and an old lover, like a worn scarf, was thrown aside unceremoniously when a new one caught her fancy. She had no absolute principle of frequent change; but she changed frequently, notwithstanding.

The attachment of our young friends of the Valais was the most ridiculous thing in the world in the eyes of this brilliant couple.

Said the Countess to her admirer—A thought strikes me that I am sure you will approve. Here are two victims whom we ought to rescue. They love each other most lamentably. You and I—let us teach them to love less, but better. —A delightful scheme, cried the Marquis. The invention is yours; but in its execution you shall find me no contemptible rival. Take Verneuil into your care, and leave Helen to me. We undertake no easy task, but it cannot fail to amuse: and what else is worth living for?—But Marquis, said the lady, remember that an artless Valaisanne is less upon her guard than a Parisian belle.—Trust me, madame, was his reply, her safety is in my honour.—He stopped for a moment, and added, with a smile—Verneuil, Countess, is from the Valais too; and Rousseau tells us—You forget, said she, that we have no Chalet here.

They lost no time. The Marquis seized every opportunity of engaging Helen in conversation, and skilfully adapted his tone to her disposition. She spoke always with her natural frankness; and her ingenuousness amused him, while she laughed without reserve at his sallies.—You love Verneuil, said he, and you let him know it.—True, she answered, from our infancy.—So much the worse; for he will care the less for you.

Helen declared that she had never detected the slightest symptom of neglect; to which Sericour replied—so much the better. You would else have betrayed your anxiety to please him; thus losing the advantage to which your sex is entitled.—All this seemed strange to his unconscious pupil, and she did not hesitate to say so. He promised to explain; and she was ready to receive, with gratitude, any instructions that might teach her to secure the affections of Verneuil.

Verneuil, in the mean time, was in constant attendance on the Countess, who was pleased with his society, because it was next to impossible not to find him agreeable. Imperceptibly, his conversations with Helen became less and less frequent; and Helen, her thoughts drawn astray by the attentions of the gay and fascinating Marquis, failed to notice the comparative estrangement.

The Countess had a Chateau, about twelve miles from Paris, where the presence of the elderly Baroness authorised her to receive both Verneuil and Sericour. The Baroness, with her young friends, made it a point of duty to visit the court. At their return, they set out for the *maison de campagne*, which they reached in the usual time of a two league journey.

With less to restrain them here than at Pari the Countess and her coadjutor pursued their scheme as if it had been the main object of their lives; while Verneuil unconsciously lent himself to their designs. Scarcely understanding his own thoughts or feelings, he found them frequently in opposition to those of Helen; and often regretted to find his conscience assuring him that the fault was his own.

Why, Verneuil—said the Countess one morning—why so serious and contemplative? You return from the court with the air of a suitor whose petition has not even been retained for future consideration. And yet, madam, I had nothing to ask; and have been favoured with audiences more frequent even than I wished. What then can annoy you? The Baroness appears enchanted with her old friend the Duke; and your Helen seems to have absolutely won his heart. But why change colour? Surely you are not jealous of a man of seventy! A lover, replied Verneuil, finds cause of disquietude in every thing; and the Duke's honours outnumber his years; and has he not a son of two and twenty, accomplished and distinguished, and scarcely less devoted than his father? Yet you expect me to be at ease!—I wish your attach-

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ment to be a source of delight and not of vexation. The Marquis and I, for instance, we love each other, but—you look astonished—why affect to conceal what is notorious?—I had imagined, I confess, that mystery was one of the charms of a mutual affection.—Nonsense, interrupted the Countess; the only sentiment that we need conceal is hate.—Another point, replied her pupil, of which I was profoundly ignorant. I have always been disposed to veil my love, and to proclaim my dislikes.—A natural consequence of your country education; but, with a reasonable share of docility, you may be taught better. Remember, however, she added with a smile, that my cares are perfectly disinterested. When I have made you what you ought to be, I resign you to your darling Helen.

The Countess's repeater, accidentally touched at this moment, reminded her that the hour of the toilette had arrived; and she summoned Verneuil to take his first lesson as a spectator, perhaps an assistant, at that magic ceremony. Sincerity supplying the place of gallantry, he protested that art could but impair the charms that nature had made so perfect. The Countess smiled at his compliment, but laughed at his inexperienced simplicity; and pledging herself to convince him he was mistaken, led him, half resisting, to the chamber where her maids were already waiting her arrival.

She unbound her long rich tresses, which floated over her shoulders in rich waves, and swept the floor. Verneuil admired their beautiful auburn, and their boundless profusion. He grasped them with a timid hand; the other followed unconsciously, and both scarcely enclosed them; while he wondered at his own boldness, and at the sensations he felt at the touch of those incomparable locks.

The Countess requested his advice in the choice of a *coeffure* for the day; and chided him for his ignorance when he avowed his want of acquaintance with each in the variety that she named. You should learn to value, she said, the illusion that occasional change produces. By the aid of a little well-applied invention, an admirer may be taught to feel as if he has sunned himself in the smiles, alternately, of each of the Graces and the Muses, while his Melpomene and his Aglae have differed from each other only in their head dresses.

She chose that to which caprice directed her; and Verneuil thought it incomparably becoming. Her diamonds were next produced. To these he objected strenuously, and urged the substitution of flowers, as more natural and simply beautiful.—No, no, she answered; flowers fade in an hour, but the diamond sparkles for ever; and the gem of the mine is not less than the leaf of the garden the gift of nature. My poor Verneuil, your notions are too romantic.—He yielded again, and remained silent till the work was done.

The Countess then proposed a visit to the Baroness and Helen; offering her hand, which he seized eagerly. To the lady's remark that the Marquis was probably engaged at Helen's toilette, he replied that the session could not be a long one; as the maid of the Valais had not yet forgotten the simplicity of her early habits.

But, he added, it seems to me that I have been usurping the place that he ought to have occupied.—Another of your rustic notions, said the Countess; you can imagine no pleasure more delightful than that of embellishing yourself the charms of your shepherdess. Not a flower should be entwined in her tresses but according to your taste; while I consult my own, and thus the Marquis seldom meets me without the pleasure of an agreeable surprise. You must learn, my young friend, to know the value of variety and novelty. —Then the taste of the Marquis has no influence on yours; returned Verneuil, in a half enquiring tone.—You mistake again, said the Countess; I know how to please him without receiving his directions; and it is for him that you have spent half your morning in my service.

This last assurance piqued Verneuil sensibly; though he was surprised at the vexation it caused him. He had entertained a very different idea; and it is never agreeable to find one's self mistaken.

The Marquis joined them at that moment; admired the lady's appearance, and complimented Verneuil, whom he presumed to be the artist. The Countess was enchanted with his approbation; and Verneuil felt discontented without knowing why. Before the fashionable lovers had finished their salutations, Helen appeared, with the Baroness. Verneuil remarked that she was dressed less simply than when she was her only counsellor. At any other time he would have remonstrated freely; but now he was restrained by the consciousness of what was going on in his own heart. The Countess remarked his embarrassment, and exulted in the success of her arts. He contradicted Helen as often as she spoke to him; and, when she reminded him of the time when all their sentiments were in unison, he reasoned on the influence of circumstances. For instance, said he, the dress you now wear would have seemed extravagantly rich in our native vallies; while here, perhaps, you think it even plainer than it should be.—Helen asked him, with a smile of perfect and sincere simplicity, how such trifles could possibly influence the heart; and how the difference between flowers and pearls could change the feelings of those who loved each other truly. Still his air was cold and abstracted; and the Countess, who perceived this and knew the cause, felt a gratification far beyond that which she had promised herself. Few women can be indifferent to a triumph of this sort, no matter how resolute may have been their determination to remain so.

Our young friends were introduced to the opera and to the ball-room, where Verneuil saw many beautiful women, but none, in his eyes, so beautiful as the Countess. The Marquis, in describing to Helen the character of the society in which she now mingled, was thrown off his guard by her frankness; and found that he had been

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satirizing the models upon which his pupil was to be formed. He discovered, with surprise, that his heart, for once, had taken the lead of his inclination.

They returned to the country, where every hour caused new embarrassments to our four friends. The Countess found it more and more difficult to sustain with Verneuil the part that she had assumed. She spoke to him less frequently of the Marquis, and oftener of himself; she observed, with pleasure, that Helen was seldom the subject of his conversation; and felt, in the progress of her plan, a gratification far more intense than the mere amusement that she had anticipated.

Verneuil, without suspecting himself of inconstancy, became more and more inconstant from day to day; Helen, still persuaded that she loved Verneuil, found the Marquis incomparably amiable; while he thought her simple charms well worth the brilliancy of the Countess. All four had believed themselves to have adventured in a merely sportive engagement; but the heart was not thus to be thrown out of the question.

The Parisian pair accused each other of want of address in effecting the scheme which they had concerted together. The Countess taunted her admirer with the resistance which a simple country girl had opposed to his arts, and he retaliated in the same tone, and with equal reason. In the midst of their debate they saw the young lovers in close conversation, and stationed themselves in an arbour to listen.—Our situation, said Sericour, is none of the newest; but not so with the motive that has induced us to take it.

Confess, said Verneuil, that you prefer the capital to the solitudes of the Valais.—I have no wish to deny it, replied Helen; especially when I see you so completely reconciled with Paris.—By the way, returned Verneuil, the conversation of the Marquis is exceedingly brilliant; and he never shines so much as when he talks with you.—And the Countess, said Helen—how beautiful! how fascinating!

Sericour and the Countess congratulated each other on the certainty of their success. I should have been astonished beyond measure, said the first, if your charms had failed—And I still more, replied his companion, if your skill had been foiled.

As they reached the door of the Chateau, the Baroness appeared with a face of despair, with a letter in her hand, announcing the loss of the suit on which her fortune depended.—What, she cried, will become of these poor children? I hoped to leave them in possession of a splendid fortune; but now they may perhaps be even forced to leave the home in which they have been brought up.—Both her young friends were sensibly afflicted with this misfortune; and Verneuil joined the Marquis and the Countess in attempting to re-assure the desponding Baroness.

The party at length separated; and each retired to rest and to reflection.—Poor Verneuil, thought the Countess, was never born for a state so humble as that to which he seems condemned. Young, elegant, noble, intellectual, he is worthy of the most enviable lot; but, banished to his native mountains, how can he hope to rise? Let me, then, make amends for the injustice of Fortune. I have yet formed no indissoluble engagement with the Marquis; and, if appearances have not deceived me beyond imagination, he will delight to do for Helen what I propose to do for her lover.

The lady was right; for the Marquis was engaged in thoughts precisely similar to her own. After all, said he, they who would accuse me of inconstancy must acknowledge the motive to be generous. I offer the Countess the example of a noble act; and, more than that, I spare her the embarrassment of being beforehand with me. But in this point he was mistaken; for she was already taking measures for the execution of her new scheme. She drew Verneuil into conversation, the next morning; and, with the art of which few women are destitute, told him all that she felt, while seeming anxious to conceal it. He was astonished at his own penetration; so quickly, so thoroughly, reading the secrets of her heart. Flattered beyond measure at the sentiment he had awakened, his emotion was extreme; but pride, and not for the first time, came to the aid of virtue, and saved him where fidelity and affection alone would have failed. To renounce his first love at the moment when Fortune had deserted her! The thought restored him to himself. It is true, said he to the Countess, my Helen and myself must prepare for circumstances less enviable than those to which we have been accustomed to look forward from our childhood. But, to renounce each other for such a cause! how should we deserve the scorn of all faithful hearts!—The worst that could be said, replied the Countess, would be that you had yielded to your destiny; and how do you know that Helen herself—Ah! interrupted Verneuil, for her I would answer with my soul; and even if mistaken, I shall secure myself against self-reproach. Let me say, too, he added, in a tone of mingled respect and tenderness, that I feel this to be the last of my trials. Too sensible to your charms, and grateful beyond expression for your kindness, need I tell you of the conflicting emotions that have been striving for the mastery in my bosom?

This avowal satisfied the Countess more completely than the most unanswerable reasons that could have been alleged to justify the rejection of her proposal. Her pride was saved, and this was enough; for she was not susceptible of a passion of which the disappointment could cloud her spirit.

Verneuil was yet at her feet, when the Marquis and Helen appeared. The latter retired with an air of embarrassment; while her companion was so intent upon a letter which he held open in his hand, that the Countess, unobserved, was near enough to hear his soliloquy.—Cruel girl! he exclaimed, thus to reject the homage of a sincere and ardent heart!—She is wrong, certainly, said the Countess. Had she consulted me, your vows should not have been vain.

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The Marquis, taken off his guard, was thrown into confusion for the first time in his life. Verneuil, who had been too distant to hear his words, applied to Helen for an explanation; and she, after some moments of hesitation, took her letter from the hands of Sericour, and placed it in those of her lover, who read it in a tone that reached the ears of the Countess. It was in these words:—"Unable to collect myself sufficiently to reply in another mode, I have resolved, perhaps indiscreetly, to write to you. Believe me sincere in assuring you that I am not ungrateful for the offer you have made me, of your heart and hand. But the misfortune, that hangs over Verneuil and myself, should only unite us more closely to each other; and I feel it impossible to desert him, especially when his prospects are less bright than in other days."

Well, madam, said Sericour to the Countess, you possess my secret. I could not endure the thought of seeing our lovely young friend reduced to a condition beneath her merits; if that be a crime I submit to your reproaches.—You need fear none from me, she replied; and, to make you perfectly easy, I confess that I was ready to second your generous designs.

Verneuil and Helen could not treat the affair quite so lightly. Confused and agitated, he assured her that he was profoundly sensible of the value of the sacrifice she had made to her early affection. He ventured to hint, however, that he found some cause for uneasiness in the tone of her reply to the Marquis; and she defended herself by asking whether he was willing to tell what he had said when kneeling to the Countess. The latter came to their relief, declaring that his words had been in the same strain with her letter; and the conversation was ended by the appearance of the Baroness, displaying, with exultation, a letter from her old friend the Duke, who had written to announce the favourable issue of the affair that had brought her to the capital. The officious friend from whom the previous intelligence was received, had been more eager to transmit ill news than careful to assure himself of its truth.

Sericour and the Countess congratulated their old friend, and sought no longer to interfere with her projects; feeling that two lovers, willing to encounter with each other the pains of adversity, were not to be separated when Fortune smiled.

Helen and Verneuil were shortly after united; and the Parisian pair soon followed their example. Each of the four, though perfectly happy and contented, acknowledges that the heart is a dangerous play-thing.

From Mrs. Alaric Watts' New Year's Gift.

LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

"And is my dear Papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me?" asked the little Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled, and hid her face in Amy's cloak when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with their crossed partisans before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of State were confined; and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take a last farewell, was imprisoned, under sentence of death. "Yes, my dear child," returned Amy, sorrowfully, "my lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place my dear?"

"No," replied Lady Lucy, resolutely, "I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is." Yet she clung closer to the arm of her attendant, as they were admitted within the gloomy precincts of the building, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her: and she whispered to her nurse—"was it not here that the young princes, Edward the Fifth, and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester."

"Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account; for no one will harm you," said Amy, in an encouraging tone. "And was not good Henry Sixth murdered also, by the same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination was filled with the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place; many of which had been related to her by Bridget, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower, on the charge of high treason.

"But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?" pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

"Hush! hush! dear child, you must not talk of these things here," said Amy, "or they will shut us both up in a room, with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord, your father."

"Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side and was silent, till they were ushered into the room where her father was; when forgetting every thing else in the joy of seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him

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with her kisses. Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter, and overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, and his own anguish at the thought of his leaving her an orphan at the tender age of nine years, he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears. "Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked the little child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this dismal place and come to your own hall again?" "Attend to me, Lucy, while I tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl upon his knee. "I shall never come home again—for I have been condemned to die for high treason; and I shall not leave this place, till they take me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head, with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple Bar, or London Bridge."

At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears. "Be composed," my dear child, said Lord Preston, "for I have much to say to you; and we may never again meet in this world." "No, no, dear papa! they shall not kill you; for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they cannot cut your head off;—and I will tell them all how good and kind you are; and then they will not want to kill you." "My dearest love, all this would be of no use," said Lord Preston. "I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Lucy, do you remember that I once took you to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?"

"Oh, yes, papa—and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange was at my age," replied Lady Lucy, with great animation. "Well, my child, soon after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who had married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom; and the people made him and the princess of Orange king and queen in his stead!"

"But was it not very wicked of the Princess to take her father's kingdom away from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her," said Lucy earnestly.

"Hush! hush my love—you must not speak thus of the queen. Perhaps she thought she was doing right to deprive her father of his kingdom, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a king of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not think she would consent to sign the death-warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him," said Lord Preston with a sigh.

"I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition," said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master, "and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly intreated of her by some of your friends."

"Alas, my good Amy, no one will undertake the perilous office of pleading for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favouring King James."

"Dear papa! let *me* go to the queen, and beg for your pardon," cried Lady Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. "I will so beg and pray her to spare your life, dear father, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Dear, simple child! What could you say to the queen, that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say," replied Lady Lucy.

Her father clasped her to his bosom—"But," said he, "thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the queen, even should you be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to her, papa! Should she be angry with me, and answer me harshly, I shall be thinking too much of you to care about it; and if she send me to the Tower, and cut off my head, God will take care of my immortal soul." "You are right, my child, to fear God, and have no other fear," said her father. "He perhaps has put it into thy little heart to plead for thy father's life; which if it be his pleasure to grant I shall indeed feel it a happiness that my child should be the instrument of my deliverance; if it should be otherwise, God's will be done. He will not forsake my good and dutiful little one, when I am laid low in the dust."

"But how will my Lady Lucy gain admittance to the queen's presence?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of this interesting scene.

"I will write a letter to her godmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines, which he gave to his daughter, telling her that she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell.

Though the little girl wept as she parted from him, yet she left the Tower with a far more quiet mind than she had entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope.

The next morning, before the lark had sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a child whose only parent was under sentence of death. As she passed through the hall, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the old butler, all the servants shed tears, and begged of God that he would bless and prosper her. Lady Lucy was introduced to the Countess Clarendon's apartment, before her ladyship had left her bed; and having told her artless story with great earnestness, presented her father's letter.

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Lady Clarendon was very kind to her little god-daughter; but she told her plainly that she did not dare to ask her father's life, because her husband was already suspected of holding secret correspondence with his brother-in-law, King James. "Oh," said Lucy, "if I could only see the queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me. I would plead so earnestly that she could not refuse me, I am sure?"

"Poor child! What could you say to the queen," asked the Countess, compassionately. "God will direct me what to say," replied Lady Lucy. "Well, my love, thou shalt have the opportunity," replied Lady Clarendon, "but much I fear thy little heart will fail when thou seest the queen face to face."

Impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her god-daughter, she hastened to rise and dress that she might conduct her into the palace gallery, where the queen usually passed an hour in walking, when she returned from Chapel. The Countess, while waiting for the arrival of her majesty, endeavoured to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out the portraits to her notice, "I know that gentleman well," said Lucy, pointing to a noble full-length portrait of James the Second.

"That is the portrait of Queen Mary's father; and a striking likeness it is," observed the Countess, sighing—"But hark! Here comes the queen and her ladies from the chapel. Now, Lucy, is the time. I will step into the recess yonder; but you must remain alone, standing where you are. When her majesty approaches, kneel, and present your father's petition. She who walks before the ladies is the queen. Be of good courage."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart beat violently, when she found herself alone; but her resolution did not fail her. She stood with folded hands, pale, but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the queen's approach; and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and above all the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the queen's attention and interest. She paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her colour rose, she frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on: but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping her robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father! my dear, dear father, royal lady!"

Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things: but in her sore distress she forgot them all, and could only repeat, "Save my father, gracious queen!" till her vehement emotions choked her voice—and throwing her arms round the queen's knees, she leaned against her majesty's person, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were unusually interesting. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but very firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the queen. "He may be so to you, child," returned her majesty; "but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die."

"But you *can* pardon him," replied Lucy, "and I have learned that God has said 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' "It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me," replied the queen, gravely, "I am acquainted with my duty. It is my place to administer justice impartially; and it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it may be to deny so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply—she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James. The queen's curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child; and she could not refrain from asking why she gazed so earnestly upon that picture. "I was thinking," replied Lady Lucy, "how very strange it was, that you should wish to kill *my* father, only because he loved *yours* so faithfully."

This wise and artless reproof, from the lips of childish innocence, went to the very heart of the queen. She raised her eyes to that once dear and honoured parent, who, whatever had been his political errors, had ever been the tenderest of fathers to her, and when she thought of him, an exile in a foreign land, relying upon the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she was invested with the royal inheritance, of which he had been deprived, the contrast between her conduct as a daughter and that of the pious child before her, smote on her heart, and she burst into tears.

"Rise, dear child," said she—"I cannot make thee an orphan. Thou hast prevailed; thy father shall not die! thy filial love has saved him!"

HOME.

Home can never be transferred—never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love; by the innocence and sports of childhood; by the first acquaintance with nature; by linking the heart to the visible creation, is the only home. There is a living and a breathing spirit infused into nature. Every familiar object has a history; the trees have tongues, and the air is very vocal. There the vesture of decay doth not close in and control the noble function of the soul. It sees, and hears, and enjoys, without the ministry of gross and material substance.—*Hope Leslie.*

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THE CABINET COUNCIL,

OR HOW TO MAKE A LADY'S BOOK.

SEATED in front of a splendid specimen of the ingenuity of the Chinese—a gilt and richly inlaid table, covered with a variety of beautiful minerals, shells, and articles of virtu—the author, after having been duly announced by Prudence, her bower-woman, found her cousin Penelope, on his entrance into Miss Mary's brilliant boudoir. Miss Mary was standing, attired for a ride, near her fair kinswoman; and aunt Elinor, the very pearl of the ancient sisterhood of spinsters, entered the apartment before the usual greetings were concluded.

"Your cousin, young ladies," said aunt Elinor, "wishes to look round Miss Mary's boudoir again, to see if anything has escaped his notice."

This was a very mysterious announcement. Miss Mary, after looking earnestly, first at her aunt, and then at Penelope, as if she were desirous of reading an explanation in their eyes, exclaimed: "Escaped his notice, aunt! I cannot conceive what you mean."

"Why, it would seem, child," was the old lady's reply, "that the arrangement and decorations of your boudoir, have, in some degree, attracted his admiration; although, for my own part, to speak candidly—and you know I love you equally—Penelope's seems to me by far the more preferable of the two; indeed, with one or two alterations, it might be pronounced perfect."

"The fault of Penelope's boudoir," said Miss Mary, "is superlative neatness: it looks as prim as herself; casting a glance round it, your first feeling of admiration at its order, is subdued in an instant, by a disagreeable conviction of the pains it must have cost her to drill her little squadron of embellishments so as to produce such an effect. My dear Pen! you may smile, but you are positively as precise as a mathematician; old Euclid seems to have been schoolmaster to the Graces who preside at your toilet. But, would you believe it?" added the lively Miss Mary, turning to the author, "notwithstanding she dresses in drab, and looks demure, cousin Penelope, sir, I can assure you, is as brilliant as possible on a birth-day; for when she does condescend to be splendid, I must confess, that few, if any of us, eclipse her."

"Yet allow me to remark," said Penelope, "that the rich and profuse negligence which reigns in your boudoir is the result of thrice the toil that I have employed in decorating mine."

"That is true enough, Penelope," said Miss Mary, while a slight blush tinged her cheek; "but the toil you speak of is not apparent. I look upon my boudoir (pardon the comparison) as upon a fine picture, in which those splendid dashes of light, which charm us; those fine touches of brilliant beauty that seem to fall from a mass of foliage to gild the bold edge of a ruin, and finally descend to illumine and ennoble a daisy, appear to have been the work of a moment;"—

"Or, to help you with a more high-flown simile, Miss Mary," said her cousin, who was now turning over a portfolio of engravings, "they seem to have been produced by the Muse of Painting, at a single dash of her brush newly dipped in the fountain of light!"

"And yet," continued Miss Mary, smiling at Penelope's simile, "they are, in fact, produced only by labour, both of the mind and the hand. This apparent carelessness of arrangement has, I admit, cost me considerable pains; but every body admires the effect, because the art which produced it is concealed. Here, for instance, in this recess, is a beautiful cabinet picture—a charming landscape, partly veiled, but not hidden, by a common, but, in my opinion, remarkably elegant creeping-plant, which extends far enough round the corner to twine about the carved ebony frame, and festoon the polished surface of an old-fashioned glass, which I prize because it was my grand-mamma's: here, again, you may perceive it wandering downward, and

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encircling a fossil; on the other side of the window it has attached its tendrils to a tall and stately exotic, and droops from its topmost flower to garland a Greek vase. Now, although this appears to be all the result of pure accident, Penelope, who is smiling at my comparison, will tell you, 'twas I that did it. And do not imagine, I pray, that every thing here is in such a chaotic jumble as to be inconvenient; there is, in fact, order in its seeming confusion; I have a clue to the labyrinth, and can find a book or a butterfly in my boudoir quite as soon as Miss Penelope can in hers. Candidly speaking, which do you prefer?"

"To me," replied the author, to whom this question was addressed, "they appear to be exquisite specimens of the different styles to which they belong. Like every other boudoir that I have seen, (although all bear a faint sort of family resemblance to each other,) each is apparently embellished according to the judgment of its fair owner, of whose taste and habits it might be taken as a symbol."

"That is precisely as I think," remarked Penelope.

"Then, my dear," replied Miss Mary, "notwithstanding your reputed wisdom, I must respectfully submit—as I am told the lawyers say, when they contradict the court—that you are partially in error. Of a lady's taste, her boudoir may sometimes, but not always, be a visible criterion. She may possess the taste of one of those select few, on whom Apollo had shaken a dewdrop from his laurel, and yet have as little means of gratifying it as poor Cinderella, before she had a little fairy glass-blower for a shoemaker: she may also be gifted with pure taste in an equal degree, and have a kind Crœsus for a relative to allow her an unlimited account at Coutts's, and yet be possessed with a sister sprite to that which nestled in the heart of an Elwes or a Dancer. That a boudoir is not always a proof of the habits of its owner, I positively confess mine to be an instance. Those specimens of minerals are very rare and valuable—at least so says Penelope—but they never struck me as being beautiful, and she knows I am little more acquainted with Mineralogy, than with the grammar of the Moslems. But to waive the question as to the superiority of Penelope's boudoir to mine, or mine to hers, allow me to ask, why my grave cousin, who sits smiling at our debate, is so anxious that nothing in my pet apartment should escape his notice?"

"I will endeavour to satisfy you on that point," said the author. "About two years ago, while seated in this identical chair, I conceived the idea of producing and publishing a work that should be deemed worthy of the acceptance of every lady in the country."

"I hope you do not intend to inflict another Annual upon us," said Penelope.

"By no means," replied the author; "so far from following the beautiful, but much-beaten track of my predecessors, it is my intention to offer the public a PERENNIAL—an *evergreen*, that will not be merely looked at and laid aside for ever, but will attract notice and merit attention at all times and at all seasons; not such a mere bouquet of flowers as, however rare or beautiful, seldom tempt their warmest admirers to a second inspection, and which are always dethroned, even if they hold their ephemeral sway for a year, by other blossoms, presented by the same hands, at the return of the book-binding season;"—

"But," interrupted aunt Elinor, with more enthusiasm than usually beamed on her placid countenance—"to drop my nephew's flowery metaphors—a volume which, although rich in beautiful embellishments, shall be so useful and instructive, as well as amusing, that it will, in all probability, be as often in the hands of every lady of sense who possesses it, three or four years hence, as within a month after its publication."

"That is exactly my meaning," said the author, looking gratefully towards aunt Elinor; "and I sincerely trust I have been fortunate enough to accomplish so desirable an object."

"And pray, cousin," inquired Penelope, "what is the book to contain?"

"If you require a view of the contents," replied the author, "I have only to say, look around you! Miss Mary's boudoir would form a very good index to the volume, and present a capital epitome of a young lady's best pursuits, exercises, and recreations. Flora has here a number of living representatives; Gnomes, in bronze, seem to bend beneath the weight of the minerals which are placed upon their shoulders; a sea-maid, with her conch, illumes the apartment when 'Night hath drawn her veil o'er the earth and sea;' the insect world is represented by groups of Oriental beetles, and splendid butterflies; the humming-bird is here, with many other of his fellow-tenants of the air, making all around them look dim by the metallic lustre of their plumage. All these remind me of sciences which are applicable to the study of young ladies; I have made a 'brief of it in my note-book;' and introductory papers on Botany, Mineralogy, Conchology, Ornithology, and Entomology have been the consequence."

"Well, cousin, I positively begin to feel much interested in your book," said Miss Mary; "and if you will deign to accept a compliment from one so much younger than yourself, I admire your discrimination."

"Dancing will decidedly, have a place in the volume," said the author; "the work would be very incomplete without it."

"And Riding," added Miss Mary, "certainly must not be omitted. My whip, I am satisfied, has not escaped your glance; and my aunt, I will venture to say, highly approves of riding on horseback."

"It is, unquestionably, beneficial in many respects," said aunt Elinor; "but still it must be considered, as a graceful exercise, very inferior to Dancing. The minuet is matchless."

"It seems then to be decidedly your opinion,

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ladies, that Riding and Dancing, are very proper exercises."

"Unquestionably so," said aunt Elinor, who on all occasions consulted the welfare and happiness of her nieces.

"The young ladies, I am happy to say," observed the author, "appear by their looks most cordially to agree with you. I have, aunt Elinor, as you know, taken counsel on the subjects with which the volume should be occupied, of the most intelligent and respectable ladies, in every intermediate degree of age, from grave matrons to girls of fifteen; and I flatter myself, that I have obtained much benefit from their hints, and shall succeed in pleasing them all. That I have not consulted my fair young cousins before, is not because I did not entertain that respect for their opinions which they deserve: it rather arose from my desire of submitting my plan to them in a perfectly mature state, so that I might obtain the benefit of their suggestions for its ultimate polish. It is gratifying to find, that those whose judgment I respect, and who belong to that class whom I am anxious to please, approve of my production; for in such a case as this, to make use of the words of an old author, 'it is useless to please the matron, unless our work delighteth the maid.' Innumerable difficulties presented themselves to the perfect execution of my ideas on the subject; you will, of course, imagine that it was an impossible task for an individual."

"That I can readily conceive," said Miss Mary; "but in these days, when the press teems with new publications, there surely can be no dearth of authors."

"Before you conclude your visit, cousin," said Miss Mary, as the author rose from his seat, "allow me to say, that both Penelope and myself are conscious of the compliment you have paid us, and we must make a suitable return. I remember being present, some years ago, at the ceremony of launching a frigate; and my sister had the honour of naming her, which she did in very delicate terms, while a bottle of wine was thrown at the vessel's head! From this circumstance I take my hint; and if you will allow it, Penelope shall name your work, while I sprinkle its title-page with eau-de mille-fleurs."

"But what name shall I confer upon it?" inquired Penelope.

"As it is to be a book exclusively devoted to the ladies," said Miss Mary; "let us resist all euphonious temptations, of which I confess the very nature of the work presents an abundance, and give it the plain but comprehensive title of 'THE LADY'S BOOK.'"

"Your suggestion shall be adopted," said the author; "and be assured, that I will endeavour to render it worthy of its name."

THE YOUNG SAVOYARD AND MADAME ELIZABETH.

"Oh! had you but seen the pretty little beggar I have just relieved," said one day the Duchess of —— to Madame Elizabeth. "Such supplications: 'A farthing; only one farthing; God will give it back to you.' And I threw a gold piece in the red cap he offered so pitifully. His beautiful black curls fell over his eyes; and quite astonished, I inquired his name. 'Marianne,' replied a soft little voice. Marianne? That is not a boy's name. And the little beggar hung his head, turned scarlet, and at last lifted his eyes to mine: the poor child was trembling all over. Don't be frightened Marianne, said I. How long have you been obliged to beg? 'For three years. In the day time I sweep chimneys, and at night I kneel at the corner of a street, and beg of all who pass by.' Marianne, will you come to the palace? 'Palace! what do you mean by the palace?' That beautiful white house that you see from here. You will ask for Madame Elizabeth. 'Oh I know her,' replied the little beggar girl; 'she is the beautiful Princess who is so fond of the poor; and whom we Savoyards call our mother. Every Sunday I eat her bread, a pretty little white roll that the Abbe de Fenelon gives us; and he never misses saying, 'My children, pray God for those who feed you.'' Then you will not be afraid? 'I shall perhaps be a little agitated at first; but I shall get over it.' Well, here are some lines written in pencil; to-morrow at twelve you will come. Give this paper to the guard, and you will see Madame Elizabeth."

The next day at twelve o'clock Marianne was at the palace gate. The gentleman usher, who had been informed, introduced her. The young girl hung her head, held her breath, trembled from head to foot, hardly touched the ground with her thick nailed shoes, and watched every step she took as if she had been walking on glass. Madame Elizabeth came towards the little beggar, and with that voice, every sound of which was sweet as music, said "Come here, my child; you remember this lady?" "Oh yes," answered Marianne; I sewed in my waistcoat the beautiful gold piece she gave me." "Will you stay with me?" continued the Princess. "With you!" replied Marianne, looking around; "what shall I do here? This chimney is so clean, so bright ——" "You shall not sweep any more." "Then I am to do nothing but beg?" "No; you shall not beg neither. I will give you a pretty frock, pretty shoes, a pretty hat; they will dress you up. Will you?" "Well, yes," replied the young girl; "but upon condition that when I get tired, I may do as the little birds which in winter time make their nests in houses, but in summer fly away to the fields." "So be it," said Madame Elizabeth; and the young girl jumped for joy.

The women of the Princess took possession of Marianne, undressed and washed her, and perfumed her hair. During this toilet Marianne was several times near fainting: these essences, these shows, were unusual to her, and her pretty head would droop, like those wintry flowers that flourish beneath the snow, but whose frail stems perish when the sun is too warm.

The little Savoyard, with her plaited hair, her neat collar, her purple frock, and her arms bare to the elbow, was lovely to behold. There was nothing ideal in her appearance, and *Guido Renni* might probably have passed without observing her; but Marianne was so fresh, so rosy; her teeth were so white, so pearly; her eyes so sweetly modest; every thing about her was so pure, so innocent, that at court she must excite attention; and accordingly every lady caressed her. Nothing was talked of for a month but the pretty Savoyard; *Demarne* took her picture, and copies of it were multiplied, some of which are still found about the docks and on the boulevards. Marianne caressed, attended to, carried off in a round of pleasures which she had never partaken of, forgot her old father and her mountains; but she soon got tired of worldly amusements. Two months had scarcely passed, and the rose on her cheek had faded, her eyes had sunken, and her heart became heavy. In vain Madame Elizabeth sought to question her—the young girl kept silence; but in order not to grieve her benefactress, mourned in secret.

One day forgetting her sorrow, she related to the Princess her mountain life, and she spoke joyfully of the Dent de Nivolet; of her cows with their silvery bells, her fresh grottos, and of the fairies that appear on St. Martin's night; all at once a sunbeam penetrated the room, and coloured and lighted the whole apartment. Marianne interrupted her story and disappeared in an instant. She was sought, and found endeavouring to climb the chimney; but her knees, so long unused to work, tottered and gave way, and she fell, hiding her face with both hands, and weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter with you," said Madame Elizabeth, helping her up, and holding her hands; "I insist upon your telling me the cause of your tears. Do you not wish to remain longer with me?"

"Oh, I should like to," answered Marianne, sobbing; "but do you see that beautiful sun? he calls me—I want to see the Dent de Nivolet, and my father, and Peter too."

"Peter," said the Princess, looking stedfastly at her; "you never told me about Peter. He is your lover—is it not so?"

"Oh no! no! I do not love him—our curate forbids young girls to love young men."

"But he loves you?"

"I do not know if our curate forbad him; but then he is very rich—he wants to marry me, but his father will not allow it! 'When she has a thousand francs,' he said, 'then I will give my consent.'"

"And you have not got a thousand francs?"

"I am not very far from it. I have already

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more than seven hundred. 'Twas Peter who said to me, 'Go to Paris, sweep chimneys, and when you have a thousand francs, we will be married;' and every year I set off, I sweep, I beg, and when I have got two hundred francs, and the sun is bright, as it is now, I return home. Peter goes every day on a hill, and when he sees me in the valley, he makes signs to me. As soon as I see him, I cry out, 'two hundred francs more!' —He jumps for joy, and so do I. When I saw the sun shine, my heart swelled! I fancied I heard the voice of Peter. Oh, I want to go, I want to go; but next year I will come back with a beautiful bunch of flowers, that Peter will have picked on the mountains."

"Well," said Madame Elizabeth, "in fifteen days you shall go."

M. Mesmer was at that time in full vogue. Madame Elizabeth sent for him, and inquired of him if he could at any time put a young girl to sleep. "Without any trouble," replied the doctor, smiling, "but I should be much more certain of success, if the night before the magnetic operation, the young girl had been at a ball."

"I understand," said the Princess; "I will send for you at the proper time."

She sent immediately to Savoy one of her confidential lacqueys, who had orders to bring post haste the two Savoyard families; and a distinguished painter was ordered to take the exact representation of the native place of Marianne. The painter was the first back.

In one of the Princess' apartments, a theatre was constructed, in which, by the help of well painted scenes, the huts, the Dent de Nivolet, and the hillocks from which Peter watched for Marianne, were represented.

Every order of M. de Mesmer was obeyed. The young girl spent two sleepless nights, and when her eyes were closing from fatigue, she was waked by order of the Princess: her beggar clothes, which had been procured, were put on her; the doctor, who acted the part of guide, conducted her to an apartment, every window of which was shut, seated her on an ottoman where she was soon overtaken by a natural sleep. She had hardly drawn a few breaths before she was profoundly asleep. Then, at a given signal, the apartment shone with light; a curtain was raised, behind which was seen in the back ground the peak of the Dent de Nivolet, almost touching the clouds. On the green sides of the mountain were the two little cabins; the father of Marianne was seated under an old oak; and Peter, who could hardly keep himself firm, on the slender peak of the rock; Madame Elizabeth, and a number of ladies, placed themselves behind. Madame de Mesmer taking Marianne's arm, shook her violently. The young girl woke suddenly, opened her eyes, and thought herself in Savoy. "Peter, Peter," exclaimed she, "here is your poor Marianne." And Peter, agitated to tears, jumped through the folds of pasteboard representing the Dent de Nivolet, and, without respect for the august spectators, threw himself into the arms of Marianne, and impressed on her cheeks kisses which were heard throughout the whole room.

In a few days after, the Princess' chaplain blessed the union of the young Savoyards, who returned to their mountains overwhelmed with the Princess' gifts.

The political tempests that thundered in France, reached and overthrew Marianne's cabin. Peter took arms in its defence; and was killed fighting near Chambery. Then Marianne took her father and stepfather with her in Oberland, where, by the death of an uncle, she had inherited a pretty little cottage, and there for thirty years she has entertained travellers. While Oberland was possessed by the French, the portrait of Madame Elizabeth continually adorned the dining room. It was near that portrait now blackened by smoke, like those of Voto suspended to the walls of the Abbey of Enscilden, and in front of the bright peaks of the Schrukorn, visible from the painted windows of the cottage, Marianne related to us, in 1828, this anecdote of her youthful years.

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HOSPITALITY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Hospitality—no formality—
There you'll ever see." *Old Song.*

"Hospitality—no formality, there you'll ever see." Quite true—true to the very letter; and there was not a more hospitable house in the province of Leinster than Barrytown.—"Kindly welcome," was visibly expressed by every countenance, and every thing bore the stamp of—"Hospitality;" the master was large; the house was large; the trees were large; the entrance gates were large; the servants were large; all the domestic animals were large; and the worthy owner's heart was large, and so was his purse. His estates were the most unencumbered for twenty miles round; I say the most unencumbered, for I do not mean to assert that they were perfectly free; that would, indeed, have been a marvel, not to be accounted for in Ireland; but as he had lived and was likely to end his life in a state of single blessedness, he allowed a mortgage of two thousand pounds to remain upon the property; the interest, to be sure, accumulated rapidly, and it was suffered to accumulate—"for," said the good natured old gentleman, "the interest, if paid, will do Hugh Collins little good; and as he has a large family, and is a worthy fellow, let it run on, it will be a sure income for his children, poor things, some day or other." This feeling, and the besetting sin of Ireland—"procrastination," prevented the respected owner of Barrytown from suffering any thing like uneasiness. He lived on, as usual, cheerful and happy; his house, particularly in the shooting or summer season, was kept full of company, more numerous than select; but all determined to enjoy themselves, and Mr. Barry, their worthy host, determined to promote their enjoyment. I have said his house was large—it was almost magnificent; it stood on a gentle declivity, and commanded a pleasing, though not very extensive prospect; the entrance hall was, as it ought to be, lofty and wide; the walls well garnished with fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and at the farthermost end, the antediluvian horns of a monstrous elk, spread even to the ceiling's height. Of this extraordinary production of nature, Mr. Barry was very proud, and boldly challenged the Dublin Museum to produce its equal. The pavement of the hall was formed of beautiful Kilkenny marble; its polish certainly had departed, yet the rich and varied veins were distinctly visible. Dogs of various sizes, from the stately Dane, the graceful stag hound, the shaggy Newfoundland, to the fawning spaniel, the little rat-catching, black muzzled terrier, and the sleepy silky Blenheim, considered the hall as their own exclusive property, but lived on terms of perfect good-fellowship with a Killarney eagle, a Scotch raven, and a beautiful Angola cat, who shared the same territory; the latter, indeed, looked upon a deer-skin covered couch as devoted to her sole use.

The great dining-room was worthy of such an entrance; it was wainscotted with black oak, and at the top of the apartment the extreme darkness of the wood threw the massive side-board, with its highly-wrought glittering, but antique plate, into strong relief. The dining-table rested on heavy pillars, and bore evident marks of having seen good service in convivial times; the chairs were high backed and richly carved, cushioned, with crimson damask; and the large wine coolers and plate buckets were rimmed and hooped with silver. "The family canvas," in heavy frame-work, smiled or frowned along the walls, as they ought to smile or frown; and were, to say the truth, a grim, clumsy looking set of personages; even the pastoral young lady, who was playing on a pipe, the sheep (I suppose they were sheep) looking tearfully in her face, her well-powdered hair graced by a celestial blue riband; even she, the beauty of the party, squinted most frightfully. But the good Mr. Barry had a profound veneration for them all, so we will leave them without further comment. The curtains and carpets had seen their best days, and Mr. Barry had been talking about purchasing new for the last ten years; nevertheless, the old remained, and, to say the best of it, looked very venerable. The withdrawing-room, or, as "the master" called it, the ladies proper apartment, held a motley assemblage of new and old furniture; a splendid rose-wood piano was placed next to a towering old triangular flower-stand, with monkey heads, and scollop shells at the corners, but which, nevertheless, served as a "canterbury." Silken Ottomans reclined in eastern luxury, near less elegant, but more sedate, hard stuffed sofas, and a lumbering old arm-chair, covered with cream-coloured embroidered satin, the cushion fringed and tasseled with gold, stood to the right of the fire-place; a small stool, garnished after the same antique fashion, and a little table, inlaid with silver, which appeared hardly able to support an old family bible, with studded clasps, were placed beside it.

The interesting occupier of the arm-chair was no less a person than lady Florence Barry, the mother of the hospitable master. I never saw so beautiful a relic of female nobility; when I remember her she was verging on her ninetieth birthday; her figure delicate and much bent; her eye black as jet, small, and sparkling, fringed by brows and lashes which time had ren-

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dered perfectly white. Her features had been handsome, but at such an age were much wrinkled, and her own hair straightly combed from under the high lappet cap, added to her venerable appearance; the dress she wore was always of the most valuable black Genoa velvet or satin, made after the olden mode, with deep ruffles of Mecklin or Brussels lace, and a small cloak of rich black silk fastened at the breast with a diamond brooch. The old lady was very deaf, but her sight was perfect; and when she received her son's guests, she did it with so much grace, so much dignity, that it could never be forgotten. Perhaps the affectionate respect and attention manifested by Mr. Barry to his mother was the most delightful trait in his character. "She brought noble blood and a princely dower to my father," he would say, "and made him a true and loving wife to the end of his days; and when in the full bloom of womanhood she became husbandless, for my sake she remained so. Can I honour her too much?"

Mr. Barry had nothing in particular to distinguish him from "the raale true-born gintry." He had a fair and open brow, that unerring index to a noble soul, and a manly expression of countenance; but he had more of his father's heedlessness than of his mother's penetration; and at sixty-two knew less of "the world" than most of our fashionables after they have been "a winter in London."

The domestics of Barrytown had grown grey in their services—in verity, all in the house were of a piece except the visitors; they ruined the *harmony* of the picture, while they gave spirit and variety to the *colouring*.

It was the month of June, which is more like May in England, for our skies weep much; and, as usual, the coach-houses and stables were crowded; the former with gigs, sociables, and jaunting-cars, outside and in; and the latter with all manner of ponies and horses. The servants' hall too, was full, and a "shakedown" had been ordered even in Mr. Barry's own study, a gloomy, dusty place, almost untidy enough to be the *studio* of a literary man—that odious receptacle for books and spiders—when old Mary said to old Mabby—long Mabby, as she was generally called—

"Mabby, honey, my drame's out, for, upon my conscience, if yon, on the broken-down looking jingle of a jaunting-car isn't Miss Spinner, and her ould trunk and her ould maid that's as bothering a'most as her devil of a mistress. Och, it wasn't for nothing I dramed of a blue bottle fly from my master's nose, buz buz about like a mill wheel, the jazey; there she is as yellow as a yarrow blossom."

"Why thin it's herself sure enough," responded Mabby, "and if she had staid in Dublin, 'mong the larned people she's always talking about, none of us would have asked what kept her. Och, it's true as I'm standin' here, she's got a new wig."

"New, nonsense," said Molly, "it's only fresh grased; I'll not go look after her things; a month won't excuse her out of this, and no mortal ever saw cross or coin afther her yet. Where 'll she sleep? Sure there's two in a bed all over the house, barrin' master's. Mabby, count how many there is now; I'll tell thim over; the best first; Mr. Altern, his two hunters, and the groom, to say nothin' of the dogs, but he's a generous gintleman, and the groom's a hearty boy."

"That's four," said Mabby.

"Och you born sinner," replied Molly, "sure it's not going to count the Christians with the bastes, ye are?"

"Tell over the Christians thin."

"Well, thin, that's two."

"Miss Raymond; in raale goodness she ought to go for two, the jewil!"

"Three."

Mrs. Croyden, Miss Lilly, Miss Livy, the footman (bad cess to that fellow,) the conceited walk of him is parfectly sick'ning, and coming over us wid his Dublin airs—and my lady's maid, to be sure."

"You've forgotten Mr. Wortley."

"Why, thin, I oughtn't to do that, for he never forgets nobody; he's both rich and kind, although he's an Englishman; I'd go from this to Bargy on my bare hands and feet to do a good turn for that gintleman, there isn't one in the house (of the visitors I mane) I'd do a civility for so soon, only Miss Raymond. What a pity it is that the young lady hasn't some yellow guineas of her own! Mr. Wortley is mighty sweet upon her, I think. Och, then, 'tis herself, the darlint, 'ud make the nice wife for him; but the English, the poor narrow-minded craturs! are all for the money, you know."

Well, Mabby, any way, that's nine. Miss Spinner and her follower, sure!"

"Eleven."

"That foolish-looking clip of a boy, that looks mighty like a gauger, and his comrade that hunts among the old places for curiosities, and their outlandish man, Friday, as I hard Miss Raymond call him."

"Fourteen; no bad increase to a family that always, when by itself, sits down twenty to dinner, counting the parlour, servants' hall, and second table, not to reckon the weeders and the gossoons; to be sure the bit they ate is never missed; how could it, from a gintleman like our master? the blessing be about him! My honoured mistress smiled as I passed her in the corrody to day: well, she is so very ould, and yet so cheerful, and forbye she's little, there's a stateliness about her, that always made me the smallest taste in life afeard; but she was wonderful good in her time, and master doates down upon her."

After this dialogue the two old housemaids departed, mutually determining to avoid Miss Spinner, who seemed to be the terror of the establishment.

In the drawing-room the greater part of the visitors were assembled, awaiting the ringing of the dressing-bell. Lady Florence, as usual, in her cream-coloured cushioned chair, reading her bible; Miss Raymond, sketching flowers from

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Nature, white and blue pease, and a china rose; Mr. Wortley neither absolutely sitting nor lounging, on one of the old fashioned sofas, was apparently engaged in looking over a large rolled map; Mrs. Croydon, netting; Miss Livy, and Miss Letty—the one attudinizing and winding a skein of silk, which the other held so as to display her little white hands to advantage, (the fair sex always know how to show off their perfections;) when at length Miss Letty broke silence, by asking—

"La, Ma! who do you think is come?"

"How should I know, child," replied her mother, looking up from her netting, "our party is so very pleasant," and she smiled a gracious smile on all around, "that I can hardly wish it increased."

Mr. Wortley smiled also, but it was a different sort of smile.

"Guess, Livy!"

"I never guess right. Mr.—Mr.—"

"It is not a Mr. at all."

"I wonder you guess at Misters," said Ma, with an aside drawing down of the brow, "I am sure, my love, *you* care so little about gentlemen; at least, so I used to hear at the Castle, where my little Olivia thought fit to be so frigid; I wonder, child, you mention *Misters*."

The young lady, who was not as accomplished a manœuverer as her Mamma, saw she had done wrong, although she did not exactly know how to amend her error, so she wisely held her tongue.

"Guess, Gertrude!" recommenced Miss Letitia, "Gertrude Raymond, can't you guess? well, then, I will tell you—Miss—Spinner—"

"Oh, mercy!" screamed Miss Olivia and her Mamma, "that Blue! oh, Miss Raymond! oh, Mr. Wortley! oh, what will poor Mr. Altern say! Mr. Barry asked her once, and she makes it a general invitation! oh, I shall be afraid to open my lips—shan't you, Gertrude?"

"No," replied Gertrude, laughing.

"Oh, you are so wise, Miss Raymond," said Letitia, "that you are not afraid of anybody; I dare say you would not mind a bit being in company with Sir Walter Scott, or Lady Morgan, or Doctor Johnson."

"Hush, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Croydon, who, it must be confessed, had enough to do to keep the levity of one daughter, and the ignorance of the other within bounds; Hush! you know Miss Raymond has had many advantages, and she is *older* than you, so she has less reason to fear clever people, but you are such a nervous little darling!" and Mamma, in patting the "little darling's" cheek, managed to give it (unperceived by the *rich* Mr. Wortley) a little pinch, which said as plain as pinch could say, "hold your tongue."

"Nobody has any reason to fear *really* clever people," said Mr. Wortley, rising from the sofa, and joining, for the first time, in the conversation, if so it might be called, "and certainly not Miss Raymond," he continued, bowing to Gertrude; who immediately bent more closely over her drawing than was at all necessary, for be it known she had very good sight.

"There's a compliment from the sober Mr. Wortley," laughed Olivia, "who ever heard of such a thing before."

"It would be impossible to compliment Miss Olivia Croydon," replied the gentleman, "her beauty is so universally acknowledged, that it needs not my poor commendation." The silly girl looked pleased even at extorted flattery.

Mrs. Croydon was the widow of a general officer, and in twenty years campaigning had seen a good deal of "the world;" she was a pretty and a vain woman; as her husband fell in love with her at a garrison ball, and she calculated on a similar fate for her daughters, she resolved on adding to their beauty, every accomplishment under the sun, as they were nearly portionless. What hosts of masters! painting on velvet, Japanning oriental tinting, music, dancing, singing, fencing, riding, French, every thing in the world, except the solid usefulness of *education!* accomplished they certainly were, but not educated.

Alas! how many lovely women shed tears of bitterness, when the flush of youth and fashion have passed, never to return, over hours spent in the acquirement of frivolous accomplishments; which, if occupied in the improvement of those qualities that shed a halo and diffuse a perfume over *home*, woman's best and brightest earthly dominion! would have made them useful and beloved, even to the end of their days.

Mrs. Croydon "carried on the war," as Mr. Altern used to say, "most famously." She had good connexions; and, as her daughters' education, to use her own words, "was completed under the first-rate masters," she resolved to devote herself to her friends, and let her house in Dublin, except for three months in the year, when it was absolutely indispensable that she should attend the Castle festivities, "for her daughters' sake! Heigh ho! she had no taste, now, for the world's pleasures!" nevertheless, many suspected that she would not have objected to become lady of Barrytown—a thing by no means likely, as Mr. Barry looked upon her in no other light than as the widow of his old friend.

Mr. Wortley, also, was an object of much interest to the lady; he admired beauty, so Miss Olivia was instructed to play off her best looks and best airs. He admired music, and Miss Letitia sung, until he was tired, all the cavatinas that Mozart and Rossini had ever composed. Fine girls and fine singers often go too far and "overshoot the mark;" they are perpetually assaulting your eyes, or your ears, until both ache even to weariness. Nothing, unconnected with intellect, can please long; we soon grow weary of scentless flowers, and scentless beauties. At all events the three ladies deserved some praise for their perseverance in the siege; although their efforts were somewhat like those of three Nautilas' storming Gibraltar.

Gertrude Raymond was a being of a very different order; her figure was large, more dignified than elegant; her features, when tranquil, had

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an expression of hauteur—her brow was lofty and expanded; her eyes, deep and well set; her skin, nearly olive; her hair might rival the raven's wing; her cheek was, in general, colourless, except when her feelings were excited; and then the rich blood glowed through the dark surface with the deep colouring of the damask rose; the eyes brightened, and the generally placid Gertrude Raymond, burst upon you in all the magnificence of beauty! Born of a noble but decayed family, and left an orphan at three years old, this high-minded young woman was adopted by an elderly maiden relative, the only one who retained wealth and influence. Gertrude, of course, had numerous enemies; for no other reason than that she came between certain persons, who entertained certain views, on certain property; wherever there is a "long-tailed family," there is much grappling and intrigue to know who holds the best cards. Miss Raymond had, of course, observed the various schemes pursued by her cousins, but with no other emotion than of pity. She pursued a course of undeviating rectitude, in opposition to their petty manœuvrings. Her aged friend was a woman whose temper had been soured by much early misfortune; and Miss Raymond bore her caprices from grateful, not from interested feelings.

When Gertrude had attained her seventeenth year, Miss, or as she was usually called Mrs. Dorrington, resolved to leave her country-house, near Barrytown, and reside for a time in Bath; the principal object in this change she declared was her anxiety that Miss Raymond should receive all the advantages of finishing masters and polished English society, as she would inherit the principal part of her fortune. It is impossible to conceive any thing like the sensation this avowal excited! An earthquake was nothing to it! All the cousins to the fourteenth remove were in dreadful consternation; public and private committees assembled; and all minor jealousies were for a time forgotten, in order that the common enemy, poor Gertrude, might be dispossessed of the strong hold she held in her rich relative's good opinion.

"It is quite bad enough," said one, "to have her put over all our heads, and she very little nearer the old lady than ourselves; but to leave the country, and go off like a duchess to Bath, and be pampered up, is too much entirely." "It's enough to break a heart of stone," said another, "to see her riding here, and riding there, in the carriage, and looking so mealy-mouthed all the time; and her kindness to the poor, all put on to gain popularity." They plotted and plotted, and planned and planned, but to no purpose; go she would, and go she did. In vain did the enemy declare their deep sorrow at parting for a time, with their beloved Mrs. Dorrington, and their dear "Miss Gurry;" in vain did they offer, either singly, or in a body, (forty-five of them at the very least,) to accompany their sweet friends to Bath; or all over the world, at any personal sacrifice, rather than suffer them to go alone among strangers. Mrs. Dorrington thanked them for their attention; and abruptly replied, that two thousand per annum made a home of every hotel in England, and friends of all strangers; and that she was able to take care of Gertrude, and Gertrude was able to take care of her. The poor of the neighbourhood sorrowed sincerely after their young benefactress. Mr. Barry knew more of Miss Raymond's charities than any other person, for she never failed to send him from Bath, little sums of money and presents for her poor pensioners. Mrs. Dorrington was quite right in her estimation of society; she had soon plenty of *friends* at Bath, and Miss Raymond's attraction drew many admirers to their house; I beg to be understood, as remembering, that *lovers* and *admirers* are two distinct species. It is a difficult thing to find an Irish agent, who performs his duty like an English one; a circumstance more to be attributed to want of business-knowledge than want of inclination. Mrs. Dorrington's remittances were delayed beyond all bearing. And after "absenteeing" some time, she surprised Gertrude one morning, by informing her, that she had made up her mind to go over to Ireland for a fortnight or three weeks, and look into her own affairs, which, wanted arranging. "It will astonish them all," she continued, "to see the old woman looking so well, and as you have so often promised Mrs. Ackland to spend a little time with her at Clifton, we will separate there; and I will not be absent more than three weeks. I shall certainly never suffer you to revisit Ireland, until you are married in that sphere of life which your birth, and the money *I have left you*, entitles you to."

Gertrude had not permitted any opportunity to pass, that enabled her to say a few words in favour of her relatives: for *self* was never uppermost in her mind. But Mrs. Dorrington's reserved and even austere manners to her dearest earthly tie, were seldom even so bland as to permit such observations. Gertrude accompanied her friend to Clifton, and saw her departure with sincere sorrow—she yearned to behold the green hills of her country, and the dear companions of her childhood. But Mrs. Dorrington's fiat was not to be disputed. The first letter she received, contained a long description of the bad management that had occurred during her absence, and her resolve to set all to rights before she returned to England. The next was filled with details of sundry arrangements, and then came a long silence. No letters; post succeeded post; no intelligence. At length a letter from Mr. Barry.—Mrs. Dorrington, he informed her, was seriously ill, and begged she would come over immediately. No packet sailed that day, the next brought another account: her friend was dead; the shock was more than she could bear, and, when she arose from a couch of suffering and sorrow, several letters were presented her by the lady of the house. The two principal were, one from her old and steady friend, Mr. Barry, entreating, if she knew of the existence of a will, to see to it at once; as the heir at law had already

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taken possession of the property, on the presumption that no document existed leaving any provision at all for her; the other from the heir himself, desiring that all letters, papers, and personal property of "the late Miss Dorrington," (how that cold sentence wounded,) should be forthwith delivered to Mr. Scrapthorne, Attorney-at-law, Back Lane, Bristol; who was empowered to take possession of the same.—From Madam, "Yours,

"THOS. DORRINGTON."

The very abject who, but six months before, had requested "the always kind interference of his friend (whom he was proud to call relative), Miss Raymond, with that most respected lady, Mrs. Dorrington, to beg he might have forty acres of the upper farm, now out of lease, on fair terms, and a loan of thirty pounds to help to stock it,

"From her humble Servant to command,

"And most faithful Cousin,

"THOS. DORRINGTON."

Poor Gertrude! the ingratitude manifested by the last epistle, for she had procured the man sixty pounds, and obtained his other request, aroused all her energies, and diligent search was made for a will, but no document even alluding to one could be discovered; every body felt for "poor Miss Raymond." "Such a melancholy change." "Pity she was not married before." "Hard fate." "Very distressing." Some asked her to spend a few days until she fixed upon her future plans, others extended their invitation to an entire month, but Lady Florence Barry, albeit, unused to letter-writing, added the following postscript to her son's letter, which was despatched when all hopes of finding a will were abandoned:—"I am old, Gertrude; my hand trembles, and my eyes are dim, but my heart is warm—warmer towards you now than in your summer days; come to us, be to us a child, and your society will bestow a blessing which we will endeavour to repay."

Gertrude's reply to this generous offer was at once simple and dignified.

"It is not," she said, "that I do not value your kindness, dear and beloved friends, above every earthly blessing, but I cannot live *dependant* even on you. I have accepted a situation as governess in Lady Brilliant's family, and I will endeavour to do my duty in that sphere of life unto which it hath pleased God to call me. Believe me the change must serve; I almost think I was too uplifted. I have now put my trust in God, who will do what seemeth best to him. To-morrow I leave this place, its false and glittering friends, to enter on my new duties in London. I am promised a month's holyday, and then, if I can summon fortitude to visit Ireland, I will see you. I hear the new possessor has sold all off, even the ornaments of the old mansion; that is heart-rending. But, worst of all, my poor pensioners: however, I shall be able to spare them something out of my earnings—my earnings; let me not be unthankful, I remember, with gratitude, that my education has saved me from the bitterness of *dependence*."

In a decent, solitary cabin, on the Dorrington estate, resided Nurse Keefe, so called from having "fostered" Miss Raymond. She was considered by her neighbours "a remarkable well-bred dacent woman," and when Gertrude left Ireland the faithful creature would have accompanied "her foster child," had it not been that her husband was in ill health, and demanded all her attention; he died about six weeks before Mrs. Dorrington, and Nurse made up her mind to return with that lady to England; her sudden death, of course, prevented it, and Nurse Keefe awaited "her own dear child's coming home to take possession of her own;" mourned for the dead, and rejoiced in her young lady's prospects almost at the same moment. When she heard that the property was going into other hands, nothing could exceed her grief; she was almost frantic, and abused the heir-at-law in no measured terms, declaring that he had made away with the will, and all were thieves and rogues. Mr. Barry assured her that he was using his exertions to induce Miss Raymond to reside with his mother, and that information afforded her some little comfort; but when she found that her nursling was going as governess to a family, the poor creature's misery was truly distressing. She returned to her cottage with a breaking heart, and did not even go to Barrytown to inquire after "Miss Gurry" for three weeks; when she again made her appearance there, she astounded Mr. Barry, with the information that she had "canted all her bits o' things," had drawn what money she had saved up in the bank out of it, and given up her farm, and was absolutely setting off to London to see her "child," as she generally called her. "I'm not going to be a burthen, Sir," said she to Mr. Barry, when he pointed out to the affectionate creature the folly of her journey. "I have as good as a hundred-and-twinty pounds, solid gould and silver, that's not mine, but her's, now she happens to want it, more's the pity! Sure it was by sarving her I got it, which makes it hers, whin she's distressed (that I should live to see it!) if not in law, any how in justice, which is the best law without any manner of doubt. So I'll jist take it her myself, to save postage; and I'm stout and strong, and able to get up fine linen, and clear-starch, with any she in the kingdom of England, and sure, she'll be able to get me plenty of work; and that trifle can lay in the London Bank for her, whin she wants any little thing, as sure she must, and I'll be near her to keep her from being put upon, by them English. And God be praised, I'm able to stand up for her still, and make them sensible of the honour she's doing them by staying there at all. And now my blessing, and the blessing of the poor be about ye'r honour. You'll not see me until I can't be of any use to Miss Raymond, the angel!"

So Nurse Keefe journeyed to London; and, at last, found herself at Hyde-Park Corner, quite bewildered by the crowd and noise, and endea-

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vouring to make her way to Grosvenor Place. Her quaint appearance attracted much attention as she passed. Short black silk cloak—white dimity petticoat—shoes and silver buckles—small black silk bonnet—hardly shading her round good-natured face, were singular gear, even in London; and her rich brogue whenever she inquired, "if any one could tell her where Lady Brilliant's, and her young lady's house was in Grosvenor Place," caused a universal laugh, which she did not at all relish. She stood at the corner opposite Hyde-Park, gazing wildly about, resolved not to ask any more questions, when a gentleman good-naturedly inquired, "if she was looking for any particular house."

"Is it looking! troth and I am, Sir, till I'm blind and stupid, and can see nothing, God help me! with the noise and the people, skrimitching and fighting; they may hould their tongues about the wild Irish; the English, here, I'm sure, are all mad; but as ye'r so kind, and, no doubt, knowledgable, may-be you could tell me the way to one Lady Brilliant's, and my young lady's, who live somewhere here abouts in Grosvenor Place."

"Lady Brilliant's!" repeated the stranger, "I am going there, and you may follow me, if you please." The gentleman walked on, and the delighted nurse breathlessly addressed him—

"Ah, then, Sir, every joy in heaven to ye, and sure ye know my young lady?"

"I have not that pleasure."

"I ax ye'r pardon, but ye said ye knew Lady Brilliant."

"I do."

"Well, ye'r honour, sure my young lady lives with her."

"No young lady, that I know of, lives there, except—Oh I have heard of a young Irish lady, a governess, I believe, but, of course, she is not seen."—

"Not seen," repeated Nurse, who had no idea that Miss Raymond could be excluded from any society.

"Is she sick, Sir?"

"Not that I know of; but I suppose that she is in the nursery, or study, or somewhere with the children."

This information could not silently be borne, and she told the gentleman with so much earnestness, the history of her "young lady," that although he was much interested, he heartily wished himself housed, for Nurse Keefe's eloquence attracted a good deal of attention. As they ascended the steps of Lady Brilliant's residence, Gertrude and her pupils were descending. The poor creature sprang forward, fell on her knees, and grasped Miss Raymond's dress, unable, fortunately, from her violent agitation, to utter a sentence. The face of an old friend is more delightful than sunshine in winter. Gertrude raised the aged woman to her bosom, and heedless of the presence of strangers, burst into tears. When, after the lapse of an hour, Nurse Keefe and Miss Raymond, were seated in the study appropriated to Gertrude's use, the faithful creature opened her simple plan to her foster-child, and endeavoured to impress on her mind that the money, which she had brought carefully wrapped in an old stocking, was Gertrude's. Much did the good nurse regret that she could not make "her darlint" understand this, and Miss Raymond in her turn, laboured as fruitlessly to convince her that she was perfectly happy, and treated quite as she ought to be.

"I can't believe it, I can't believe it, Miss, machree; how could I? whin that fine spoken young gentleman tould me, he never set eyes upon you, although he come often to the house? d'ye think I've no sinse? or that I'm out an' out a fool?—Sure it's well I remimber after ye'r angel of a mother died, whin ye came to be Mrs. Dorrington's child (who had no *born* child on account she was an ould maid), that I used to have to bring ye into the grand parlour as good as tin times a-day, in order that they might all admire ye'r beauty; and lords and ladies, and mimbers of Parliamint, fighting like cat an' dog for the first kiss, and I fighting to keep them from dragging the head off ye. And now to be in a bit of an English lady's family, as a sort of a—Oh! Ullagone! ullagone! My poor ould heart 'ill split?"

Gertrude had some difficulty in pacifying her, convincing was out of the question.

"Well, may-be so, my dear.—Happy!—can't understand it; may-be so—"

The next thing was to provide a lodging for Nurse Keefe, and as she soon placed what she called Miss Raymond's "trifle o' money" in a banker's hands, she became anxious for employment. Lady Brilliant, who was really kind and amiable, was highly pleased with the poor woman's generous feelings, and in less than a month the good nurse had more clear-starching and fine plaiting than she could manage. Thus, to use her own words, "the money powered upon her." She visited Gertrude once or twice a week, and never came empty-handed; nuts, oranges, and cakes, were her general presents, but sometimes she added pieces of gay riband, and two or three yards of lace. The person who gave her most employment, and paid her best, was her kind conductor when she first visited Grosvenor-place. The gentleman knew something of the neighbourhood where Miss Raymond had resided, for Mr. Barry and his father had been college friends, and he often chatted with Nurse Keefe when she brought home shirts and cravats ("that would bate the snow for whiteness") to his lodgings in St. James's-street, and highly gratified her by the information, that as he occasionally joined Lady Brilliant's family circle of an evening, he had sometimes the pleasure of seeing Miss Raymond. She was also a little mortified that he did not praise her young lady, as she thought every body ought to do, but consoled herself by muttering as she went home—"Well, it's mighty quare, but those Englishmen are afeard of wearing out their tongues; who knows, for all that, but may-be he's like the countryman's goose, that thought all the more for not spaking."

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Mr. Wortley, for it was the self-same gentleman, did think much on every subject, but latterly more of Gertrude than any other; he had not seen her often, but he had heard of her a great deal. Lady Brilliant spoke of Miss Raymond in the highest terms, and the children manifested the strongest attachment towards their "dear kind governess." "She is always so dignified and correct," said her Ladyship; "and is never out of temper," said Lady Jessica; "and although she is sometimes melancholy," added Miss Clarinda, the eldest of the children, "which is not to be wondered at, because once she had almost—almost as much money as Mamma, yet she smiles away her sorrows so sweetly, and sings for us of an evening, as well, indeed quite as well, as Miss Stephens, and very like her too, the ballads that make one weep."

"Dear Mamma," said Charles, a rosy boy of seven years old, "do coax Miss Raymond to drink tea in the drawing-room with us to-night; she will never come when there's company, but Mr. Wortley, you know, is an old friend, and comes often, and is nobody, and then she will sing for us; do Mamma." Charles's request was readily granted, and he ran off with a message from Mamma, begging Miss Raymond would that evening take tea in the drawing-room; he stopped at the door, and said playfully to Mr. Wortley, who had been some time in the room, "mind, I heard you say to Papa the other day that you wanted a wife; now you shan't have my Miss Raymond, for she shall be my wife when I'm a man."

"Dignified and correct—never out of temper—with much reason to be sorrowful—and yet chasing it away, even to gratify childhood; and singing—I never heard any woman sing with half so much feeling! What an admirable wife she would make!" So soliloquized Mr. Wortley when he left the family party in Grosvenor Place, and, of course, came to the resolution of knowing more of this "very interesting and superior woman." That, however, was not easily accomplished, the education of Lady Brilliant's children occupied all Gertrude's time, and even if the duties of her situation had not prevented it, she had so recently smarted from fashionable fickleness, that she was not at all inclined to stake even an hour's happiness upon it again. When Mr. Wortley met her, his very anxiety to render himself agreeable made him awkward; and here I really cannot avoid saying, that English gentlemen, in general, do not know how to make love. I am sorry for it, and have sincerely pitied their *gaucherie*—I suppose they find it unavoidable; it cannot be the fault of their heads, for their sagacity is proverbial; it cannot be the fault of their hearts, for the heart of an Englishman is the throne of every affectionate and noble feeling. I have often thought it was the fault of the climate; but of this I'm certain it is quite impossible to avoid laughing at their devotions, they pay them so strangely—never seem to know what to say—perhaps it goes off after a time—of that I cannot judge. However, my digression has nothing to do with the consternation poor Mr. Wortley experienced when he found that Gertrude Raymond was going to spend two entire months at Barrytown during Lady Brilliant's intended tour on the Continent. He thought he would speak at once to her as well as he could, but a little reflection convinced him that this would be the most effectual way to obtain a decided refusal, as he could yet have made no progress in her affections, and he knew her mind was too noble to calculate merely upon worldly advantages in a matrimonial connexion. After much pro and con, he resolved to speak to Lady Brilliant on the subject, and without waiting for his curricle, walked quickly towards Grosvenor Place; when he arrived he was informed that Miss Raymond, attended by Nurse Keefe and Lady Brilliant's own footman, had just departed for Ireland, and that Lady Brilliant was completing her arrangements previous to her Continental tour. He felt at once a strong inclination to visit Ireland. Every man of liberal feeling should make a tour of the sister Isles—he wondered he had never thought of it before—the Lakes of Killarney were celebrated all over the world—the Giant's Causeway, too, one of the most wonderful works of nature—the County of Wicklow—the vale of Avoca—he repeated Moore's lines to the beautiful valley with absolute enthusiasm. Besides, there was his father's old college friend, Mr. Barry: he had seen him in England during his parents' life-time, and knew he would be so glad to see him, dear old gentleman! how delightful to talk with him of his father—it was, really, very ungrateful not to have visited him before; and, now that London was quite empty (the carriages were jostling at every corner), he must go to the country, and he would go to Ireland."—Accordingly he wrote immediately to Mr. Barry, informed him of his anxiety to pay his respects to his father's old friend, and explore the beauties of a country he had heard so much of; hoped he should not inconvenience Mr. B., would await his answer at Milford, and concluded by saying, that he earnestly requested he would not mention his intended visit to any one, except Lady Florence, as he had a particular, very particular reason, indeed, for not wishing it mentioned, which he would hereafter explain. Oh the vanity of the male sex! "he did not wish it mentioned," because he wanted to see the effect his sudden appearance would produce on Gertrude.

There is a sort of free-masonry in goodness that none but the good can understand; Mr. Barry, very soon after Mr. Wortley's arrival, both knew and approved of his manly and disinterested attachment to his young friend; sincerely rejoiced at the prospect of wealth and happiness that was brightening before her, and only dreaded lest Gertrude's high feelings would prevent her being dependant (as she would call it) even on a husband. The manœuvrings of Mrs. C. and Co. entertained him much; and, after dinner, on the evening of the day that the "Blue Lady" arrived, as the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Mr.

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Barry and Mr. Wortley paused, and whispered to each other the same words, "how superior is she to all around her." Certainly the contrast between Gertrude and Miss Spinner was very ludicrous; the real information of the one and assumed learning of the other reminded one of Florien's beautiful fable, *Le Rossignol et le Prince*—

> "Les sots savent tous se produire;
> Le merite se cache, il faut l'aller trouver."

One was as presuming as the sparrows, the other as retiring as the nightingale.

"Now, re-e-ly," commenced the learned lady, "now re-e-ly," (she was ambitious of the English accent) "I am so glad you are come; gentlemen, I contest for woman's talent, but I lowly bend to the magnificent intellect of the creation's lords, although it must be confessed you are not 'melting as a lover's prayer,' as Hughes beautifully expresses it; and though, sometimes, 'ye are more changeable than Proteus,' yet are ye 'glorious as Mars,' and 'luminous as stars!' There," said the lady, making a low curtesy, "is rhyme and reason, which, I consider the perfection of oratory!"

Miss Livy and Miss Letty laughed; Gertrude smiled, and the gentlemen could scarcely keep their countenances in proper form. Mr. Altern, the rattling fox-hunter, complimented the lady on her eloquence, which was, he said, "as good as a play," and seated himself by her side, to draw her out; there was little occasion for it, for when once a woman gets a taste for display, it is like the overflowing of the Nile, which no earthly barrier can withstand—I fear me, however, it does not fertilize like that river. When the tea equipage was removed, Miss Spinner proposed "that they should busy themselves in some intellectual exercise. I am sure," she continued, "Miss Raymond, who has so long enjoyed the enlightening beams of London society, will second this motion; and, indeed, I wished particularly to ask her, if she had seen any of the celebrated characters, the lions of the day?"

"Yes, I have, I believe, seen many of them."

"Oh, how I envy you! perhaps you attended the celebrated Dr. Townsend's lectures, on the use and abuse of the steam-engine; of course you recollect Darwin's beautiful lines—

> "Fresh, through a thousand pipes, the wave distils,
> And thirsty cities drink th' exuberant rills."

Gertrude confessed she had not attended the lectures.

"What a pity! I think I saw your daughters, Mrs. Croydon, in that sweet fellow's botanical studio, at the Rotunda, I forget his name—Rose—Rosacynth!—do you recollect his delightful, and beautifully poetical description of the papilionaceous tribe? and his hortus siccus—so talented and classical! to arrange the loves of the flowers like Moore's loves of the angels."

"Oh, yes," replied both young ladies, "we all remember Mr. Rosacynth, we attended his lectures, and all such things, before our education was finished. I suppose, Gertrude, you will make Lady Brilliant's daughters, *your pupils*, do so, when they are old enough?"

"Young Ladies," replied Mr. Barry, quietly, "I believe Miss Raymond will soon devote her exclusive attention to one pupil; at least, I know one who would give—"

"Dear Sir," said poor Gertrude, springing up, "do, do hold—peace—for pity's sake."

"Bless me, what's the matter?" inquired old Lady Florence; the Croydons exchanged glances; Mr. Wortley stooped to look for his handkerchief, which was in his hand, and Mr. Altern gave a long whew. The silence showed symptoms of continuance which, nevertheless, the fox-hunter at length broke. "I hope you don't patronize the three B's that preside over conversazioni?"

"What are they?" laughed Mr. Barry.

"Blue stockings, blue milk, and blue ruin."

"Sir—Mr. Altern," said Miss Spinner, indignantly, "I am sorry for you! you have no more taste for the beauties of literature—to think or speak so, becomes a Goth, a Vandal, or—a fox-hunter."

"Whew, dear Madam, don't plunge so; a joke's a joke—though, faith, there's some truth in it. I was inveigled once, to one of their conversazioni; what a pucker they were in, worse than a pack of hounds in full cry, but not half the spirit of harmony, for they were all after different game; some shooting, some coursing, some angling, some (old one's too) ogleing; they seemed to me to neglect no sort of business, except eating, and that was not their fault, for they had nothing to eat, save trumpery biscuits and half starved sandwiches; my Sly would swallow plates and all in a moment—coffee, and *eau sucres* and all! oh, what is it to a baron of beef and a foaming tankard, or a smoking jug of whiskey punch?"

"But, Sir," said Gertrude, kindly, for she saw Miss Spinner was annoyed, "surely people do not assemble merely to eat and drink; as intellectual beings, we have higher objects in society, and——"

"I'll tell you what," said the honest, but unpolished 'Squire, "you are much too pretty for one of the sisterhood."

"Sir, I thank you," and Miss Spinner arose and curtsied low, very low, to Mr. Altern.

"Miss Olivia," said Mr. Wortley, eager to avert the coming storm, "do, pray, favour us with that beautiful cavatina of Rosini's—we all like music."

Miss Livy did not need a second request, and for some time she was listened to with much attention; at last Miss Spinner became tired of silence, and gliding up to Mr. Barry, said, "that as Mr. ——, she forgot the name, had gone off that morning, in search of Roman pavements, and broken vessels—pipes—and interesting relics of the olden time, and had not yet returned to illuminate their orbit by his brilliant discoveries; she had a few little curiosities in her bureau up stairs, that might afford amusement—she would bring them down while they were singing." The lady soon imported the various packages, boxes

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and bags, placed them on the sofa, piled up on her right hand and on her left, and looked not unlike a venerable mummy, encompassed by Egyptian relics. She exhibited her specimens of conchology; mineralogy; her little electrifying machine; her figure from the Inquisition at Goa; a snuff-box that Buonaparte had—looked at; a lock of hair, cut from the tail of Marie Antoinette's favourite lap-dog; a bit of Pope's willow; a leaf of Shakspeare's mulberry tree; a petrified toe of St. Peter's, which was classically labelled —"*Digit de Sancto Pietro!*" and many other equally valuable relics. The young people grouped around her, and she was unusually elaborate and eloquent in her descriptions; nay, she even repeated an extemporaneous poem she had made upon herself on a misty morning.

Gertrude and Mr. Wortley were standing near each other, when Miss Spinner pulled various old-fashioned boxes from a yellow-silk bag: —"I purchased these very interesting relics of antiquity at a receptacle for old furniture, vulgo —a broker's shop; it is very obscure; I fancy there is part of this strange-looking box unopened—it appears so thick and clumsy—perhaps the fastening is concealed by some spring; it has hitherto baffled my utmost ingenuity, and I hardly thought the man would sell it without examination."

"I ought to know it," said Gertrude, "it belonged, I am certain, to my dear old friend's cabinet." She took it, and touched a spring that was concealed by a small stud; the bottom opened, and discovered tightly pressed in, a roll of parchment."

Mr. Barry seized it, hastily unfastened the riband which tied it, and exclaimed—"Gracious providence! the will! the will! the will! She was neither forgetful nor unjust. My dear Gertrude—Mr. Wortley—I give ye joy; she'll have ye now, because she'll be almost as rich as yourself—joy, joy. Oh, I'm so happy, quite right; 'all my personal and estated property to;'—my dear Miss Spinner, you are the sweetest being on earth;—'to Gertrude Raymond'—just as it should be."

"Dear, dearest Gertrude," exclaimed Mr. Wortley; but Gertrude had fainted on his shoulder, and salts, eau-de-luce, de cologne, de-Mille-fleures were abundantly supplied by the young ladies, who hardly understood the matter, but knew that all was in delightful bustle, or, as Miss Spinner said, "soft confusion—rosy terror."

When Gertrude had recovered, and time was afforded for deliberate investigation, Mr. Barry read the will aloud. Mrs. Dorrington had left her entire property to Miss Raymond; subject to some life annuities, either to old and faithful servants, or poor relatives. Among other paragraphs contained in it was the following:—"And whereas, I have good and substantial reasons for believing that Thomas Dorrington (who is, unfortunately, by the will of God, my nearest relative) is a double-dealing craven, and a heartless man; seeing that, like the fabled Janus, he carries two faces; I leave him to be provided for by Gertrude Raymond, convinced that she, of her own generosity, will do more for him, in consideration of his family, than my love of justice would permit, knowing his duplicity as I do;—I leave him to her mercy."

"It is singular," observed Mr. Barry, "that my old friend should so studiously have concealed all information on the subject of her will from us; to execute it with her own hand, and never mention its existence. She was a good lawyer, however, for it is duly witnessed; but where shall we find those people? this document has been nearly eight years in existence. 'Patrick Muller,' the old butler, he is dead; 'Frank Hayward,' and 'Jane Miller,' have you any idea where they are, Gertrude?"

"Frank Hayward married Jane immediately on our going to Bath, and my dear relative, you know, Sir, never retained married servants; but she procured them confidential situations in Sir Thomas Harrowby's family. They have been ever since on the continent; I believe they are now at Rome."

"How very fortunate," said Miss Spinner, "that I happened to purchase the box! My dear Miss Raymond, I give you much joy."

"Oh, so do we all," said Mrs. Croydon; somewhat awkwardly, however, for Mr. Wortley's exclamation had convinced her, that her daughter's beauty and accomplishments had been displayed in vain; and that, even when portionless, Gertrude Raymond, notwithstanding her want of tact, advanced age (twenty-two), and what Mrs. C—— always termed "very plain appearance," had conquered, what she considered "a man worth looking after," because he had five thousand a-year!

"Gertrude," said Lady Florence, who, by the assistance of her ear-trumpet, heard and understood all that had occurred—"My dear Gertrude, your old friend rejoices for you. Nearly a century has passed over this gray head, and those who number only half my days, must know much of joy and sorrow, yet this is one of the happiest hours I have ever known. I sorrowed, bitterly sorrowed, when you, of ancient family, and mind capable of adding lustre to the highest rank, became a hireling for gold. Yet, Gertrude, I loved you more and more; for even the pittance you laboured for, you divided with the poor and the afflicted. Nay, child, I will speak; I do not often praise: but you deserve more than I can give. Never did you utter unkindness towards those who had dashed your cup of happiness to the earth, even as it had touched your lips. Never did you suffer the breath of slander to dim *her* memory, from whom you had a right to expect so much; for you were unto her as a dear and tender child. I know the heart has ties stronger than those of kindred, but you had claims from both those sources."

"My dear Lady Florence," interrupted Gertrude, much affected, "you overrate—I knew my friend too well to imagine even that she would forget me: I should have been base, if I could for a moment have believed it!"

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"Your trials are now passed," resumed the old lady; "the wind of adversity separates the chaff from the wheat. You have learned to value *the world's* friendship. And when I remember the virtues that characterized your amiable and excellent parents, the words of this holy book press upon my memory—'I have been young, and now am old, yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.'"

"Hang me," said Mr. Altern, after a pause, "but it's worth riding a steeple-chase, to come in for all this."

"It would make a delightful tale, if well wrought up," interrupted Miss Spinner, "quite good enough for ———, perhaps not for Blackwood; but for something else, particularly if it ends, as I presume, with a—a—spare my blushes!"

A sunny Sabbath morning succeeded this happy *denouement*, and the finding of the Will was noised all over the parish; the most busy agent on this occasion was Nurse Keefe, who went to first mass, expressly for the purpose of telling "how my young lady will have her right, and the bad breed 'll be forced to fly the country, and more will be happy than me—the fine English gintleman, that many was afther, the silly crathurs, as if it would be ony good for them to put themselves equal to my young lady, with the rale gintleman who had such beautiful estates, and sich a power of money, and a rale castle, built on a gould mine (as I hard tell), and whin he wants, he has nothin' to do, but to say to one of his men, 'James, go down and bring me up a bucket of gould,' and to another, 'Charles, my man, go down and bring me up a bucket of silver.'"

The peasantry, who most cordially hated "the new man," rejoiced very sincerely at the intelligence. "Thomas Dorrington, Esq.," was neither fitted by nature nor education to occupy the station in society to which his wealth had raised him. He was what the poor termed "a hard man;" let the land go to the highest bidder, without any regard to the oldest tenant, and distrained for rent whenever it was not paid to the hour. Such a person was not likely to obtain popularity; and his low habits effectually prevented his associating with the gentry, on equal terms.

"Well, bad as he is, Mistress Keefe," said Paddy Magin, "he didn't spirit away the will, which for sartin I thought he did; for he always had the look of a dirty turn."

"Well, I set it down to that too, Paddy, and it's well for him he didn't; I'll stop myself after grate mass jist to see my young lady go to church, and pass the mock people on the road."

"Success to you for ever, Mistress, honey! and I'll gather the boys, and we'll have a shout for the young lady, and a groan for the by-gones, that 'll shiver the mountains in no time; it's a pity it's Sunday, or we'd have a bonfire."

"Aye, Paddy, we'll have that same whin she's set up safe and sound in her own house; I don't think they'll have the face to dispute the will?"

Paddy did "gather the boys," and a glorious shout and a deafening groan they gave.

"Thomas Dorrington, Esq.," affected at first to disbelieve the will; but he secretly procured what money he could from the tenants, and, deserting his unfortunate wife, whom he had long treated with brutal indifference, fled to America, and left them to the mercy of one who loved mercy, and who proved it by acts of kindness, even to her enemies.

Barrytown never was so full of company as about three months after Miss Spinner's box had been found to contain so valuable a parchment; shake-downs in every room; open house—sheep and oxen roasted whole—barrels of ale and whiskey—fiddlers and pipers—Lady Brilliant and suite—Nurse Keefe, deputy mistress of kitchen ceremonies—Miss Spinner in a white satin hat, looped up with roses a-la-pastoralle, and a *real* new wig—Mrs. Croyden and her daughters (poor spite), "so particularly engaged that they could not do themselves the honour from which they had expected so much happiness, but wished the lovers, bride and bridegroom, more than a thousand blessings." Barrytown was always noted for its hospitality; for the poor, as well as the rich, sheltered under its roof, and the generous master afforded relief to all who really wanted it. But when Gertrude Raymond was married to Alfred Wortley, every body wondered where, even in Barrytown, such crowds could have been packed. Lady Florence Barry, who had not been outside of her own avenue gate for twenty years, accompanied the bride; and Mr. Barry gave her away. More people could not have been at a Priest's funeral than assembled on this memorable occasion—

"When wrong was made right,
And the dark, light,"

as Miss Spinner quoted it, and the "might and right" was exemplified for many years by the inhabitants of Barrytown and Mount Gertrude, (as Lady Florence called Mrs. Dorrington's old residence)—

"Hospitality,
No formality,"

became the motto of both houses, which were conducted on the same plan, except, indeed, that Mr. Wortley never mortgaged his property, and the great hall at Mount Gertrude was garnished with merry, laughing children, instead of dogs, eagles, cats, and ravens.

COSTUME.

The costume of an English beau of the 14th Century, consisted of long pointed shoes, the curling toes of which were fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; a stocking of one colour on one leg, and one of another colour on the other; breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs; a coat one half white and the other half blue or black; a long beard; and a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones.

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From the Literary Souvenir.

MORNING CALLS.

"Ah! it is a sad thing, to be sure," said the fashionable Mrs. Lowton to her friend Lady James, as, after a few common-place inquiries on my entrance, she returned to the conversation I had interrupted: "I really wonder, after Emma's delightful match, that she could have been so imprudent."

"Heavens! my dear Mrs. Lowton! you do surprise me."

"Yes, indeed, I think it has surprised every one; but you know, Lady James, she was always vastly opinionated."

"So I have heard; but really, I am very sorry, she seemed such a nice young woman. Only four hundred a year, did you say?"

Scarcely that, I am told; it is a very poor living, indeed. I really don't see how they are to exist; for, you know, she had no fortune of her own, and he has nothing beyond his preferment."

"Dear, dear! it is a sad business."

"I can assure you it is a grievous disappointment to her friends, for she might have done so much better: you must have seen Lord S—'s attentions—five thousand a year there! But, Mr. ——," she turned abruptly to me, "*you* must remember the Vernons—you have often met them here?"

Now, it so happened, that I not only remembered them, but that the real purpose of my early call on the fashionable Mrs. Lowton, did not arise from any personal interest, as regarded the lady's self: the mere compliment of a card, even after my six years' absence from England, would have amply satisfied *that;* but, to ascertain, through her means, where the said Vernons were to be found; for they were two old and dear friends of mine. And though my long separation from my country had dissipated many of the associations of my earlier life, and destroyed most of its attachments, still, it had not in the slightest degree impaired my regard for this amiable family.

I had left them rich in beauty, blooming in youth, smiling in loveliness. Six years had now passed away, and my uncertain pursuits had kept me but ill-advised of the events—to them, at least—of those six years; nor was I at all pleased, that my first intelligence should have been thus ungracious, as concerned the dearest of those dear sisters.

Promptly acknowledging my acquaintance, (although not *all* my acquaintance with them,) I asked, with earnest anxiety, the particulars of poor Alicia's sad fault.

"Fault, Mr. ——!" exclaimed the lady with evident surprise—and then turning to her friend, finished to her the interjection—"Why, Lady James, we cannot exactly call it a *fault*, you know."

"No, my dear Mrs. Lowton," rejoined her ladyship, "not exactly; she has certainly thought proper to marry a *poor* man, when she had plenty of *rich* ones to choose from; but that—"

"Is a fault," continued her friend, "only as people choose to consider it."

"But, surely, Mrs. Lowton," I inquired, "you do not regard wealth as the *only* good? There may, I hope, be happiness without its abundance; in some cases, perhaps, more, than with its greatest gifts?"

"Very likely, sir." Mrs. Lowton did not look half pleased with the interrogatory; I fear her admitted assent was only about equally sincere.

"Pray, Madam," I waited a moment for the evaporation of her surprise; "is there any objection to the gentleman, beyond his limited income?"

"N—o." She drawled out the word very slowly; it was certainly any thing but a monosyllable. "I believe he is a most amiable man, and very kind to her; but then, Mr. ——, only think of the contrast between her and her sister, Mrs. Jermyn, who has as handsome an establishment as any in the beau-monde; *hers*, indeed, was *something* like a match. She pronounced the concluding words with considerable emphasis, as she turned to Lady James for her ready approval.

I had already perceived that the two ladies formed no exception to the so universally admitted opinion of the omnipotence of money; had I not, however, made the discovery, Mrs. Lowton's over-hasty reply to my inquiry after poor Alicia's residence, would speedily have satisfied me on that point.

"Park street, Mrs. Jer—? Alicia, did you say? Oh! truly—really, Mr. ——, I don't exactly know; somewhere, I believe, in the environs; but I cannot be certain—perhaps I can ascertain."

I begged that she would not, on any account, give herself the trouble. I was about to proceed to pay my respects to Mrs. Jermyn, who, no doubt, would be able to direct me; and, with as much speed as was consistent with good breeding, I took my leave.

It may readily be imagined that my ruminations, as I walked along, were somewhat varied in their character. The false estimate of happiness, so universally existing, the court paid to wealth—the neglect attendant, even on the approach to poverty. I determined, however, to suspend any decision on the comparative happiness of my two friends; the grandeur of the wealthy Mrs. Jermyn, or the privations of the poor Alicia, until I had judged of them from my own observation.

It was after two o'clock when I arrived at Mrs. Jermyn's residence. It was a large, noble-looking mansion; and I was shown into a most superb drawing-room, whose whole arrangement seemed rather designed with a view to suggest

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uses, than as the actual provision for wants already existing—so, at least, it appeared to my untutored fancy; and I had ample opportunity for its exercise, as Mrs. Jermyn did not make her entre for above half an hour. When she did appear, how shocked, how sadly grieved was I, to look upon her. She was but the spectre of her I had known; the blooming girl I had left, was now——, but it is needless to particularize—she had become the slave of fashion; she had sacrificed herself at its ruthless altar. There was nothing—nothing that even my memory, vivid as it was in its remembrance of her, could rest upon of Emma Vernon; for, changed as was her appearance, her manners were even more altered. She received me with all the elegance, indeed, of the most finished politeness—the most fastidious etiquette could not have pointed out a single fault;-but there was no *heart* in it—it was as dead and cold as was herself, to every feeling, save the one engrossing one, of fashion—nay, the very allusion to former remembrances was annoying to her. She seemed, or at least wished to seem, to have forgotten them all.

I could not bear to witness such a wreck of feeling; I dared not farther trust myself to allude to our former intimacy; and I attempted a few less exciting questions, although the attempt was answered with no better satisfaction. I inquired after her sister; but she knew little of her proceedings; of her children—but they were *such* plagues, she never permitted them to come down, they were best in their nursery. I asked after her husband; but she knew not whither he had gone, or when he would return; she seemed to have little interest in aught concerning him; to care, indeed, for nothing—to feel for nobody.

I was oppressed with bitter regret; I looked earnestly at her in sorrowing silence. She started at the sudden pause; her eyes for a moment met mine; but they shrunk from my gaze, and one deep, unconscious sigh, told me too surely, the desolation that rioted within.

I hurried from her; my heart was too full, and my feelings were still but too imperfectly under my control to risk their further excitement.

"And is this the envied lot, which the world boasts of as its chiefest good? Is this cold insensibility to every better feeling—is it, can it be called happiness? 'Tis a base prostitution of language to term it such, to call it aught but misery and despair; it is, indeed!" But I checked the current of my painful reflections as I approached the residence of the poor, neglected Alicia.

Her house was, indeed, a contrast to that of her sister: it was but a mere cottage; and, instead of the splendid footman who had there announced me, a woman-servant opened the door. But there was an air of comfort, which more than pleased me; there seemed a peacefulness around it—an elegance and refinement about its arrangement, that delighted me; and my first feelings were those almost of envy, that it was not mine. And then, too, *her* reception—there was a greater contrast *there;* it was my own dear sister—the same warm-hearted Alicia, that welcomed me—the same wild, gentle spirit I had known in earlier times. She asked anxiously after my past welfare—listened with interest to the account of my proceedings—heard with pleasure of my present comfort; and when I alluded to her marriage, the glistening eye, and smiling acknowledgment of her looks, convinced me of her happiness, more than her words. She had, as she assured me, every blessing her heart desired. It was true, indeed, that their income was only small—but then, their *wishes* were also small; and they were too happy in each other's affection, and too well satisfied with that happiness, to desire more.

"I like, my dear ——," she added, with smiling cheerfulness, "to be happy in my own way. Poor Emma, indeed,"—a sigh accompanied the name—"fancies that happiness is alone to be met with in wealth and fashion, and truly do I hope she finds it there: you know she was always ambitious; but for myself, I am *sure* that my aspirations are after quietness and retirement. I might have been as rich and as gay as Emma, had I wished it; but I did not wish it. I preferred comparative insignificance, with the man I loved, and in whose everlasting affection I could confide without a fear, to all the false gifts of fortune; nor am I disappointed in the result."

I had already spent a delightful hour in her society, when an engagement called me away; and with a promise of soon repeating my visit, to be introduced to her husband, and again talk over the remembrances of the past, I took my leave, full of gratified and happy feelings.

"Oh, world, world!"—such was my exclamations, as I turned for a parting peep at the little paradise I was quitting—"thou false idol—thou deceiving desolation! alas! how do thy votaries, for a meretricious bauble, cast away a real treasure, and then seek to gild over the base cheat, with the tinsel of feigned enjoyment! Rightly dost thou punish them; thou robbest them, one by one, of every native feeling, and givest them—what dost thou give them in return?—A heart of insensibility—a mere mockery of happiness!"

Perhaps I was somewhat over caustic in my philippic—excited too far by deep and present emotions; and had I waited the soothing effects of the good dinner to which I was hastening, I might perhaps have viewed that same world with a more indulgent feeling. But I like pure unadulterated emotions—they come warm and free from the heart; and though they may, occasionally, be a little too fervid, they seldom deceive us—not unfrequently prove our best and truest monitors.

Happiness, most certainly, is in opinion; and not unlikely, in spite of all that has been said, or that may be said to the contrary, each individual will decide according to his own experience; but heaven preserve me from the happiness of Fashion!

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THE RESCUE.

BY MISS ROBERTS.

"King Stephen was a worthy Peer."

The hall was lofty, sculptured round with armorial devices, and hung with gaily-embroidered banners, which waved in the wind, streaming from crannies in windows, which had suffered some dilapidation from the hand of Time. Minstrel harps rang through the wide apartment, and at a board well covered with smoking viands, haunches of the red deer, quarters of mutton, pastries, the grinning heads of wild boars, and flanked with flaggons of wine, and tankards of foaming ale, sat King Stephen, surrounded by the flower of the Norman nobles, whose voices had placed him on the English throne. In the midst of the feast, the jovial glee of the vassailers was interrupted by the entrance of a page, who, forcing his way through the yeomen and lacqueys crowding at the door, flew with breathless haste to the feet of the king, and, falling down on his knees, in faltering accents delivered the message with which he had been entrusted. "Up, gallants!" exclaimed the martial monarch, "don your harness, and ride as lightly as you may to the Countess of Clare: she lies in peril of her life and honour, beleguered by a rabble of unnurtured Welch savages, who lacking respect for beauty, have directed their arms against a woman. Swollen with vain pride at their late victory, (the fiend hang the coward loons who fled before them!) they have sworn to make this noble lady serve them barefoot in their camp. By St. Dennis, and my good sword! were I not hampered by this pestilent invasion of the Scots, I would desire no better pastime than to drive the ill-conditioned serfs howling from the walls. Say, who amongst you will undertake the enterprize? What! all silent? are ye knights?—are ye men? Do I reign over Christian warriors—valiant captains, who have been sworn to protect beauty in distress? or are ye like graceless dogs of Mahomed, insensible to female honour?" "My ranks are wondrous scant," returned Milo Fitzwalter, "I may not reckon twenty men at arms in the whole train, and varlets have I none, but it boots not to number spears when danger presses; so to horse, and away! Beshrew me! were it the termagant Queen Maude herself, I'd do my best to rescue her from this extremity." "Thou art a true knight, Fitzwalter," replied the king, "and wilt prosper. The saint's benezon be with thee, for thou must speed on this errand with such tall men as thou canst muster of thine own proper followers: the Scots, whom the devil confound, leave me to work much, to spare a single lance from mine own array. We will drink to thy success, and to the health of the fair countess, in a flask of the right Bordeaux; and tell the lady that thy monarch grudges thee this glorious deed; for, by the halidom, an thou winnest her unscathed from the hands of these Welch churls, thou wilt merit a niche beside the most renowned of Charlemagne's plaudits." Fitzwalter made no answer; but he armed in haste, and, leaping into his saddle, gave the spur to his gallant steed, and followed by his esquires and men at arms, rested not, either night or day, until he reached the marches of Wales. The lions of England still proudly flying over the castle walls, assured him that the countess had been enabled to hold out against the savage horde, who surrounded it on all sides. The besiegers set up a furious yell as the knight and his party approached their encampment. Half naked, their eyes glaring wildly from beneath a mass of yellow hair, and scantily armed with the rudest species of offensive and defensive weapons, their numbers alone made them terrible; and had the castle been manned and victualled, it might have long defied their utmost strength. Drawing their falchions, the knight and his party keeping closely together, and thus forming an impenetrable wedge, cut their desperate path through the fierce swarm of opposing foes, who, like incarnate demons, rushed to the onslaught, and fell in heaps before the biting steel of these experienced soldiers. Pressing forward with unyielding bravery, Fitzwalter won the castle walls; whence, with the assistance of such frail aid as the living spectres on the battlements could give, he beat back the Welsh host, and in another quarter of an hour, having dispersed the enemy with frightful loss, gained free entrance to the castle. Feeble was the shout of triumph which welcomed Fitzwalter and his brave companions; the corpses of the unburied dead lay strewed upon the pavement; the heroic countess, and her attendant damsels, clad in the armour of the slain, weakened by famine, and hopeless of succour, yet still striving to deceive the besiegers by the display of living warriors, by this stratagem retarded the assault which they could not repel. Fitzwalter took advantage of the darkness of the night, and the panic of the Welshmen, to withdraw from a fortress which was destitute of the implements of war; and, with the rescued ladies mounted behind them, the brave band returned to the court of King Stephen; and the charms of the fair one, and the valour of her chivalric defender, formed the theme of the minstrel in every knightly hall and ladies' bower throughout Christendom.

A rich officer of revenue, asked a man of wit, what kind of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rogue an advantage over an honest man."

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For the Lady's Book.

THE SCHOOL.

No class of breathing beings, either brute or rational, presents a greater variety of individual character than that to which we assign the generic name of *Schoolmaster*. Could a congress be assembled of those who, in any large city, have devoted themselves to what, according to the disposition and qualifications of him that undertakes it, may be regarded as one of the noblest or the meanest of human pursuits; could each be induced to give a full and candid relation of the motives and circumstances that first threw him into that line of life, and subsequently confined him to it; what rich materials for a most instructive and entertaining volume would a selection from these afford, to a writer acquainted with the human heart and skilled in the ways of the world! The herd of those, too numerous by far, who would be found to regard their profession as a trade to which they had been drawn by the expectation of earning a decent livelihood without much active exertion of either mind or body, might be dismissed and forgotten. But there would be left the scholar who had started in life, rich in mental acquirements, but poor in every thing else; possessing every talent but that for battling stoutly with fortune; and, early disgusted with the strife of the busy world, leaving the field to rivals inferior to himself in all but hardihood. His services are accepted in a public or a private school; where he sits down to his labours, resolved to be contented with a condition inferior to that which he was once confident of reaching, and to exert himself strenuously for reputation and promotion. He is to be regarded as one of the best and happiest of the assemblage; but will his patience hold out? will his health and his intellectual vigour stand the trial? will his merits, when an opportunity offers to reward them, succeed against the patronage that may be enlisted in favour of an incompetent seeker of the post to which he feels himself entitled to aspire? He hopes so now; and let us leave him, trusting that he is not doomed to disappointment.

Less interesting perhaps, because commanding admiration and profound respect, instead of exciting that solicitude in which pity mingles as a chief ingredient, is he who has voluntarily devoted, to the formation of the youthful intellect, talents and acquisitions which, had his ambition been more grasping and less pure, might have made him the leader of a professional or political party, or have raised him, for four or eight years, to the chief station in the republic. Perhaps he is one whose patrimony was just enough to support him respectably; who lives only for learning, desiring equally to acquire and to impart it; receiving his *honorarium* more to avoid the suspicion of affected singularity than from the desire of gain; and employing his leisure hours in the composition of some work by which he hopes to embalm his name and to benefit the successors of those whom he now guides. Perhaps he is a clergyman whose flock is not rich enough to reward him according to their estimate of his worth; and who, for the sake of his family, has joined to his sacred profession the only worldly calling not deemed inconsistent with it. How edifying would be the narrative that such a one could communicate!

But our immediate business is not with men like these. The principal subject, in the admirable picture before us, is your hard-featured, hard-headed, and hard-hearted pedagogue; he who, in youth, by dint of hard work on his own part and that of his master, has scraped together a sufficient quantum of book-learning to allow him to set up for a teacher, though destitute of that faithful affection for liberal studies which softens the feelings, *nec sinit esse feros:* he who hates the quietest and most studious lad in his school, because his conduct affords no pretext for the rod, though he flogs him without one; he who wishes that all the boys on earth could be crowded into one skin to be flagellated without stint by his right hand, while their *ingens vagitus* should ascend like sweet music to his ears.

Turn, reader, to the print, and behold his all but living effigy; for there has the artist delineated, with inimitable fidelity, the iron features of the tyrant whose untiring scourge was chiefly employed, during three long yet not unhappy years, in almost daily efforts to quell the vivacity of the unruly spirit that dictates the lines thou art now reading. The group, whose frolic he rejoices in the thought of interrupting by his own hateful presence, contains not a face but what we yet remember; though many a year has rolled away since we made one in the noisy scene. Of the two boys that lie sprawling on the floor, the elder is the master's son; not less like his parent in mind than in person; always bullying the little boys, and often beaten by the big ones. Though a dull fellow, he acquired in time a considerable share of such learning as the school afforded; for his head, being thick, retained ob-

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stinately whatever it had once taken in. He worked hard, for he hated the rod; and his offences of omission or commission were always sure to be visited with a double share of punishment, that his tender parent might escape the imputation of partiality. In process of time he was elevated to the post of assistant teacher; and before now has probably succeeded fully to the purple sceptre of his flagellating progenitor. He who has drawn old Thwackum's portrait on the door never took to his studies. On one side of his greasy slate he would let the same sum stand for weeks together; but on the other he wore out as many pencils as supplied all his classmates in their arithmetical operations. His school-fellows thought him a prodigy; and his parents took him from school to place him for instruction with an artist in the city; not doubting that he was destined, at no distant period, to eclipse the fame of Stuart and of Sully. In less than half a year his instructor, a man of taste and conscience, found that his pupil has gained all that he was capable of acquiring, and was as fit as he was likely to become, to win fame and fortune by the brush. So the youth returned to his home in one of our largest and most thriving country towns. He soon gained an enviable reputation by taking, gratis, the portraits of the parson, the chief tavern-keeper, and an associate judge of the county court. The second of these distinguished persons was so pleased with the manner in which his own features had been preserved for posterity, that he employed the artist, at once, to daub over the half effaced head of Baron Steuben that dangled from his sign post, and to replace it by the likeness of General Jackson. His fortune was now secure; and from that time to this, no tavern in the county, or in those adjacent, can pretend to dispense with the aid of his genius. Should ambition ever tempt him to the metropolis, Woodside may tremble for his supremacy.

The big boy that has occupied the old fellow's chair, with his gown, cap, and spectacles, was the most thorough despiser of learning among us all; but he held a high rank by virtue of his skill at marbles, ball, and mimickry. Soon after he left us, he ran away from his parents, to join a troop of wandering players who happened to pass through the town where he resided. In the course of a summer campaign he gained the reputation of being a promising young actor, but his pocket was soon exhausted, and seemed likely to remain empty; so he returned somewhat ashamed, to his family. Through the influence of a relation in the city, he was placed with one of our principal booksellers. He has lately been advanced to the post of salesman; talks learnedly to his employer's customers, and is supposed to be now busily engaged in preparing, for one of our quarterly reviews, an article on American dramatic poetry.

He that is emptying the inkstand on this one's head, was a good honest fellow, and wrote an excellent hand. He now gains a comfortable living by the practice of conveyancing in one of the most thriving of our country towns. The lad who stands below him, with his hand upon his chin, was the most mischievous dog that our school could boast; yet his own shoulders never failed to escape the rod, so careful was he to preserve the gravity of his looks and demeanour, while inciting his comrades to uproarious or roguish deeds. Still he was universally a favourite; for, when once fairly caught, he came up to the bull-ring like a hero. He never attempted to shift, to the shoulders of another, the scourge that threatened his own; and never told a lie even to the master. Besides, he was an admirable scholar: so good-natured too, and so free from any selfish wish to outshine his fellows, that he every morning brought a duplicate of his exercise, which half his class used to copy. I lost sight of him when we started for different colleges; but hope yet to find him in some station worthy his brilliant talents and manly heart. Of the two in front of the counterfeit pedagogue, he in his shirt sleeves was a lively little fellow, who never learned a lesson in his life, and is now a promising young midshipman. The square built youngster, who has just upset the bench and sent two of his comrades heels over head, was the son of a poor but decent woman, the laundress of our Busby, who paid for his washing in flogging. The lad now drives one of our western stages, is famous as the boldest whip on the road, and has not yet been unlucky enough to break his own neck or that of a passenger. He who has converted a board into a horse, and a garter into a bridle, would probably before now have been the rival of Chiffney and George Woodruff, but that a rich old lady took a fancy to him, and made him her adopted son; so that, instead of riding matches, he now drives tandem. The youngest of the set, he that endeavours to give warning of the tyrant's sly approach, was called the young parson; he was so grave in his manners and so devoted to his books. When he left school he chose the sacred profession, to the great delight of his widowed mother, who now expects shortly to see him ordained, and has good reason to be proud of her son.

Of the rest there is little or nothing to be said; for of the character of him who points, as if criticising, to the portrait on the door, it would not become me to speak.

Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna—Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri—was the motto that one of our predecessors had carved upon the back of the old boy's chair; with perfect propriety, for he used to chastise first and hear afterward, and forced many a chicken-hearted culprit to confess ten times the amount of his actual misdeeds. Yet would I gladly exchange the best of my years to come for two such months as the last we spent beneath his merciless sceptre. Z.

When man measures the works of the divine mind by his own feeble combinations, he must wander in gross error; the infinite can never be understood by the finite.

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A TOAD IN A HOLE.

THE Friars of Fairoak were assembled in a chamber adjoining the great hall of their house: the Abbot was seated in his chair of eminence, and all eyes were turned on Father Nicodemus. Not a word was uttered, until he who seemed to be the object of so much interest, at length ventured to speak. "It behoveth not one of my years, perchance," said he, "to disturb the silence of my elders and superiors; but, truly, I know not what meaneth this meeting; and surely my desire to be edified is lawful. Hath it been decided that we should follow the example of our next-door neighbours, the Arroasian Friars, and henceforth be tongue-tied? If not, do we come here to eat, or pray, or hold council? Ye seem somewhat too grave for those bidden to a feast, and there lurk too many smiles about the faces of many of ye, for this your silence to be a prelude to prayers. I cannot think we are about to consult on ought; because, with reverence be it spoken, those who pass for the wisest among us, look more silly than is their wont. But if we be here to eat, let us eat; if to pray, let us pray; and if to hold council, what is to be the knotty subject of our debate?"

"Thyself," replied the Abbot.

"On what score?" inquired Nicodemus.

"On divers scores," quoth the Abbot; "thy misdeeds have grown rank: we must even root them out of thee, or root thee out of our fraternity, on which thou art bringing contumely. I tell thee, brother Nicodemus, thy offences are numberless as the weeds which grow by the wayside. Here be many who have much to say of thee:—speak, Brother Ulick!"

"Brother Nicodemus," said Father Ulick, "hath, truly, ever been a gross feeder."

"And a lover of deep and most frequent potations," quoth Father Edmund.

"And a roamer beyond due bounds," added Father Hugo.

"Yea, and given to uttering many fictions," muttered his brother.

"Very voluble also, and not altogether of so staid aspect, as becometh one of his order and mellow years," drawled Father James.

"To speak plainly—a glutton," said the first speaker.

"Ay, and a drunkard," said the second.

"Moreover, a night-walker," said the third.

"Also, a liar," said the fourth.

"Finally, a babbler and a buffoon," said the fifth.

"Ye rate me roundly, brethren," said Nicodemus; "and, truly, were ye my judges, I should speedily be convicted of these offences whereof I am accused; but not a man among you is fitted to sit in judgment on the special misfeazance with which he chargeth me. And I will reason with you, and tell you why. Now, first, to deal with Brother Ulick, who upbraideth me with gross feeding: until he can prove that his stomach and mine are of the same quality, clamour, and power digestive, I will not, without protest, permit him to accuse me of devouring swinishly. He is of so poor and weak a frame, that he cannot eat aught but soppets, without suffering the pangs of indigestion, and the nocturnal visits of incubi, and more sprites than tempted Saint Anthony. It is no virtue in him to be abstemious; he is enforced to avoid eating the tithe of what would be needful to a man of moderate stomach; and behold, how lean he looks! Next, Brother Edmund hath twitted me with being a deep drinker: now, it is well known, that Brother Edmund must not take a second cup after his repast; being so puny of brain, that if he do, his head is racked with myriads of pains and aches on the morrow, and it lieth like a log on his shoulder—if perchance he be enabled to rise from his pallet. Shall he, then, pronounce dogmatically on the quantity of potations lawful to a man in good health? I say, nay. Brother

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Hugo, who chargeth me with roaming, is lame; and his brother, who saith, that I am an utterer of fictions, hath a brain which is truly incompetent to create an idea, or to comprehend a fact. Brother James, who arraigneth me of volubility, passeth for a sage pillar of the church; because, having nought to say, he looks grave and holds his peace. I will be tried, if you will, by Brother James, for gross feeding; he having a good digestion and an appetite equal to mine own: or by Brother Hugo, for drinking abundantly; inasmuch as he is wont to solace himself, under his infirmity, with a full flask: or by Brother Ulick, for the uttterance of fiction; because he hath written a history of some of the Fathers, and admireth the blossoms of the brain: or by Brother Edmund, for not being sufficiently sedate; as he is, truly, a comfortable talker himself, and although forced to eschew wine, of a most cheerful countenance. By Hugo's brother I will be tried on no charge; seeing that he is, was, and ever will be—in charity I speak it—an egregious fool. Have ye ought else to set up against me, brethren?

"Much more, Brother Nicodemus," said the Abbot, "much more, to our sorrow. The cry of our vassails hath come up against thee; and it is now grown so loud and frequent, that we are unwillingly enforced to assume our authority, as their lord and thy superior, to redress their grievances and correct thy errors."

"Correct *me!*" exclaimed Father Nicodemus; "why, what say the rogues? Dare they throw blur, blain, or blemish on my good name? Would that I might hear one of them?"

"Thou shalt be gratified: call in John of the Hough."

In a few moments John of the Hough appeared, with his head bound up, and looking alarmed as a recently punished hound when brought again into the presence of him by whom he has been chastised.

"Fear not," said the Abbot; "fear not, John o' the Hough, but speak boldly; and our benison or malison be on thee, as thou speakest true or false."

"Father Nicodemus," said John o' the Hough, in a voice rendered almost inaudible by fear, "broke my head with a cudgel he weareth under his cloak."

"When did he do this?" inquired the Abbot.

"On the feast of St. James and Jude; oft before and since, too, without provocation; and, lastly, on Monday se'nnight."

"Why, thou strangely perverse varlet, dost thou say it was I who beat thee?" demanded the accused friar.

"Ay, truly, most respected Father Nicodemus."

"Dost thou dare to repeat it? I am amazed at thy boldness—or, rather, thy stupidity—or, perhaps, at thy loss of memory. Know, thou naughty hind, it was thyself who cudgelled thee! Didst thou not know that if thou wert to vex a dog he would snap at thee? or hew and hack a tree, and not fly, it would fall on thee? or grieve and wound the feelings of thy ghost friend Father Nicodemus, he would cudgel thee? Did I rouse myself into a rage? Did I call myself a thief? Answer me, my son: did I?"

"No truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Did I threaten, if I were not a son of Holy Mother Church, to kick myself out of thy house? Answer me, my son: did I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Am I less than a dog, or a tree? Answer me, my son: am I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus; but, truly, also—"

"None of thy buts, my son; respond to me with plain ay or no. Didst thou not do all these things antecedent to my breaking thy sconce?"

"Ay, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Then how canst thou say *I* beat thee? Should I have carried my staff to thy house, did I not know thou wert a churl, and an enemy to the good brotherhood of this house? Was I to go into the lion's den without my defence? Should I have demeaned myself to phlebotomize thee with my cudgel, (and doubtless the operation was salubrious) hadst thou not aspersed me? Was it for me to stand by tamely, with three feet of blackthorn at my belt, and hear a brother of this religious order, bewitted as I was by thee, with petty larceny? Was it not thine one breath, then, that brought the cudgel upon thy caput? Answer me, my son."

"Lead forth John of the Hough, and call in the miller of Hornford," said the Abbot, before John of the Hough could reply. "Now, miller," continued he, as soon as the miller entered, "what hast thou to allege against this our good brother, Nicodemus?"

"I allege," replied the miller, "that he is nought."

"Oh! thou especial rogue!" exclaimed Father Nicodemus; "dost *thou* come here to bear witness against me? I will impeach thy testimony by one assertion, which thou canst not gainsay, for the evidence of it is written on thy brow, thou brawny villain! Thou bearest malice against me, because I, some six years ago, inflicted a cracked crown on thee for robbing this holy house of its lawful meal. I deemed this punishment adequate to the offence, and spoke not of it to the Abbot, in consideration of thy promising to mend thy ways. Hadst thou not well merited that mark of my attention to the interests of my brethren, the whole lordship would have heard of it. And didst thou ever say I made the wound? Never: thy tale was that some of thy mill-gear had done it. But I will be judged by any here, if the scar be not of my blackthorn's making. I will summon three score, at least, who will prove it to be my mark. Let it be viewed with that on the head of thy foster-brother, John of the Hough; I will abide by the comparison. Thou hast hoarded malice in thy heart from that day; and now thou comest here to vomit it forth, as thou deemest, to my undoing. But, be sure, caitiff, that I shall testify upon thy sconce hereafter; for I know thou art

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rogue enough to rob if thou canst, and fool enough to rob with so little discretion as to be easily detected; and even if my present staff be worn out, there be others in the woods; ergo—"

"Peace, Brother Nicodemus!" exclaimed the Abbot; "Approach not a single pace nearer to the miller; neither do thou threaten nor browbeat him, I enjoin thee."

"Were it not for the reverence I owe to those who are round me, and my unwillingness to commit even so trifling a sin," said Nicodemus, "I would take this slanderous and ungrateful knave betwixt my finger and thumb, and drop him among the hungry eels of his own mill-stream. I chafe apace: lay hands on me, brethren, for I wax wroth; and am sure, in these moods—so weak is man—to do mischief ere my humour subside."

"Speak on, miller," said the Abbot; "and thou Brother Nicodemus, give way to thine inward enemy, at thy peril."

"I will tell him, an' you will hold him back and seize his staff," said the miller—"how he and the roystering boatman of Frampton Ferry—"

"My time is coming," exclaimed Nicodemus, interrupting the miller; "bid him withdraw, or he will have a sore head at his supper."

"They caroused and carolled," said the miller, "with two travellers, like shrieking Jacks o' the flagon, until—"

"Lay hands on Nicodemus, all!" cried the Abbot, as the enraged friar strode towards the miller; "lay hands on the madman at once!"

"It is too late," said Nicodemus, drawing forth a cudgel from beneath his cloak; "do not hinder me now, for my black-thorn reverences not the heads of the whole fraternity of Fairoak. Hold off, I say!" exclaimed he, as several of his brethren roughly attempted to seize him: "hold off, and mar me not in this mood; or, to-day will, hereafter, be called the Feast of Blows. Nay, then, if you will not, I strike: may you be marked, but not maimed!" The friar began to level a few of the most resolute of those about him as he spoke. "I will deal lightly as my cudgel will let me," pursued he: "I strike indiscriminately, and without malice, I protest. May blessings follow these blows! Brother Ulick, I grieve that you have thrust yourself within my reach. Look to the Abbot, some of ye—for, miserable me! I have laid him low. Man is weak, and this must be atoned for by fasting. Where is the author of this mischief? Miller, where art thou?"

Father Nicodemus continued to lay about him very lustily for several minutes; but, before he could deal with the miller as he wished, Friar Hugo's brother, who was on the floor, caught him by the legs, and suddenly threw him prostrate. He was immediately overwhelmed by numbers, bound hand and foot, and carried to his own cell; where he was closely confined, and most vigilantly watched, until the superiors of his order could be assembled. He was tried in the chamber which had been the scene of his exploits. The charge of having rudely raised his hand against the Abbot, and belaboured the holy brotherhood, was fully proved; and, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, Father Nicodemus found himself enclosed, with a pitcher of water and a loaf, in a niche of a stone wall, in the lowest vault of Fairoak Abbey.

He soon began to feel round him, in order to ascertain if there were any chance of escaping from the tomb to which he had been consigned. The walls were old, but tolerably sound: he considered, however, that it was his duty to break out if he could; and he immediately determined on making an attempt. Putting his back to the wall, which had been built up to enclose him for ever from the world, and his feet against the opposite side of the niche, he strained every nerve to push one of them down. The old wall at length began to move: he reversed his position, and with his feet firmly planted against the new work, he made such a tremendous effort, that the ancient stones and mortar gave way behind him. The next moment he found himself lying on his back, with a quantity of rubbish about him, on the cold pavement of a vault, into which sufficient light glimmered, through a grating, to enable him to ascertain that he was no longer in any part of Fairoak Abbey.

The tongue-tied neighbours to whom Nicodemus had alluded, when he broke silence at that meeting of his brethren which terminated so unfortunately, were monks of the same order as those of Fairoak Abbey; among whom, about a century and a half before the time of Nicodemus, such dissentions took place, that the heads of the order were compelled to interfere; and under their sanction and advice, two-and-twenty monks, who were desirous of following the fine example of the Arroasians of Saint Augustin—who neither wore linen nor ate flesh, and observed a perpetual silence—seceded from the community, and elected an Abbot of their own. The left wing of Fairoak Abbey was assigned to them for a residence, and the rents of a certain portion of its lands were set apart for their support. Their first care was to separate themselves, by stout walls, from all communication with their late brethren; and up to the days of Nicodemus, no friendly communication had taken place between the Arroasian and its mother Abbey.

Nicodemus had no doubt but that he was in one of the vaults of the silent monks. In order that he might not be recognised as a brother of Fairoak, he took off his black coat and hood, and even his cassock and rochet, and concealed them beneath a few stones, in a corner of the recess from which he had just liberated himself. With some difficulty, he reached the inhabited part of the buiding. After terrifying several of the Arroasians, by abruptly breaking upon their meditations, he at length found an old white cloak and hood, arrayed in which he took a seat at the table of the refectory; and, to the amazement of the monks, silently helped himself to a portion of their frugal repast. The Superior of the community, by signs, requested him to state who and what he was; but Nicodemus, pointing to the old Arroasian habit which he now wore,

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wisely held his peace. The good friars knew not how to act: Nicodemus was suffered to enter into quiet possession of a vacant cell. He joined in their silent devotions, and acted in every respect as though he had been an Arroasian all his life.

By degrees the good monks became reconciled to his presence, and looked upon him as a brother. He behaved most discreetly for several months; but, at length, he became weary of bread, water, and silence; and, one evening, stole over the garden wall, resolving to have an eel-pie and some malmsey, spiced with a little jovial chat, in the company of his trusty friend, the boatman, at Frampton Ferry. His first care, on finding himself at large, was to go to the coppice of Fairoak, and cut a yard of good blackthorn, which he slung by a hazel gad to his girdle, but beneath his cassock. Resuming his path towards the Ferry, he strode on at a brisk rate for a few minutes; when, to his great dismay, he heard the sound of the bell which summoned the Arroasians to meet in the chapel of their Abbey.

"A murrain on thy noisy tongue!" exclaimed Nicodemus; "on what emergency is thy tail tugged, to make thee yell at this unwonted hour? There is a grievous penalty attached to the offence of quitting the walls, either, by day or by night; and as I am now deemed a true Arroasian, by Botolph, I stand here in jeopardy; for they will assuredly discover my absence. I will return at once, slink into my cell, and be found there afflicted with a lethargy, when they come to search for me; or, if occasion serve, join my brethren boldly in the chapel."

The bell had scarcely ceased to toll, when Nicodemus reached the garden-wall again. He clamboured over it, alighted safely on a heap of manure, and was immediately seized by half a score of the stoutest among the Arroasians. Unluckily for Nicodemus, the Superior himself had seen a figure, in the costume of the Abbey, scaling the garden-wall, and he immediately ordered the bell to be rung, and a watch to be set, in order to take the offender in the fact, on his return. The mode of administering justice among the Arroasians, was much more summary than in the Abbey of Fairoak. Nicodemus was brought into the Superior's cell, and divested of his cloak, his cassock was turned down from his belt, and a bull's-hide thong severely applied to his back, before he could recover himself from the surprise into which his sudden capture had thrown him. His wrath rose, not gradually as it did of old—but in a moment, under the pain and indignity of the throng, it mounted to its highest pitch. Breaking from those who were holding him, he plucked the blackthorn he had cut, from beneath his cassock, and without either benediction or excuse, silently but severely belaboured all present, the Superior himself not excepted. When his rage and strength were somewhat exhausted, the prostrate brethren rallied a little, and with the aid of the remainder of the community, who came to their assistance, they contrived to despoil Nicodemus of his staff, and to secure him from doing further mischief.

The next morning, Nicodemus was stripped of his Arroasian habits; and, attired in nothing but the linen in which he had first appeared among the brethren, he was conducted, with very little ceremony, to the vaults beneath the Abbey. Every member of the community advanced to give him a parting embrace, and the Superior pointed with his finger to a recess in the wall. Nicodemus was immediately ushered into it, the wall was built up behind him, and once more he found himself entombed alive.

"But that I am not so strange as I was of yore, after the lenten fare of my late brethren," said Nicodemus, "I should not be content to die thus, in a coffin of stones and mortar. What luck hast thou here, Nicodemus?" continued the friar, as, poking about the floor of his narrow cell, he felt something like a garment, with his foot. "By rood and by rocket, mine own attire! the cloak and cossack, or I am much mistaken, which I left behind when I was last here; for surely these are my old quarters! I did not think to be twice tenant of this hole; but marris weak, and I was born to the bane of blackthorn. The lazy rogues found this niche ready-made by their hands; and, truth to say, they have walled me up like a workman. Ah, me! there is no soft place for me to bulge my back through now. Hope have I none; but I will betake me to my anthems, and, perchance, in due season, I may light upon some means of making egress."

Nicodemus had by this time, contrived to put on his cassock and cloak, which somewhat comforted his shivering body, and he forthwith began to chant his favourite anthem in such a lusty tone, that he was faintly heard by the Fairoak Abbey cellarman, and one of the friars who was in the vaults with him, selecting the ripest wines. On the alarm being given, a score of the brethren betook themselves to the vaults; and, with torches in their hands, searched every corner for the anthem-singer, but without success. At length the cellarman ventured to observe, that, in his opinion, the sounds came from the wall; and the colour left the cheeks of all as the recollection of Nicodemus flashed upon them. They gathered round the place where they had enclosed him, and soon felt satisfied that the awful anthems was there more distinctly heard than in any other part of the vault. The whole fraternity soon assembled, and endeavoured to come to some resolution as to how they ought to act. With fear and trembling, Father Hugo's brother moved that they should at once open the wall. This proposal was at first rejected with contempt, on account of the known stupidity of the person with whom it originated; but as no one ventured to suggest anything, either better or worse, it was at last unanimously agreed to. With much solemnity, they proceeded to make a large opening in the wall. In a few minutes, Father Nicodemus appeared before them, arrayed in his cloak and cassock, and not much leaner or less rosy than when they bade him, as they thought, an

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eternal adieu, nearly a year before. The friars shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!" and Nicodemus did not deem it by any means necessary to contradict them. "Ho, ho! brethren," exclaimed he, "you are coming to do me justice at last, are you? By faith and troth, but ye are tardy! Your consciences, methinks, might have urged you to enact this piece of good-fellowship some week or two ago. To dwell ten months and more in so dark and solitary a den, like a toad in a hole, is no child's play. Let the man who doubts, assume my place and judge for himself. I ask no one to believe me on my bare word. You have wronged me, brethren, much; but I forgive you, freely."

"A miracle! a miracle!" again shouted the amazed monks. They most respectfully declined the proffered familiarities of Nicodemus: and still gazed on him with profound awe, even after the most incredulous among them were convinced, by the celerity with which a venison pastry, flanked by a platter of brawn, and a capacious jack of Cyprus wine vanished before him, in the refectory, that he was truly their Brother Nicodemus, and still in the flesh.

Ere long, the jolly friar became Abbot of Fair-oak. He was dubbed a saint after his decease; but as no miracles were ever wrought at his shrine, his name has since been stricken out of the calender.

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THE JUNGLE.

BY MISS ROBERTS.

It was in the cold season that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of ——, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra; and gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banian; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long flowing tails, and pawed the ground with their graceful feet. Farther off, stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of his evening repast preparing by his driver, and taking under his especial protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome bird six feet high decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of goats, who, knowing their safest asylum, kept close to his trunk, or under the shelter of his huge limbs. Beyond, reposed a group of camels with their drivers—some lying down, others standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labour, rested at their feet; while pack-saddles, paniers, and sacks, piled round, completed the picture. Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing; fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying, were going on in the open air. Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, all engaged in that important office—a preparation for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps, the walls hung with chintz or tiger skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze (a necessary precaution against insects) became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver mounted pistols and guns, with knives, boar spears and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object, that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast numbers of persons—the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity which defied pursuit. The loud outcries, raised by those persons whose faculties were not entirely paralysed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human prudence could suggest was left untried. Torches were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description. The victim selected by the tiger was an officer whose presence of mind and dauntless courage, in the midst of this most appalling danger, providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating, with the utmost coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently left at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then, drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part, and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and an accelerated trot, alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued; yet undismayed by the ill success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with more careful deliberation to make a fresh attempt. He felt for the pulsations of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand, and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath its burden! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he would be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket, covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature.

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THE KING'S PAGE.

A TALE OF FRANCE.

" Oh Love! oh happiness! is not your home
Far from the crowded street, the lighted hall?
Are ye not dwellers in the valleys green,
In the white cottage?"—L. E. L.

" The lily bloom'd in her lowly cot, and her guardian sire was there."—WORDSWORTH.

CHIVALROUS and brave were the heroes that comprised the Court of Henri Quatre; in the battle-field the lance was struck with the fiercest impulse, and the avenging sword made fire upon every helmet and breast-plate on which it fell; glory was the soldier's mistress, and to her alone his devotions seemed to be paid; but it was not really so, for with the return of peace a new life was taken up, and the heroes of the tented field became the slaves of their ladies' boudoir; the burnished arms and glittering casques were superseded by the soft silken robes that befitted hours of dalliance, and the sword and the spear became exchanged for the light guitar, whose dulcet melody was heard in every fair one's chamber, and its notes resounded from grove and bower, when the " mid-day sun was burning high," or in the softer hours of twilight, when all things seemed to mingle in harmony and repose, whispering peace and comfort to the breaking heart, and rapture to the happy. The leader of the gallants, the chief minister of pleasure, from whom the rest derived their inspiration, was Henri himself. Intrepid and fearless in the hour of battle, he was as eminent for his gallantry in the halcyon days of peace, and the example of the monarch was eagerly adopted by his followers. Sully, the good, the virtuous Sully, alone, dared to represent to his master the folly into which his impetuous passion often carried him; but the remonstrances of the minister, although allowed and respected, became speedily drowned in the riotous gallantry of his more esteemed associates. Among these, the Mareschal de Turenne held the highest place in his affections; he had fought and bled by Henri's side, his valour was acknowledged by the people, and Henri loved him; but the disposition of Turenne was altogether different to that of the monarch; the latter guiding his every action by the rule of honour; the other, hot, rash, and unthinking, often glossing over dishonourable deeds in his pursuit. There was a youth, too, in the palace, who enjoyed no inconsiderable share of Henri's regard; one of his pages, who had frequently attended him in the field, and in one instance had preserved his life at the extreme hazard of his own; this noble action endeared him to the monarch, who had him constantly about his person. The history of the page, however, could never be ascertained; he had been introduced to the king's service by a nobleman, since dead, and the youth, Victor, himself, refused to answer any enquiries upon the subject; and when the king alluded to it, the only reply was tears. He was evidently the child of misfortune, though the glare and glitter of the court had thrown a bright veil over his sorrows, and the warrior boy, as Henri frequently termed him, had become the most gay and joyous youth about the court. Towards the Mareschal de Turenne, however, the absorbing attention of Victor was directed, and often his replies bore a mysterious import; Turenne's schemes of gallantry were discovered and most frequently destroyed by the page, who seemed dearly to enjoy the triumph he had won, and the mental distraction of the warrior. Yet Turenne dared not resent the many insults offered him, for, independent of the interdiction of the monarch, there was something in the boy's manner that awed him, and he shrunk even from his laughing reproof.

One clear and beautiful Summer's evening, Henri was walking in the romantic gardens of the palace, scheming new plans of pleasure, and anticipating the brilliant assemblage of beauty that would gem the festival of the night, when accidentally the tearful looks of his warrior boy met his glance, and he immediately exclaimed—

" Victor, my boy, why those tears? but now thou wert enjoying some mad-cap folly thou hadst played upon Turenne; he would have chastised thee but for my interference, but you seemed in your laughing revelry to despise his threats."

" Ah, sire!" exclaimed the page, " to you I dare reveal, that while the smile played upon my burning cheek, shame, sorrow, and indignation pervaded my heart, for he upbraided me with the mystery of my poor parents. Did all men resemble him, what would have been the fate of Victor!"

" Banish those reflections, my child; that face was never moulded for a tear to sully its pure brightness. I will confess, my admiration has been raised why thou should'st still conceal thy father's name, even from myself—still I commend thy caution;—it may be, that he is a foe to Henri and to France!"

" Oh no! impetuously exclaimed the page, " for the beloved Henri he would have shed his blood—would yield his life! But there has been —— Ah!—excuse me, sire, I *dare not* proceed!"

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"I will believe thee," rejoined the king; "you, doubtless, have sufficient reason for this mystery, but of this be sure, that Henri Quatre ever is thy *friend*."

The grateful page seized the hand of the monarch, and pressing it to his lips, testified his sense of the obligation; then snatching his guitar, he run his fingers wildly over the strings, and breathed the warm feelings of his soul:—

"My father once fought for the freedom of France,
And was first the bright fame of his king to advance;
But alas! the sad hour—misfortune's dire hand,
Drove my ill-fated sire to a far distant land;
Where he grieves in despair, yet I *dare not* reveal
The secret which pains my young heart to conceal!

My heart-broken sire bid me join in the wars,
And fight in his own darling country's cause;
When I eagerly strove victor's laurels to gain,
And rescue from branded opprobrium our name:
Impetuous I rush'd to the midst of the strife,
And Heaven led my arm to save Henri's life!"

The monarch and his *protegee* were interrupted by the arrival of Turenne, warm with the expected gratification of another achievement in the field of beauty. Victor was immediately dismissed, and the gay Mareschal proceeded to develop his discovery. He had been shooting a short distance from Marseilles, and upon entering a woodman's cottage for refreshment, had been entertained by a beautiful and unsophisticated creature, who was instantly selected as a proper object for the perverted gallantry of the monarch and his dissolute companion. The king was in raptures at Turenne's glowing description of the rustic beauty's charms, and instantly ordering proper disguises, they proceeded to the woodman's cottage.

Though mystery hung so darkly over the fortunes of Victor's parent, yet the good old man lived not far distant from the spot where Henri and his court were now abiding. Victor often trembled lest the old man might be discovered, yet he himself, guileless and honest, trusted to the great Power that protects the innocent, and laughed his Victor's fears to scorn. Frequently did the son retire from the glare and splendour of royalty to enjoy the humble happiness of a home, beloved, because it was consecrated by a father's presence, and more endeared to him, because it was also the abode of his beloved Marie, a young and beautiful girl, who passed as the daughter of the woodman, but she was not really so. She was beloved by Victor, and the innocent Marie returned that love with all its purity and holiness.

Victor, his father Eustache, and his beloved Marie, were enjoying those domestic pleasures which alone the pure of heart may know, haloed by those undying rays of virtue which shed brilliancy across the career of life, and which even in pain, in anguish, speak consolation to the mourner, and whisper peace and resignation to the breaking heart.

Their home
Was covered with sweet creeping shrubs,
And had a porch of evergreens: it stood
Beneath the shelter of a maple tree.
Whose boughs spread o'er it, like a green tent,—
'Twas beautiful in summer, with gay flowers,
Green leaves, and fragrant grass strewn o'er the floor,
And, in the winter, cheerful with its hearth,
Where blazed the wood fire.—
Here was the happiness of hearth and home!

The little family were enjoying their domestic pleasures when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, and Victor instantly recognized the voices of Henri and Turenne. The family were alarmed, but Eustache, desiring them to abate their fears, led his son into an interior apartment, and then quickly opened the door to the two disguised gallants. They introduced themselves as travellers in want of some needful refreshment, which was immediately granted by the woodman, who assumed an air of gaiety, and welcomed his enemies with a smile.

"Welcome, welcome, gentlemen," exclaimed he, "to the best my cottage affords; 'tis humble, true, but it is seasoned with good will, and the hearty welcome of old Eustache."

"You seem in brave spirits, my good host."

"Thus I am always;—here I live, a merry old woodman, contented and happy, for my home is devoid of care, and my meals are prepared by the sweetest child in Christendom;—nay, do not blush Marie—make the strangers welcome; you did not learn to blush of me, you rogue."

Turenne engaged the woodman in conversation, while Henri accosted the maiden; the artifice was not unseen by Eustache, who narrowly attended every action of his guests, though he apparently was absorbed in the humorous conversation of Turenne. The approaches of Henri, however, became too distressing to Marie for longer endurance, and Eustache instantly pouring wine, solicited the king to drink.

"Aye!" exclaimed the monarch, "to the lovely Marie."

"True, she is a good girl," rejoined the woodman, "an artless, unsophisticated innocent, her heart has never been sullied by the vices of a town, nor the licentiousness of a court, where such men as the Mareschal de Turenne preside."

"Ah!" exclaimed the king, "you think the Mareschal an indifferent fellow, eh?"

"Indifferent!" rejoined the indignant Eustache, "he is a blot upon humanity. Had Henri known the baseness of his heart, I, *perhaps*, should not have been in this forlorn condition;—perhaps, my child might have proved a meteor in the sky of France! But that's all over now,"—and the old man dashed away the tear that trembled upon his eyelid.

"And what the devil have you to say against Turenne?" enquired the astonished Mareschal.

"What is that to you.—Come drink again. The king—may heaven bless him!"

"You love your king, then?" enquired Henri.

"Yes, and have fought for him; my best blood has been spent in his service; but time, and the injuries I have experienced, have unnerved my arm, blanched my dark hairs, and brought me sorrowing to the grave. But still were my country in danger, I would again rush to the field,

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for though my arms might be a little stiff, the more active warriors I could lead on to glory: if I beheld a coward fly, I would be a barrier to arrest his progress, and he either should return to his duty, or make his way across my bleeding corse!"

"Excellent old warrior! But tell me friend, why you are so embittered against the favourite Mareschal of Henri. If any secret hangs upon the information, I pledge my honour it shall go no farther, and as for my friend, I think I can well answer for *him*. Don't you think I can Phillippe?"

"Assuredly," exclaimed the hot warrior, eager to learn the woodman's mystery.

"Well then," commenced Eustache, "some years ago—I am a bad hand at telling a story; but this is its burthen:—some years ago, there were in the French army, two generals, the Marquis de Croissy and the Count D'Albert."

"Ah!" exclaimed the monarch in surprise.

Eustache did not appear to notice the expression of his guest, and thus proceeded: "Nature had blest the Count with one fair child, a daughter, of whose beauties an Emperor might be proud; the panders of Turenne discovered the treasure, and soon reported her to their master, who had the vile audacity to propose dishonourable terms to the father himself—even to the noble Count D'Albert!"

"Impossible!" ejaculated the king.

"By heaven he did!" rejoined the woodman, "and I think he must remember to this day the return of the girl's father to the insolent proposition; but the Mareschal had an horrible revenge; the ruthless tiger, spoiled of his prey, laid snares for the indignant parent;—false witnesses were suborned, a plot was conjured up;—the Count, his friend the Marquis de Croissy, and their immediate circle of associates, who had dared to express their sentiments respecting the vicious conduct of Turenne, were implicated, arrested, tried—and *banished!*"

"Well, well do I remember that important affair," replied the monarch; "'twas said, too, that the king lamented two such noble warriors should prove traitors—"

"'Twas false!" interrupted Eustache, "let him stand forward who dare assert the crime, and in his teeth will I hurl back the lie, the wicked, damning lie!"

Turenne felt awed by the violent expression, and fierce demeanour of the woodman, beneath whose humble aspect, there appeared a brighter soul than beams usually in humble clay."

"And who are you," enquired he, "that you feel so warmly on the subject?"

Eustache paused for a moment, and after glancing keenly at his enquirer, replied, "The *faithful servant* of the Count, who scorned to leave his master amidst all his sufferings." Henri enquired his fate, and the old man continued:—"He paid the debt of nature; he was a man unused to misfortune, and when it burst so fiercely upon his devoted head, he sunk under it, and he died! In vain the Marquis and myself strove to console him. In vain we bid him hope for pardon from the king. 'Tis foolish hope,' exclaimed he, 'The spirit of happiness has taken her flight from my bosom for ever, and all that remains for me, is to die!' He grasped my hand in the agony of grief, and a deadly paleness spread across his face, his lip became livid, and his eyes were fixed in death; he fell exhausted into my arms! A whisper murmured upon his lips—'Eustache, to thee I resign my child—preserve her from Turenne—protect her!' I swore before the face of Heaven to guard her as my own; tears fell from his pale eyes, and his white and chilly hands grasped mine—he looked upon my face, and with that look, he died!"

The youthful Marie, who had tremblingly listened to the woodman's recital, now fell in tears upon his bosom, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear father! no more! no more!" The sight was affecting; and to Henri's generous heart it spoke a language, forcible as pathetic; he looked expressively at Turenne, but the Mareschal averted his head, and remained in unmoved sternness, sketching figures upon the ground. The attention of Henri, however, was fixed upon the veteran, who endeavoured to compose the lovely and sorrowing girl: and observing that Henri was waiting for the conclusion of his little narrative, he hastily passed his hand over his brow to clear away the traces of the tears that had fallen upon the neck of his child, and thus proceeded:—"I have little more to add;—I laid the Count in the cold earth, and though no pompous procession escorted him to the tomb, no empty panegyric sounded over his remains, they were embalmed with the tears of his faithful follower; and his child planted a rose-tree upon his grave; it is still daily attended by the affectionate girl, and prayers from that hallowed spot rise to the throne of the blessed, from whence the spirit of the father looks down upon his child, and welcomes her aspirations of piety and hope."

A considerable pause succeeded the pious ejaculation of the woodman; Turenne remaining in his sullen abstraction, but Henri, in admiration of the generous fervour of his host; his every unworthy thought was sacrificed at the shrine of virtue, and his heart panted to reward such unsophisticated goodness. The light notes of the guitar, however, broke the long silence, and the king immediately recognised the voice of his page accompanying the instrument. Turenne started in surprise, and expressive looks were rapidly exchanged between the strangers. Ere they could come to any resolution, however, the door of the inner apartment opened, and the page entered with his guitar, nodding respectfully to the strangers, and continuing his *chanson* without the least movement of surprise.

"Turenne," whispered the king, "what mystery is this? what does this mean?"

"Mean!" echoed the Mareschal, "why that we are in a sad predicament—that cursed page will discover us, and then ——"

"The Lord have mercy upon the poor Mares-

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chal." Then turning to the page, he whispered, "Victor, how came you here?"

"I do not know you, indeed, good gentlemen, never saw you before in my life," replied the page, not appearing to be acquainted with them; a hint that was instantly taken by the monarch, who, with his companion, prepared to make a hasty departure. Victor, however, seizing the cloak of the latter as he was retiring, laughingly whispered in his ear—

"*Spoil sport*, Mar! ha! ha! ha!"

"You shall repent!" fiercely replied Turenne, as he burst from the grasp of the page; who rejoined with another loud peal of laughter, as he closed the door upon the woodman's guests.

On the ensuing day, while Henri was surrounded by his little circle of friends, Turenne, Victor, and the esteemed and virtuous Sully, sharing principally in the monarch's consideration, a page entered to announce the arrival of two peasants whom Henri had privately ordered to be arrested and conducted to his presence; they were now introduced, and the surprise of Victor was not greater than that of Turenne, upon beholding, in the two prisoners, the woodman and his child. "Honest Eustache," exclaimed the king, as they entered the saloon, "in hours of peace I am indeed a merry monarch, and it is fit that merry monarchs should be entertained by such merry subjects as thyself!" The apprehensions of Victor, Eustache, and Marie, subsided at the friendly greeting of the king, and the former stepping forward, and assuming an air of gaiety, observed, "I am happy that so brave a veteran will be rewarded by Henri Quatre." "He shall be rewarded, my warrior boy," rejoined the king. Turenne immediately remarked the strangeness of the royal determination, but Henri was resolute, and the Mareschal was compelled, at length, merely to solicit the aspersions might be retracted, which the woodman had so unsparingly cast upon him;—Eustache looked contemptuously upon the Mareschal, and in a voice of decision, exclaimed, "No!"—"Then," impetuously replied Turenne, "justice shall compel you to speak truly of the Mareschal!" "I have spoken truly," was the reply of Eustache, who became warm with the fierce observations of Turenne. "Liar!" exclaimed the latter—"Liar and slave! Dost thou not fear the vengeance of Turenne?"

"I fear no one—but my God and my king!"

"My brave, my good old man," rejoined the monarch, "this altercation must not be;—Mareschal, you must be reconciled to the loyal veteran."

It had proceeded too far, however, with the fiery Mareschal, who spurned the mediation of the monarch, and glancing furiously at Eustache, he repeated, "Liar and slave!"

"I cannot bear with this," cried Eustache, "I am no liar, I am no slave; to his face, to the bold face of the noble wretch, would I proclaim his infamy, and brand his villainy upon his brow."

"Slave, I am Turenne!"

"And I am ——"

"Hold, hold!" shrieked the page, as he threw himself into the woodman's arms, "you know not what you say."

"Away, away my child, it is too much, I cannot stand before my king and hear him praise my loyalty and zeal, and still be branded with a traitor's name—no, no, it is too much, and come what may, know wretch, I am thy victim, the innocent De Croissy!"

Turenne relapsed into his former sullenness; Eustache was clasped in the arms of Victor and Marie, his eyes flashing fire, and his face clear with the consciousness of innocence, which his general aspect confirmed. Henri gazed upon the scene with a sigh, and even the stern Sully shed tears. Victor looked wistfully in his patron's face, but met there with disappointment and regret; the Marquis de Croissy had returned from banishment and his life must pay the forfeit. Victor quitted the embrace of the veteran, and advancing entreatingly towards the throne, exclaimed, "indeed, he is innocent!" Henri waved his hand, the page continued to supplicate, but the monarch affirmed the law of France to be inviolable, and that it must take its course, he could not stay its execution.

"Oh!" exclaimed the page, "often have you required your warrior boy to ask some favour, the granting which might prove how tenderly you loved him: I have refrained from begging until now, and now I crave De Croissy's life!"

"It is not in my power to give."

"Oh yes, who dare disobey the orders of our king—of Henri Quatre?" He advanced upon the first step of the throne, and Henri averted his face;—the page knelt, and clasping the monarch's hand, murmured a stanza of his favourite and plaintive air:—

"My heart-broken sire bid me join in the wars,
And fight for his own darling country's cause;
Where I eagerly strove victor's laurels to gain,
And rescue from branded opprobrium our name;
Tempestuous I rushed to the midst of the strife,
And Heaven led my arm *to save Henri's life!*"

The page paused, and Henri turned towards him, exclaiming hurriedly—

"Indeed, indeed I would do much to repay thy valour—ask me any thing but this."

"I ask but life for life!"

"Why take this interest in a stranger's fate?"

"He is——*my Father!*"

Victor fell at his sovereign's feet, still grasping the hand which he held, and protesting the innocence of his parent.—At this moment an attendant entered the saloon with a communication from Turenne, who had left the spot in considerable agitation, while the page was pleading to the king. The monarch's eyes brightened as he perused the note, and immediately raising the page from his feet, he desired him to acquaint his noble father with his restoration to his original titles and possessions. The contents of that note never transpired, but the errors of Turenne were forgiven, and by his after deeds he endeavoured to atone for the misery which he had

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previously created. The gloom of sadness and despair was superseded by the brilliancy of happiness, and the festival that witnessed the union of the page with the lovely Marie, the daughter of the Count d'Albert, whom de Croissy had cherished and protected, hallowed the reconciliation with Turenne, and his return to virtue. It was indeed a day of happiness; youth mingled with its characteristic fervour, in the scene, and age " threw its crutches by" for the moment, to encourage the festivity which such felicitous occurrences had occasioned. The Marquis de Croissy again resided in the halls of his ancestry, and the possessions of D'Albert were bestowed upon his child. The evening of de Croissy's life was thus cheered by a scene of joy that burst upon his paths when they seemed closed in eternal night, and his son Victor, and the faithful and affectionate Marie, enjoyed the felicity of their mutual loves, and Henri Quatre was their friend.

THE WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

* * * * * * * * Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And o'er his inmost vitals, creeping cold,
Lays him along the snow a stiffened corse,
Stretched out and bleaching on the northern blast.

Two men travelling, about the middle of December last, from St. Louis to the north western part of Missouri, fell in with another traveller, named Jones, who was journeying towards his residence, which was about fifty miles this side of the destination of the other two. The air became more raw and chill, as they proceeded northward, and the snow fell in considerable quantities, at intervals. When within about two days' ride of their home, the cold set in most intensely, the wind rose in all its fury, and beneath its howling blast the sturdy trees of the forest bent like the slender ozier and the limbs, hurled from their trunks, were scattered on the ground: the fleecy flakes of snow were thickly twirled through the murky atmosphere, and clouds were piled on clouds, in majestic darkness, till not a speck of blue was discernable on the face of heaven, and day put on the appearance of gloomy night. Unable to proceed on horseback through the meeting branches that crashed together above their heads, they dismounted, and on foot pursued their doubtful way through the darkened forest, unable to discover the path, as the snow had covered it and rendered it indiscernible. Scarcely able to endure the intense cold, Jones was disposed frequently to lie down and commit himself to the care of Providence, but was prevented from doing so by the others, as the numbness and torpor and disposition to sleep had not yet taken possession of them. At length, finding him unable to speak, and his whole power of body overcome as it were by sleep, and judging from their own feelings that the like must soon come upon them, they determined to leave him and endeavour if possible to make their way to some habitation. Night was just setting in, and death in its most appalling form stared them in the face. Surrounded with all the horrors of darkness and solitude, they continued their hopeless way through brambles and low underwood for some distance, till their ears caught the welcome tinkling of a cow bell. The wind whistling, as if it were from the four corners of heaven, prevented them ascertaining from whence it proceeded; however, after some time, their eyes observed a light from a little hut, that, together with the sheep cot and stable attached to it, was the only mark of civilization for several miles in this dreary solitude. We approached, said the narrator, and knocked at the door. A quick, nimble step was the only response, and the door immediately opened. A female appeared, and at first exhibited considerable surprise, starting back a few paces, but immediately advanced and invited us in. Our necessities were eagerly and with the utmost pleasure attended to by the family, which consisted of the wife, two sons, and as many daughters. When, by the fire and other means resorted to by the family, we had recovered sufficiently the power of speech, we informed them of the distressing situation in which we had left a fellow traveller about a mile back, as we supposed. From their conversation, I had learned that their father was expected that day from St. Charles, whither he had gone on business. We readily perceived from the countenances of the family, that they entertained a fearful conjecture who the traveller might be. We wished to accompany the two young men, who immediately prepared to set out for the unfortunate sufferer, but they refused, inasmuch as we were scarcely able to walk, and would necessarily detain them, and could give them very little assistance towards finding the place, as from the drifting of the snow in heaps, we could not be able to distinguish the way we had come. They called their sheep dogs, and lighted a flambeau each, and taking some blankets, in which to wrap his body, started after him. After the sons had started, we noticed particularly the uneasiness of the affectionate wife. At every little interval she would open the door and look if her sons were coming down. One of us put our hand on the vacant mantle, on which were piled some books, and taking down a small pocket Bible, noticed written on one of the blank leaves, "presented by Joshua Jones to his affectionate wife, on the anniversary of their marriage," and showing it to the other, we both agreed that he undoubtedly was the sufferer whom we had left behind, yet we mentioned not our impressions to the family. We were invited to partake of a repast, that had been accelerated on our account, and as we were about sitting down, the lady went to the door, and seeing her sons advance with the body, recognized the features by the glare of the torches, uttered a shriek, and fell on the floor. He was brought in and laid on a bed before the fire, and friction and fomentation with hot liquor, and in fine every thing was tried to restore him, but to no purpose. The mortal numbness had seized his body, the chill of death had frozen his vitals, the heart was stagnant, and to beat no more. The voice of lamentation filled

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the house. The loving wife and daughter mingled their distressing wailings, and the manly nature of the sons, which supported them while there was any hope of restoration, and enabled them calmly to use every means in their power for their father's recovery, sunk under their weight of woe, and they wept aloud. We endeavoured to calm the agitation and sorrow of the distressed family, though they "sorrowed not like those without hope," yet their grief was violent, and though the hour was late when they retired to rest, yet the sobs that ever and anon broke the silence of the night, indicated the absence of repose from the eyelids of the afflicted. We watched the corpse till morning, which was as calm and beautiful as the day previous had been terrible, and fitly represented the calm and glorious beauties of that eternal world to which the traveller, wearied with the storms and hurricanes had gone to dwell forever. In the evening the corpse was interred in one corner of the garden, that lay before the house, in all the solemnity of silent, weeping woe, with the happy assurance of its participating in the resurrection of the just, when mortal will put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory. On the following morning we left the disconsolate family, who would have gladly detained us, as grief finds always a partial relief in the sincere condolence even of strangers.

From the London Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1831.

THE TRAVELLING TIN-MAN.

AN AMERICAN STORY, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

MICAJAH WARNER was owner and cultivator of a small farm in one of the oldest, most fertile, and most beautiful counties of the State of Pennsylvania, not far from the Maryland line. Micajah was a plain Quaker, and a man of quiet and primitive habits. He was totally devoid of all ambitious cravings after tracts of ten thousand acres, and he aspired not to the honour and glory of having his name given to a town in the western wilderness, (though *Warnerville* would not have sounded badly,) neither was he possessed of an unconquerable desire of becoming a judge, or of going to Congress. Therefore, he had always been able to resist the persuasions and example of those of his neighbours, who left the home of their fathers, and the comforts of an old settlement, to seek a less tedious road to wealth and consequence, on the other side of the Allegany. He was satisfied with the possession of two hundred acres, one half of which he had lent (not given) to his son Israel, who expected shortly to be married to a very pretty and notable young woman in the neighbourhood, who was, however, no heiress.

Upon this event, Israel was to be established in an old frame house that had long since been abandoned by his father, in favour of the substantial stone dwelling which the family occupied at the period of our story. The house had been taken up and transplanted to that part of the farm now allotted to Israel, and he very prudently deferred repairing it till he saw whether it survived its progress across the domain. But as it did not fall asunder during the journey, it was judged worthy of a new front door, new window-panes, and new shingles to cover the vast chasms of the roof; all which improvements were made by Israel's own hands. This house was deposited in the vicinity of the upper branch of the creek, and conveniently near to a saw-mill which had been built by Israel in person.

Like all of her sect, whether in town or country, Bulah, the wife of Micajah Warner, was a woman of even temper, untiring industry, and great skill in housewifery. Her daughters, commonly called Amy and Orphy, were neat pretty little Quaker girls, extremely alert, and accustomed from their earliest childhood, to assist in the work of the house. As her daughters were so handy and industrious, and only went half the year to school, Mrs. Warner did not think it necessary to keep any other *help* than an indented negro girl, named Cloe.

Except the marriage of Israel, which was now in prospect; a flood in the neighbouring creek, which had raised the water so high as to wash away the brick oven from the side of the house; a tornado that carried off the roof of the old stable, and landed it whole in an adjoining clover field; and a visit from a family of beggars, (an extraordinary phenomenon in the country,) nothing occurred among the Warners for a long succession of years that had occasioned more than a month's talk of the mother, and a month's listening of the children. "They kept the even tenor of their way." The occupations of Israel and his father (assisted occasionally by a few hired men) were, of course, those of the farm, except when Israel took a day, now and then, to attend at his saw-mill.

With regard to domestic arrangements, every thing connected with household affairs went on in the same course year after year, except that, as the daughters of the family improved in capability of work, Cloe, the black girl, retrograded. They washed on Monday, (with the assistance of a woman, hired for the day,) ironed on Tuesday, performed what they called "the little baking," on Wednesday, and "the big baking," on Friday; cleaned the house on Saturday, and clear-starched their book-muslin collars; rode on horseback to Friends' meeting on Sunday morning, and visited their neighbours on Sunday afternoon.

It was the day after the one on which Israel and his bride-elect had passed meeting, and consequently, a month before the one fixed for the wedding, that something like an adventure fell among the Warner family.

It was a beautiful evening at the close of August. The father and son had been all day in the meadows, mowing the second crop of grass; Mrs. Warner was darning stockings in the porch, with her two daughters knitting on the bench beside her; Amy being then fourteen, and Orphy about twelve. Cloe was absent, having been borrowed by a relation, about five miles off, to do the general work of the house, while the family were engaged in preparing for a quilting frolic.

"Come, girls," said Mrs. Warner, to her daughters, "it's just sun-down. The geese are coming home, and daddy and Israel will soon be here. Amy, do thee go down to the spring-house and bring up the milk and butter; and Orphy, thee can set the table."

The two girls put up their knitting, (not, however, till they had knit to the middle of the needle,) and, in a short time, Amy was seen coming back from the spring-house, with a large pitcher of milk and a plate of butter. In the meantime, Orphy had drawn out the ponderous claw-footed walnut table that stood all summer in the porch, and spreading over it a brown linen cloth, placed in regular order their every-day supper-equi-

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page of pewter plates, earthen poringers, and iron spoons.

The viands consisted of an immense round loaf of bread, nearly as large as a grindstone, and made of wheat and Indian meal, the half of a huge cheese, a piece of cold pork, a peach pie, and an apple pie; and, as it had been baking-day, there was the customary addition of a rice-pudding, in an earthen pan of stupendous size. The last finish of the decorations of the table was a large bowl of cool water, placed near the seat occupied by the father of the family, who never could begin any of his meals without a copious draught of the pure element.

In a few minutes, the farmer and his son made their appearance as they turned the angle of the peach-orchard fence, preceded by the geese, their usual avant-couriers, who went out every morning to feed in an old field beyond the meadows.

As soon as Micajah and Israel had hung up their scythes, and washed themselves at the pump, they sat down to table; the farmer in his own blue-painted, high-backed, high-armed chair, and Israel taking the seat always allotted to him, a low chair, the rushes of which having long since deserted the bottom, had been replaced by cross pieces of cloth listing, ingeniously interwoven with each other; and this being, according to the general opinion, the worst seat in the house, always fell to the share of the young man, who was usually passive on all occasions, and never seemed to consider himself entitled to the same accommodation as the rest of the family.

Suddenly, the shrill blast of a tin trumpet resounded through the woods that covered the hill in front of the house, to the great disturbance of the geese, who had settled themselves quietly for the night in their usual bivouac around the ruins of an old waggon. The Warners ceased their supper to listen and look; and they saw emerging from the woods, and rattling down the hill at a brisk trot, the cart of one of those itinerant tin merchants, who originate in New England, and travel from one end of the Union to the other, avoiding the cities, and seeking customers among the country people; who, besides buying their ware, always invite them to a meal and a bed.

The tin-man came blowing his horn to the steps of the porch, and there stopping his cart, addressed the farmer's wife in the true nasal twang that characterizes the lower class of New Englanders, and enquired "if she had any notion of a bargain." She replied that "she believed she had no occasion for any thing;" her customary answer to all such questions. But Israel, who looked into futurity, and entertained views towards his own housekeeping, stepped forward to the tin-cart, and began to take down and examine various mugs, pans, kettles, and coffee-pots—the latter particularly, as he had a passion for coffee, which he secretly determined to indulge both morning and evening as soon as he was settled in his domicile.

"Mother," said Amy, "I do wish thee would buy a new coffee-pot, for ours has been leaking all summer, and I have to stop it every morning with rye meal. Thee knows we can give the old one to Israel."

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Warner, "it will do well enough for young beginners. But I cannot say I feel quite free to buy a new coffee-pot at this time. I must consider about it."

"And there's the cullender," said Orphy, "it has such a big crack at the bottom, that when I am smashing the squashes for dinner, not only the water, but the squashes themselves drip through. Better give it to Israel, and get a new one for ourselves."

"What's this?" she continued, taking up a tin water dipper.

"That's for dipping water out of the bucket," replied the tin-man.

"Oh, yes!" cried Amy, "I've seen such a one at Rachel Johnson's. What a clever thing it is! with a good long handle, so that there's no danger of splashing the water on our clothes. Do buy it mother. Thee knows that Israel can have the big calebash: I patched it myself, yesterday, where it was broken, and bound the edge with new tape, and it's now as good as ever."

"I don't know," said the farmer, "that we want any thing but a new lantern, for ours had the socket burnt out long before these moonlight nights, and its dangerous work taking a candle into the stable."

The tin-man knowing that our plain old farmers, though extremely liberal of every thing that is produced on their plantations, are, frequently, very tenacious of coin, and much averse to parting with actual money, recommended his wares, more on account of their cheapness, than their goodness; and, in fact, the price of most of the articles was two or three cents lower than they could be purchased for at the stores.

Old Micajah thought there was no absolute necessity for any thing except the lantern; but his daughters were so importunate for the coffee-pot, the cullender, and the water dipper, that, finally, all three were purchased and paid for. The tin-man in vain endeavoured to prevail on Mrs. Warner to buy some large patty pans, which the girls looked at with longing eyes; and he reminded them how pretty the pumpkin pies would look at their next quilting, baked in scollop-edged tins. But this purchase was peremptorily refused by the good quaker woman; alleging that scollop-edged pies were all pride and vanity, and that, if properly made, they were quite good enough baked in round plates.

The travelling merchant then produced divers boxes and phials of quack medicines, prepared at a celebrated manufactory of those articles, and duly sealed with the maker's own seal, and inscribed with his name in his own hand writing. Among these, he said, "there were certain cures for every complaint in natur; draps for the agur, the tooth-ache, and the rheumatiz; salves for ring-worms, corns, frost-bitten heels, and sore eyes, and pills for consumption and fall fevers; beside that most waluable of all physic, Swain's Wormifuge."

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The young people exclaimed with one accord against the purchase of any of the medicines; and, business being over, the tin-man was invited by the farmer to sit down and take supper with the family—an invitation as freely accepted as given.

The twilight was now closing, but the full-moon had risen, and afforded sufficient light for the supper-table in the porch. The tin-man took a seat, and before Mrs. Warner had finished her usual invitation to strangers of—"reach to, and help thyself; we are poor hands at inviting, but thee's welcome to it, such as it is"—he had already cut himself a huge piece of the cold pork, and an enormous slice of bread. He next poured out a porringer of milk, to which he afterwards added one-third of the peach-pie, and several plates-full of rice pudding. He then said, "I suppose you hav'nt got no cider about the house;" and Israel, at his father's desire, immediately brought up a pitcher of that liquor from the cellar.

During supper, the tin-man entertained his entertainers with anecdotes of the roguery of his own countrymen, or rather, as he called them, his "statesmen." In his opinion of their general dishonesty, Mrs. Warner most cordially joined. She related a story of an itinerant Yankee, who persuaded her to empty some of her pillows and bolsters, under colour of exchanging with him old feathers for new—a thing which she acknowledged had puzzled her not a little, as she thought it strange that any man should bargain so badly for himself. He produced from his cart a bag of feathers which he declared were quite new; but after his departure she found that he had given her such short measure that she had not half enough to fill her ticking, and most of the feathers were proved upon examination, to have belonged to chickens, rather than to geese—nearly a whole cock's tail having been found amongst them.

The farmer pointed into the open door of the house, and showed the tin-man a large wooden clock, put up without a case between two windows, the pendulum and the weights being "exposed and bare." This clock he had bought for ten dollars, of a travelling Yankee who had set out to supply the country with these machines. It had only kept tolerable time for about two months, and had ever since been getting faster and faster, though it was still faithfully wound up every week. The hands were now going merrily round at the rate of ten miles an hour, and it never struck less than twelve.

The Yankee tin-man, with a candour that excited the admiration of the whole family, acknowledged that his statesmen were the greatest rogues "on the face of the yearth;" and recounted instances of their trickery that would have startled the belief of any, but the inexperienced and credulous people who were now listening to him. He told, for example, of sausages being brought to market in the eastern towns, that when purchased and prepared for frying, were found to be filled with chopped turnip and shreds of red flannel.

For once, thought the Warners, we have found an honest Yankee.

They sat a long while at table, and though the tin-man seemed to talk all the time he was eating, the quantity of victuals that he caused to disappear surprised even Mrs. Warner, accustomed, as she was, to the appetite of Israel.

When the Yankee had at last completed his supper, the farmer invited him to stay all night; but he replied, "that it was moonshiny, and fine cool travellin after a warm day, he preferred putting on towards Maryland as soon as his creatur was rested, and had a feed."

He then, without more ceremony, led his horse and cart into the barn-yard, and stopping near the stable door, fed the animal by the light of the moon, and carried him a bucket of water from the pump.

The girls being reminded by their mother that it was late, and that the cows had long since come home, they took their pails and went out to milk, while she washed up the supper things. While they were milking, the subsequent dialogue took place between them.

Orphy. I know it's not right to notice strangers, and to be sure the man's welcome, but Amy, did thee ever see any body take victuals like this Yankee?"

Amy. Yes, but he didn't eat all he took, for I saw him slip a great chunk of bread and cheese into his pocket, and then a big piece of pie, while he was talking and making us laugh.

Orphy. Well, I think a man must be very badly off to do such a thing. I wonder he did not ask for victuals to take away with him. He need not have been afraid. He must know that victuals is no object. And then he has travelled the road long enough to be sure that he can get a meal for nothing at any house he stops at, as all the tin-men do. He must have seen us looking at his eating so much, and may-be his pride is hurt, and so he's made up his mind, all of a sudden, to take his meals no more at people's houses.

Amy. Then why can't he stop at a tavern, and pay for his victuals?

Orphy. May-be he don't want to spend his money in that trifling way. Who knows but he is saving it up to help an old mother, or to buy back land, or something of that sort? I'll be bound he calculates upon eating nothing to-morrow but what he slipped off from our table.

Amy. All he took will not last him a day. It's a pity of him, any how.

Orphy. I wish he had not been too bashful to ask for victuals to take with him.

Amy. And still he did not strike me at all as a bashful man.

Orphy. Suppose we were just in a private way to put some victuals into his cart for him, without letting him know any thing about it? Let's hide it among the tins, and how glad he'll be when he finds it to-morrow!

Amy. So we will; that's an excellent notion! I never pitied any body so much since the day the beggars came, which was five years ago last

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harvest, for I have kept count ever since; and I remember it as well as if it was yesterday.

Orphy. We don't know what a hard thing it is to want victuals, as the Irish schoolmaster used to tell us, when he saw us emptying pans of milk into the pig-trough, and turning the cows into the orchard to eat the heaps of apples laying under the trees.

Amy. Yes, and it must be much worse for an American to want victuals, than for people from the old countries who are used to it.

After they had finished their milking, and strained and put away the milk, the kind-hearted little girls proceeded to accomplish their benevolent purpose. They took from the large wire-safe in the cellar, a pie, half a loaf of bread, and a great piece of cheese; and putting them into a basket, they went to the barn-yard, intending to tell their mother as soon as the tin-man was gone, and not for a moment doubting her approval, since in the house of an American farmer, victuals, as Orphy justly observed, is no object.

As they approached the barn-yard, they saw, by the light of the moon, the Yankee coming away from his cart and returning to the house. The girls crouched down behind the garden-fence till he had passed, and then cautiously proceeded on their errand. They went to the back of the cart, intending to deposit their provisions, when they were startled at seeing something evidently alive, moving behind the round opening of the linen cover; and in a moment the head of a little black child peeped out of the hole.

The girls were so surprised that they stopped short and could not utter a word, and the young negro, evidently afraid of being seen, immediately popped down its head among the tins.

"Amy, did thee see that?"—asked Orphy, in a low voice.

"Yes, I did so," replied Amy; "what can the Yankee be doing with that little neger, and why does he hide it? Let's go and ask the child."

"No, no!" exclaimed Orphy, "the tin-man will be angry."

"And who cares if he is?" said Amy; "he has done something he is ashamed of, and we need not be afraid of him."

They then went quite close to the back of the cart, and Amy said, "Here, little snow-ball shew thyself and speak; and do not be afraid, for nobody's going to hurt thee."

"How did thee come into this cart?" asked Orphy; "and why does the Yankee hide thee? Tell us all about it, and be sure not to speak above thy breath."

The black child again peeped out of the hole, and looking cautiously round, said, "Are you quite sure the naughty man won't hear us?"

"Quite sure," answered Amy, "but is thee boy or girl?"

"I'm a little gal," replied the child; and with the characteristic volubility of her race she continued, "and my name's Dinah, and I'm five year old, and my daddy and mammy are free coloured people, and they lives a big piece off, and daddy works out, and mammy sells gingerbread and molasses-beer, and we have a sign over the door with a bottle and cake on it."

Amy. But how did this man get hold of thee, if thy father and mother are free people? Thee can't be bound to him, or he need not hide thee.

Dinah. O, I know I an't bounded to him—I expect he stole me.

Amy. Stole thee! What here in the free state of Pennsylvany?

Dinah. I was out picking huckleberries in the woods up the road, and I strayed off a big piece from home. Then the tin-man comed along, driving his cart, and I run close to the road-side to look, as I always does when any body goes by. So he told me to come into his cart, and he would give me a tin mug to put my huckleberries in, and I might chuse it myself, and it would hold them a heap better than my old Indian basket. So I was very glad, and he lifted me up into the cart, and I choosed the very best and biggest tin mug he had, and emptied my huckleberries into it. And then he told me he'd give me a ride in his cart, and then he set me far back on a box, and he whipped his creatur, and druv and druv, and jolted me so that I tumbled all down among the tins. And then he picked me up, and tied me fast with his handkercher to one of the back posts of the cart to keep me steady he said. And then, for all I was steady, I couldn't help crying, and I wanted him to take me home to daddy and mammy. But he only sniggered at me, and said he wouldn't, and bid me hush; and then he got mad, and because I couldn't hush up just in a minute, he whipped me quite smart.

Orphy. Poor little thing!

Dinah. And then I got frightened, for he put on a wicked look, and said he'd kill me dead if I cried any more or made the least bit of noise. And so he has been carrying me along in his cart for two days and two nights, and he makes me hide away all the time, and he won't let nobody see me. And I hate him, and yesterday, when I know'd he didn't see me, I spit on the crown of his hat.

Amy. Hush!—thee must never say thee hates any body.

Dinah. At night I sleeps upon the bag of feathers; and when he stops any where to eat, he comes sneaking to the back of the cart and pokes in victuals, (he has just now brung me some,) and he tells me he wants me to be fat and good-looking. I was afeard he was going to sell me to the butcher, as Nace Willet did his fat calf, and I thought I'd ax him about it, and he laughed and told me he was going to sell me sure enough, but not to a butcher. And I'm almost all the time very sorry, only sometimes I'm not, and then I should like to play with the tins, only he won't let me. I don't dare to cry out loud, for fear the naughty man would whip me; but I always moan when we're going through woods, and there's nobody in sight to hear me. He never lets me look out of the back of the cart, only when there's nobody to see me, and he won't let me sing even when I want to. And I moan most

when I think of my daddy and mammy, and how they are wondering what has become of me; and I think moaning does me good, only he stops me short.

Amy. Now, Orphy, what's to be done? The tin-man has of course kidnapped this black child to take her into Maryland, where he can sell her for a good price; as she is a fat, healthy-looking thing, and that is a slave state. Does thee think we ought to let him take her off?

Orphy. No, indeed! I think I could feel free to fight for her myself—that is, if fighting was not forbidden by Friends. Yonder's Israel coming to turn the cows into the clover-field. Little girl, lay quiet and don't offer to show thyself.

Israel now advanced—"Well, girls," said he, "what's thee doing at the tin-man's cart? Not meddling among his tins, I hope? Oh, the curiosity of women-folks!"

"Israel," said Amy, "step softly—we have something to show thee."

The girls then lifted up the corner of the cart cover, and displayed the little negro girl, crouched upon the bag of feathers—a part of his merchandize which the Yankee had not thought it expedient to produce, after hearing Mrs. Warner's anecdote of one of his predecessors.

The young man was much amazed, and his two sisters began both at once to relate to him the story of the black child. Israel looked almost indignant. His sisters said to him, "To be sure we won't let the Yankee carry this child off with him."

"I judge we won't," answered Israel.

"Then," said Amy, "let us take her out of the cart, and hide her in the barn or somewhere till he has gone."

"No," replied Israel, "I can't say I feel free to do that. It would be too much like stealing her over again; and I've no notion of evening myself to a Yankee in any of his ways. Put her down in the cart and let her alone. I'll have no underhanded work about her. Let's all go back to the house; mother has got down all the broken crockery from the top shelf in the corner cupboard, and the Yankee's mending it with a sort of stuff like sticks of sealing-wax, that he carries about with him; and I dare say he'll get her to pay him more for it than the things are worth. But say nothing."

The girls cautioned Dinah not to let the tin-man know that they had discovered her, and to keep herself perfectly quiet; and they then accompanied their brother to the house, feeling very fidgetty and uneasy.

They found the table covered with old bowls, old tea-pots, old sugar-dishes, and old pitchers; whose fractures the Yankee was cementing together, while Mrs. Warner held the candle, and her husband viewed the operation with great curiosity.

"Israel," said his mother, as he entered, "this friend is making the china as good as new, only that we can't help seeing the join; and we are going to give all the mended things to thee."

The Yankee, having finished his work and been paid for it, said it was high time for him to be about starting, and he must go and look after his cart. He accordingly left the house for that purpose; and Israel, looking out at the end window, exclaimed, "I see he's not coming round to the house again, but he's going to try the short cut into the back road. I'll go and see that he puts up the bars after him."

Israel went out, and his sisters followed him to see the tin-man off.

The Yankee came to the bars, leading his horse with the cart, and found Israel there before him.

"Are you going to let down the bars for me?" said the tin-man.

"No," replied Israel, "I'm not going to be so polite; but I intend to see that thee carries off nothing more than belongs to thee.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Yankee, changing colour.

"I expect I can show thee," answered Israel. Then stepping up to the back of the cart and putting in his hands, he pulled out the black child and held her up before him, saying, "Now, if thee offers to touch this girl, I think we shall be apt to differ."

The tin-man then advanced towards Israel, and with a menacing look raised his whip; but the fearless young quaker (having consigned the little girl to his sisters, who held her between them) immediately broke a stick from a tree that grew near, and stood on the defensive with a most steadfast look of calm resolution.

The Yankee went close up to him, brandishing his whip; but before he had time to strike, Israel with the utmost coolness, and with great strength and dexterity, seized him by the collar, and swinging him round to some distance, flung him to the ground with such force as to stun him, saying, "Mind, I don't call myself a fighting character, but if thee offers to get up I shall feel free to keep thee down."

The tin-man began to move, and the girls ran shrieking to the house for their father, dragging with them the little black girl, whose screams (as is usual with all of her colour) were the loudest of the loud.

In an instant the stout old farmer was at the side of his son, and notwithstanding the struggles of the Yankee, they succeeded by main force in conveying him to the stable, into which they fastened him for the night.

Early next morning, Israel and his father went to the nearest magistrate for a warrant and a constable, and were followed home by half the township. The county court was then in session; the tin-man was tried, and convicted of having kidnapped a free black child, with the design of selling her as a slave in one of the southern states; and he was punished by fine and imprisonment.

The Warner family would have felt more compassion for him than they did, only that all the mended china fell apart again the next day, and his tins were so badly soldered that all their bottoms came out before the end of the month.

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Mrs. Warner declared that she had done with Yankee tin-men for ever, and in short with all other Yankees. But the store-keeper, Philip Thompson, who was the sensible man of the neighbourhood, and took two Philadelphia newspapers, convinced her that some of the best and greatest men America can boast of, were natives of the New England states. And he even asserted that in the course of his life (and his age did not exceed sixty-seven) he had met with no less than five *perfectly* honest Yankee tin-men; and besides being honest, two of them were not in the least impudent. Among the latter, however, he did not of course include a very handsome fellow, that a few years since made the tour of the United States with his tin-cart, calling himself the Boston Beauty, and wearing his own miniature round his neck.

To conclude—an advertisement having been inserted in several of the papers, to designate where Dinah the little black girl was to be found, and the tin-man's trial having also been noticed in the public prints, in about a fortnight her father and mother (two very decent free negroes) arrived to claim her; having walked all the way from their cottage at the extremity of the next county. They immediately identified her, and the meeting was most joyful to them and to her. They told at full length every particular of their anxious search after their child, which was ended by a gentleman bringing a newspaper to their house, containing the welcome intelligence that she was safe at Micajah Warner's.

Amy and Orphy were desirous of retaining little Dinah in the family, and as the child's parents seemed very willing, the girls urged their mother to keep her instead of Cloe, who they said could very easily be made over to Israel. But, to the astonishment of the whole family, Israel on this occasion proved refractory, declaring that he would not allow his wife to be plagued with such an imp as Cloe, and that he chose to have little Dinah himself, if her parents would bind her to him till she was eighteen. This affair was soon satisfactorily arranged.

Israel was married at the appointed time, and took possession of the house near the saw-mill. He prospered; and in a few years was able to buy a farm of his own, and to build a stone house on it. Dinah turned out extremely well, and the Warner family still talk of the night when she was discovered in the cart of the travelling tin-man.

THE THREE SISTERS.

Published by L.A. Godey & Co. No. 112 Chesnut Street, for the Lady's Book

March, 1831.

THE THREE SISTERS.

A FAR greater degree of interest is always bestowed on the relation of matters of fact when the objects which occupy the narration are brought in perspective to our view. Such may be considered the case with regard to the leading embellishment of the present number of the Lady's Book. Unconnected with the lively description of character which distinguishes the "Sisters," their appearance as presented by the engraver, would, perhaps, afford little attraction to a casual observer—yet, who will read their romantic history, taken, as we conceive it to be, at the happiest moments of their existence, without being impressed with sentiments of respect and esteem towards them—if there are any such, they must be devoid of the ingenuous feelings which such affection is calculated to excite.—We give the narration in the words of one of the principal actors in the pleasing drama, for we believe it would be difficult to convey it in more acceptable language. Our historian had been sojourning with a companion in the country, and has just returned to his paternal mansion.

There was a light in my father's counting-house. This surprised me as it was only two o'clock. I entered. My father was seated at his desk; near him stood Captain Classen, his old friend and servant. They both stared to see me, and winked to one another as I thought; I wished them good morning, and was about to retire. "Good morning, Henry," said my father, "I am glad you are here, for I have business with you." —"Classen, we are agreed then; twelve o'clock precisely; I will have every thing in readiness." Classen withdrew.

"Henry," said my father without laying down his pen, "prepare for a voyage to France to-day."—"To France, dear father, and on what business?"—"I wish you to marry."—"Marry!" I exclaimed half aloud—"Me marry!"—"Yes, a daughter of Mr. Gerson, a merchant of Bordeaux."—"What, father, a lady whom I have never seen?"—"It is a good house, and you will have the choice of three sisters."—"But suppose I should not like either of them?"—"No foolery, Henry," said my father, in a tone of earnestness; "there is a time for every thing, and I have allowed enough for that."—"If I were a prince." —"And though you were an emperor, you would be but a thoughtless boy, in need of a guardian, and my son. Here is a letter from Mr. Gerson, saying that he expects you, and this is my answer. "At twelve you will embark."—"You will surely allow me to take leave of a few of my friends?"—"It is not necessary. Here are some cards; you have only to write your name upon them."

I took the cards and retired to my chamber. Marry! I muttered to myself, and to a little yellow, meagre French woman, whose whole business it is to disfigure, yet more by art, her sufficiently disgusting person? And why not in Hamburgh, if it is to be at all? The tall, fair Miss Sorgel, or the short, round brunette, Miss Waterman, or the rich one-eyed Miss Funk, or the beautiful *naive* Miss Adler, or the witty, fascinating—— My ideas became confused, and sleep bowed down my head. I was just on the point of changing my perpendicular for a horizontal position rather too suddenly, when I luckily awoke, and had sense enough to throw myself upon the bed, where, in the arms of Morpheus, I soon forgot alike the beauties of Hamburg and Bordeaux.

"Henry!" sounded in my ears. I sprang up, rubbed my drowsy eye-lids, and stared; my father stood before me. "It is eleven o'clock; your trunk is packed, the wind is fair, and every minute you delay is lost. Haste then to take some refreshment and embark." I looked sheepish and confounded. Upon a chair lay my travelling dress—my father retired, and my servant, George, assisted me to undress and dress again. "Are you to accompany me?" I asked. "Yes, Sir." —"I am glad of it," said I, and derived some little consolation from the circumstance; for there was not in existence a greater rogue, nor, at the same time, a more faithful fellow than this same George. My father paid him for reporting my extravagancies, (which he might do without hesitation, for I made no secret of them myself) and I for assisting me to commit them. The prospect of the voyage began now to interest me; and if, for my sins, I was to be tied to a wife, like a poacher to a stag, it was at all events more agreeable to choose her for myself from among three sisters in France, than to have one allotted to me out of the magazine of merchants' daughters here, warranted sound and perfect, like any other article of merchandize.

I dined with a better appetite than my parents, and received their good wishes, tears, and advice, on taking leave, with becoming indifference.

Captain Classen was waiting with painful impatience. He did not take time to welcome me, but the moment I stepped on board he gave the signal, and, amidst the tumultuous bawling of the sailors, the masts sprung up, the pennants fluttered in the breeze, the sails outstretched themselves to the gale, and Hamburgh and the shores of our beloved country by degrees darkened, re-

ceded, and vanished from our view. Capt. Classen, during the first day, entertained me with an elaborate description of Bordeaux, and with accounts of Mr. Gerson and his daughters. This conversation wearied me, I forced myself to hear nothing, and after awhile retired, peevish and fretful, to my cabin. My trunk struck me. I had not yet opened it, and resolved to do it now, rather for the sake of amusement than from curiosity. My best clothes, my finest linen, letters to several mercantile houses, a casket containing a valuable ring with bracelets to match. I guessed at its destination, and pushed it aside, when lo! what should peep out of one corner of the trunk but a crimson purse! I took it up, and my heart danced with delight as I weighed it in my hand. On opening it, the contents proved to be exactly three hundred Louis d'ors.

I had frequently lost as much, and more than this in a single night; but latterly, owing, no doubt, to the fault of the circular form of the gold pieces, there was never a Louis in my pocket in the morning that did not, before night, roll into that of another person. The ebb was naturally stronger than the flow; and in spite of the liberal allowance my father granted me, I was certain of meeting a creditor in every one of the numerous streets of Hamburgh; they were always, however, exceedingly civil, and satisfied with the honour of being told, in answer to their enquiries, that I was well.

I had enjoyed, notwithstanding several vexatious circumstances during our short voyage, a tolerable degree of comfort, but was exceedingly anxious to commence my peregrinations on land.

"Shall we soon come to an anchor, Captain?" I enquired as the coast of France appeared in sight. "Where?" he wondering asked. "At Boulogne."—"Why should we?"—"What, don't you know, my good fellow? Has my father said nothing to you?"—"Not a word."—"Not that I am to land here, and travel by way of Paris to Bordeaux?"—"*Potz tausend!* art not sober yet?" and he burst into a horse laugh. "I hope, Classen, I rejoined in a tone of displeasure, "you do not take me for a fool? George, were not such my father's orders?" George hesitated; a significant look from me, which Classen could not observe because he was staring full at the fellow, came like a reinforcement to his zeal, and he corroborated my statement.

"Aye, aye?—Humph!" muttered Classen, regarding me with an enquiring look, which, however, I braved with unaltered countenance; "that I did not know. I ask your pardon."

He steered for Boulogne. In a few hours George and I with our luggage were on shore, and shortly afterwards on the road to Paris.

I exulted aloud as I beheld the spire of Notre Dame, and soon after the whole sea of houses which surrounded it. Now, in sight of one of the first cities in the world, it occurred to me to consider what I wanted there. Pleasure! What else? or how best enjoy it? While I was thus occupied for plans for making the most of my liberty, and my three hundred Louis, we arrived at our destination. I immediately hired a *chambre garnie*, assumed the title of Lord Johnsbury, and appropriated the first fortnight to visiting all the places of amusement, and seeing all the sights the capital afforded.

I did not scruple to wear the solitaire intended for my bride. The diamond had become loose, and I entered a jeweller's shop to get it repaired. Two ladies came in almost immediately afterwards. One of them was elderly; the other young and beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that for the first time in my life I was seized with a kind of bashful admiration, as I beheld her, and I made way for her with the profoundest respect.

She bargained for a pair of ear-rings; the jeweller asked her too much, and she very reluctantly returned them. I instantly paid down the money and requested her acceptance of them, in remembrance of the sentiments of respect and admiration with which she had inspired a stranger. "You are very generous, Sir, and the the jewels are extremely pretty; but even if they were far handsomer, the very circumstance of your being a stranger to me puts it out of my power to accept of them." She blushed as she spoke, and fixed her beaming eyes upon me with such a mild, yet penetrating look, that I trembled with a mixed sensation of fear and pleasure. I entreated, but in vain. A little impatient at her refusal I turned at length to her companion, offered her the ear-rings, and begged her to allow me, at least, the satisfaction of obliging the fair inexorable in her friend. Her eyes glistened as she contemplated my gift, and a little persuasion induced her to accept it. The young lady's countenance evinced her disapprobation of her companion's conduct, and she shook her head as she saw her take them. They departed, and I was silly enough to suffer them to do so without asking a single question.

Arrived at my lodgings I awoke as it were from a dream; the figure of the lovely girl was still before my eyes, and I would willingly have given thirty more Louis to see the original once again. Fortune favoured my wishes; in the *Theatre Francais* I espied my two ladies in a box. Hastening to pay my respects to them, I had the satisfaction of being received by the matronly lady in a very tender, and by her lovely companion in a no less friendly manner. Now, thought I, is the time to push my fortune; I assailed the young lady, who seemed to be almost given up to me by her protectress, with all the idle flattery and nonsense I could muster, and was so importunate, in short, in the avowal of my passion, and so urgent in imploring her compassion on my sufferings, that the sunshine of her enchanting countenance by degrees entirely vanished, and the clouds of her displeasure gathered so thickly over her features, that I was really hurt, and felt myself at last compelled to enquire what was the matter. "Nothing, Sir," she replied, with such a look of undaunted virtue as disconcerted me not a little; "except, that we have both been mistaken." This rebuff completed my discom-

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fiture; I kept silence for a long while before I could collect my scattered resolution for an attack upon the old lady. She was more reserved than I expected to find her; and indulged me with a long lecture, on the want of self-government in the men, and the propriety of prudence and reserve in the female sex, before she would condescend to inform me that she sometimes walked in the Thuilleries with her niece, when the weather was favourable.

I had forgotten to enquire at what hour, and had interpreted the word *sometimes* according to my wishes. The fashionable world was still buried in sleep, when my anxious steps led me, *reveur*, to the Thuilleries. Somewhat less to the inconvenience of my purse than my stomach, I continued my fruitless promenade till nightfall. This course I pursued for four days, yet neither aunt nor niece were visible, and I was ready to die with rage and vexation. The sun was declining on the fifth day, and I was heartily cursing myself and all the women in and out of Paris, when I caught sight of the identical fair I was in search of. She shuddered as her glance met mine; I know not whether at myself, or at the violent emotions which must have been strikingly pourtrayed in my countenance. These emotions were entirely without my power to controul, and I attacked her with such earnestness in entreaties, expostulations, and assurances, that her prudent reserve and indifference gradually softened into compassion and sympathy. I took advantage of this favourable change to offer her the ring, which I again wore, and it was firmly fixed on her finger before she had time properly to consider the objections to her accepting it.

"You make a child of me," said she, after a vain resistance; "I am as culpable in listening to you, as in accepting this diamond; but you are conferring an obligation on an ungrateful one, and who ought not even to suffer you to suspect that she is so against her will." I complained in vain of this cruelty. Nothing further could I elicit from her; yet she did not deprive me of all hope, and in a favourable moment I begged the aunt, who was present, to grant me her assistance, and to acquaint me with her residence. "I am under a promise to my niece, Sir," she replied, "to give you no assistance whatever, therefore it is out of my power to grant your request. I must confess, however, that I am a little surprised at your asking such a question." I was confounded at my own simplicity; I suffered them to depart without uneasiness, and ordering my *valet de place* to follow them at a distance, soon learnt that they resided in the neighbourhood of the *Palais Royal*.

I was still too timid to avail myself of the advantage I thus gained that day. The turbulency of my feelings drove me from one place to another; even in the theatre I sought in vain for abstraction. Unable to hold out longer I hurried to the *Palais Royal*, that I might at least enjoy the satisfaction of being near her.

Chance led me to a gaming-house. It was just the thing: I punted, won, lost, won again, lost again; and in two hours time found myself without a sous. The forty Louis d'ors which had emigrated gave me little uneasiness; however, I could play no more, and I returned home. "George," said I, as he undressed me, handing him the purse, "fill it again to-morrow."—"What! have you got a fresh supply?"—"How! the money I gave you."—"Is melted down to twenty Louis, of which our landlord claims three."—"Scoundrel, you have robbed me."—"Would you like to inspect my account, Sir."—"Well, well; think of some resource."—"For travelling, Sir?"—"No!" I exclaimed, with warmth; "I will not leave Paris now if I sleep upon the stones."

The prospect of being reduced to the bitterest distress in a town, in which I was an utter stranger, added to the probability of my sacrificing myself to a contemptible *fille*, was not the most agreeable. Her portrait, deeply engraven on my heart in the noblest traits, gave the lie to these suspicions; and yet, when I considered all the circumstances, and particularly the behaviour of the aunt, I could not entirely banish them from my mind. Unable to come to any decision, and harassed by the contending passions which raged in my breast, I was pacing the room with hasty strides, when Mons. Brelon, my landlord, entered.

"*Pardonnez Monseigneur*," said M. Brelon, a genuine Parisian; "pardon my intrusion at this unseasonable hour; but I have too great a respect for *milord* to keep from your knowledge some important intelligence that I have received."—"I am most highly indebted to your politeness, Mons. Brelon, have the kindness to proceed."—He then commenced to make me acquainted with a circumstance that caused in my mind considerable apprehensions. Enquiries had been set afloat by the prefect of police, as to my real character, and as there was no knowledge among the noblemen in Paris of Lord Johnsbury, orders had been given to have me arrested and examined. I cast a look at George, and read in his countenance the same alarm, that chilled the blood in my veins.

"I assure you, Monseigneur," he continued, while I remained dumb with astonishment; "on my honour, and my great esteem for you, that I am not mean enough to have the least suspicion of a man whose noble and generous conduct would do honour to any nation; but in case you cannot reckon upon the interference of his Excellency, pardon my boldness, Monsieur, but your safety and my own——"

"Be under no apprehension, Monsieur Brelon," said I, with as much composure as I could summon, at the same time squeezing him by the hand; "I hope my case is not yet so desperate; and should it come to the worst I shall not want means to prove my innocence; I have, perhaps, been inconsiderate." He shrugged his shoulders. "In England it is the fashion, and it is difficult to alter convenient customs. I thank you sincerely for your information. George shall discharge my account with you, and order post-

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horses directly." He made a low bow, and, after a thousand apologies, took his leave.

The prospect of taking up my summer residence in the Temple or the *Bicetre*, or of making a voyage to Cayenne, had so few charms for me, that I drove George out immediately for post horses, and set about packing my trunk myself. While thus occupied I debated with myself which route to take, with fifteen Louis d'ors; for M. Brelon had encreased his demand from three to five Louis, *pour prendre conge*. I could not very well make the tour of Europe; and, unluckily, I had troubled myself too little with matters of business since my departure from Hamburgh, to recollect on the instant any one of my father's correspondents to whom I could apply for assistance in this emergency, though there were certainly many in Paris who would willingly have rendered it. "To Bordeaux," said I, at length, half aloud; "we will pay our devoirs to M. Gerson, and the trio of would-be brides; the old fellow surely will not suffer his son-in-law to want cash, I will waver between the attractions of his three daughters till I find an opportunity to escape from them all."

We reached Orleans without stopping; my exchequer was very low, and I was unwilling to appear as a beggar before M. Gerson. The bracelets of my unknown bride came as if called for; I dispatched George to a jeweller in the town to convert them into cash. They might have been worth about three hundred Louis d'ors. George brought me eighty for them, which he had accepted only conditionally, subject to my approval. I gingled them in my purse, and we proceeded.

The journey to Bordeaux was both quick and agreeable. Sometimes my heart flew back to Paris to the fair *incognita;* yet as my whole life in that city recurred to me but as the remembrance of a dream, so the idea of my fruitless passion was like the yet fainter and more uncertain recollections of something long past, which frequently leave us at last in doubt whether they owe their existence to an actual occurrence, or are the mere offspring of our imagination.

The impressions gradually wore off entirely, and, on alighting at M. Gerson's door, I found myself in the best humour in the world for falling in love with each of the daughters by turns, and then returning to Hamburgh with the same alacrity and indifference as I had made the journey hither.

The house of my predestined father-in-law presented no contemptible appearance. My name seemed to sound as melodiously in the ears of the *domestique* as the chinking of a dozen gold pieces. He overloaded me with civility, and conducted me to M. Gerson, who received me with a warm embrace, which he effected by means of a spring, that none but a Frenchman knows how to make with propriety; and, to my astonishment there streamed from his lips, such a flow of civility and compliment, that I could only find room for *Monsieur—ah! pardonnez*, to express all my gratitude.

It was near supper time, and in a quarter of an hour two covers were served up. "Surely, thought I, this prudent man keeps his three daughters under lock and key, that he may be able to guarantee them when disposed of."

To my satisfaction, M. Gerson produced such excellent wine, that at the second bottle I forgot that I had come to Bordeaux to sacrifice to Venus and the Graces and not to Bacchus.

"It is to your father," said he, "that I am in some measure indebted for my present affluence. You know I was once in his counting-house?"—"My father has told me as much."—"He recommended me to M. Pegionneau, the former proprietor of this house, and this establishment. I had the good fortune to please him and his only daughter."—"I find that very natural M. Gerson."—"You are extremely polite, Mr. Waltmann—and I became his heir. My wife brought me three daughters, and died as she lay-in of the last."—"I can imagine the agony of your sufferings."—"Very fortunately I found out a distant relation, a very good sort of a woman, who took charge of my house, and superintended the education of my daughters; and, in justice to her, I must say, that she acquitted herself to my entire satisfaction. In short, my happiness had been complete had nature formed them less beautiful, or, at least, had she not formed them all equally lovely."—"A very singular misfortune your's M. Gerson."—"I will confess to you my weakness; at first I considered it my greatest happiness, and made it my proudest boast, that all Bordeaux, nay, the whole province, could produce nothing to equal the beauty of my daughters. There was no lack of admirers."—"That of course," said I, "and I only wonder to see the walls of your house in such good condition."—"Who addressed themselves first to one, then to another of my girls. But they were all too prudent and too mindful of the excellent precepts of their kind instructress to suffer themselves to be seduced into attachments, from which no honourable alliance could result. They wished first to know their future husbands, and then to love them; and every gentleman, who honoured them with his attentions, was received freely at my house, in order that he might become better acquainted with my daughters, while, at the same time, he thus exposed himself to their probation."—"What wisdom! Surely your daughters are not only the Graces, but the Minervas also of France?"—"In truth, very good girls, Mr. Waltmann. But this laudable circumspection led to very disagreeable consequences. Not a single young man of taste and sentiment visited us who did not, on a nearer acquaintance with my daughters, become more and more undetermined in his choice. And this difficulty was encreased by their having reciprocally bound themselves to give no gentleman the least encouragement, and also to suppress every feeling of love in their own bosoms, till his choice had fallen on one or other of them."—"Incredible!"—"I should doubt it myself if I had not had experience of the fact; but, upon the word of an

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honest man, they have lost at least thirty handsome offers by these means."—"That is ten for each—but your account makes me fear that I have made the journey from Hamburgh hither merely for the satisfaction of adding one towards filling up the second score."—"Permit me, Sir; in a friendly letter to your father I lamented my misfortune, acquainting him with my precise situation. He answered that he had an only son, a clever, well-disposed"—(I bowed)—"but addicted to extravagance and dissipation,"—("*Pardieu!* I exclaimed, my father does not flatter his children") "and it would please him much to see him united to one of my daughters, provided he could gain her consent and my approbation. Captain Classen was the bearer of your father's letter referring to you: the bill of lading was correct, but the merchandize was wanting."—I began to attempt an excuse, but the old gentleman stopped me, saying—"My friend was right, and I love such wild rogues heartily." M. Gerson had more subtlety in his politeness than I could have imagined. His praise won him my esteem, and I began to view the matter in a serious light.

"It would grieve me much," he continued, "if this plan, which has originated in the most friendly sentiments, should fail of success. I have thought of an expedient to prevent such a failure, and will acquaint you with it, for I am candid, and it is fit you should know my measures. You shall not be introduced to all my daughters at once. I have sent the two youngest of them into the country, and reserved the eldest only for your acquaintance. This is in a manner her birthright. She is your's whenever you can make up your minds together. I will not send for her sisters until you have declared yourself, and I think your attachment so strong as to run no risk. You are not confined, however, to this one, for every body has his taste, and would to God my daughters had confirmed, rather than disproved, that saying! To-morrow morning you shall see her; in the mean time we will toast the health of her whom you may choose."

The next morning as I lay in bed ruminating more *soberly* upon my extraordinary situation, some doubts again arose in my mind. It was flattering to me to be chosen for the hero to destroy the spell that bound these inseparables, and to release so many captive hearts.

George came to attend me; there was an expression of sprightliness in his countenance that indicated, as I thought, the possession of some joyful secret. I asked whether he had already been more successful in love here, in Bordeaux, than the Germans formerly were in the field? "I think not of myself," he answered; "you have it now in your power to redeem the honour of our country. I have seen Mad. Constantia."—"Who is Mad. Constantia?"—"M. Gerson's eldest daughter."—"You have seen her, you say; well, is she worth the journey?"—"Aye, and though you had made it upon your knees like a pilgrim, mounting the holy steps. But what signifies my talking; up instantly, every moment is a treasure that is spent in gazing on her." "*Donnerwetter!*—I sprang out of bed and bade him dispatch. When such a connoisseur as you is in extacy, what is to become of my fine senses?"

M. Gerson paid me a morning visit. "You will forgive me, Mr. Waltmann," said he, "if you do not see me all day long except at table. My daughter will afford you society whenever you feel disposed to seek it, and I beg you will make yourself quite at home here." I thanked him for his kindness, and went, as soon as I was dressed, to announce myself as a new candidate to his daughter.

Alas, my poor heart! It throbbed violently as I entered the flame to singe my wings, as so many enamoured moths had done before me. A reverential awe overwhelmed me in the presence of this dazzling beauty, such as I had never before experienced, except in Paris, at the sight of the unknown. She stood there like a fairy queen, robed in majesty, and crowned with the perfection of beauty and loveliness; and a smile of compassion for the daring lover, who ventured, not without fear and trembling, into her presence, danced upon her rosy lips.

I have not taken up the pen to write an elaborate treatise on female beauty, or to give laws to the pencil of the artist, but how contemptible in my present estimation did the brightest beauties of Hamburgh appear, who were so unlucky as to serve me for a comparison with this angelic creature!

My admiration increased as she, with an amiable artlessness, gradually developed her talents and accomplishments. She played, she sang, she drew, in the style of a master.

The evil grew every time I saw her. She herself was evidently less at ease. In short, unable to hold out longer, I went to M. Gerson, fourteen days after my arrival, and demanded the hand of his daughter.

I will not attempt to describe the old man's joy on the occasion, or the grotesque capers and gestures by which he testified it. He led me to his daughter, and gave her into my arms. I clasped the incomparable girl with rapture to my bosom. "Bravo!" cried he, as he beheld us; excellent! *c'est comme il faut, je m'en souviens encore!* To-morrow, Constantia, I will write to your sisters, for they must be present at your nuptials."

Angelica, the second daughter, arrived in a few days. She had been residing with a relation at Rochelle. Beautiful as she was she appeared less so, near her sister, and I congratulated myself, almost without knowing it, on having, at all events, chosen the best of the two. Victoria, the youngest, was still absent. A letter came in eight or ten days time to her sister Angelica, saying that she was gone to a distant part of the country on a visit, with her aunt, to whose care she had been entrusted, and would soon return.

This delayed our nuptials, and I had plenty of leisure to compare the two sisters with each other.

Angelica was one inch shorter than her sister; naturally gay and lively myself, I was delight-

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ed with her volatile disposition; we grew more and more intimate. As often as I beheld Constantia my bosom heaved with tender wishes; as often as I listened to Angelica my whole soul flew to the fascinating chatterer.

For some time they preserved an equipoise—imperceptibly the scales began to rise and fall alternately, and at the end of another fortnight I loved Constantia while I beheld her only, but the lively Angelica occupied my thoughts no less in solitude than in her presence.

One evening, returning home from a visit, I alighted at the garden gate, knowing that the family would be there that day. On entering a pavilion where I expected to find the company, I heard voices, and trod lightly, more from instinct than with intention. I was not long in recognizing the voice of my betrothed in altercation with a man. "I am very sorry for it, I suffer by it myself, but I cannot help it."—"Oh, if you did but wish it!" replied a voice which I thought I knew. "But I durst not do it, D'Argenet."

D'Argenet was a clerk in the house, whom I had occasionally met at dinner, and I considered him an unassuming gentlemanly young man. It was evident from the conversation that ensued that he had been paying his addresses for some time, and had every reason held out to him of a favourable issue to his suit. Having heard enough to convince me of this, I withdrew as softly as I had entered.

"A narrow escape, Mademoiselle," said I, as I rested myself on a bank, after half an hour's promenade. "But you have deceived yourself. I am satiated with your inanimate charms, and the attractive Angelica will amply compensate me for their loss."

Early the next morning I waited upon M. Gerson. Pretending a great deal of generosity, I assured him that I would never allow myself the most distant claim to the hand of a lady, whose heart was already disposed of. The old man was so enraged that I had difficulty in restraining him. In order to appear consistent, I complained a good deal of the loss of Constantia, but ventured to assure him, at the same time, that I considered Angelica capable of consoling the most distracted lover, and that I did not doubt of loving her, in a short time, as passionately as I had her sister, provided I had his sanction to my addresses. So the bargain was struck, and we sought the two ladies, who were ignorant of what had passed, to announce to them their fate.

I felt half afraid as I stood before them, not of Constantia, whose secret wishes were about to be gratified, but of the trimming glances of my new mistress, which promised me a warm reception.

"Charming Constantia," I began, as M. D'Argenet, who had been sent for, entered the room, "this young man has a prior claim to your hand to me, and deserves it the more as you have yourself given him this claim. I lacerate my own heart while I thus burst the bands which have united it with your's, but I will never purchase my own happiness at the price of hers who is to form it; and I have used all my persuasion to induce your father to give you to my rival." M. Gerson confirmed what I said, and the two lovers soon forgot their gratitude in the joy to which they abandoned themselves.

The worst was now over; with assumed tranquillity and confidence, but with actual shyness and dread, like a culprit, I presented myself to Angelica, who had not uttered a word, but had been scanning us all with a keen eye pregnant with mischief. "You are extremely generous, Sir," said she, ill concealing a smile at the expense of her lip, and giving me a look that it is impossible to describe. "If so, my angelic Angelica, I may confidently reckon upon your rewarding me."—"As such disinterestedness deserves, Sir, rely upon it."—"Your very flattery intimidates me."—"I intended it should."—"But the attraction of your charms is more powerful."—"I wish I had less of them."—"Then I should suffer less."—"That is not my reason for wishing so."—"I am now deserted."—"I pity the deserted."—"So much the more ardently then, let me hope," said I, bending my knee before her, "that you will pity and relieve me by consenting to marry me."—"Oh! I beg, Sir, you will settle that matter standing. It is not worth while—marry, say you? that is but little; I was almost afraid you were going to ask me to love you."—"I take that for granted."—"You will do me a great favour if you will always take that for granted, it will save me a great deal of trouble."—"You drive me to desperation!"—"What favour but that *one* can you ask that I would not most willingly grant? You will at all events lose nothing."—"I feel how little I deserve such a treasure, and will endeavour at least to outdo you in tenderness."—"There you will have greatly the advantage of me."—"M. Gerson," said I to her father, "I must entreat your mediation; Angelica promises to marry me, but she bites and scratches, and lays about her like a Tartar bride."—"Let her have her way. She is a foolish girl, but an affectionate daughter, and she will make you an excellent wife. There," said he, laying her hand in mine, "she is your's." She gave her hand without resistance, and regarded me, while I held it, with a look of assurance and triumph that seemed to say, "you are now in my power, and I will soon let you feel it."

Angelica continued in the same tone; and I regretted a thousand times that I had converted my amiable and entertaining chatterbox into a quarrelsome mistress.

The measure of my sufferings was not yet full. The severest torture was still in reserve. The uncle, from Rochelle, arrived at M. Gerson's on a visit, bringing with him a young man, whom they called cousin. Angelica embraced them both, and my keen jealous eye read in the glances of the said cousin an emotion that appeared too tender for mere relationship. "I am heartily glad you are come, cousin," said she to him, "here is my intended bridegroom, Mr. Waltmann, of Hamburgh. He marries me merely

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out of revenge because my sister does not like him, and surely I act very generously in making his revenge as difficult, that is to say, as sweet as possible." I was boiling with rage. Great as was the effort it required, I restrained myself, however. But it was past endurance when she made earnest of the jest, treating her cousin with familiarity and tenderness, while she repulsed me with the greatest harshness. "I do it merely to try you," was her answer to my remonstrances. "That is, you cut open my body to ascertain whether my heart beats; but I shall find means to escape this cruelty." Highly incensed I went instantly to her father, and laid my complaints before him. "You surprise me," said he, "I imagined you to be on the most friendly footing together. However, I'll talk to her."

He did it regardless of my opposition; and whether inconsiderately or intentionally I know not, but he did it in the presence of the whole family.

The smiles of the audience, as M. Gerson delivered his paternal exhortation, announced to me my fate. "What," said Angelica, "are the nerves of a German so delicate? You cannot endure that I pass through life skipping and dancing? While you fail of hitting my humour, it is no wonder that you cannot gain my love."—"Charming Angelica."—"Say that to my sister, I am wicked and insupportable; and yet I love you as well as any lady does her lap-dog or parrot."—"Do you not perform the part of the former? for those animals bite and snarl at their mistresses, though never so much fondled and petted by them." She smiled and gave me her hand, which I kissed with gratitude. But this humour lasted scarcely a quarter of an hour, and I became again the object of her ridicule.

By accident, rummaging one day in my trunk, I found a letter from my father, addressed, "To the beloved bride of my son." The affectionate language of a father, thought I, will make some impression upon her, and I delivered the letter to Angelica.

"It is not for me," said she, "for I am not beloved; however, I will open the letter, as I am to fill the place of one who is." She read it. "You have an excellent father, Mr. Waltmann; his kindness really surprizes me. He knows that ladies are fond of ornaments, and brides particularly. Will you not show me the jewels?" I was struck dumb with shame and confusion; I stared wildly at her, unable to make her any answer. "Surely you have not lost them!"—"My father must have forgotten them; will you permit me to see the letter?"—"What, shall I entrust so valuable a document into such rapacious hands? Cousin Cicisbo, read it to him." The cousin read—"The solitaire and the bracelets, which my son will deliver with this letter, are for your acceptance, &c." I stood like a tree shivered by lightning, ready to sink to the earth. I cursed the hour a thousand times that led me to this house, and made me acquainted with perfections that to me were only a source of trouble and vexation.

"Pray, cousin," said my tormentor, pointing at me with her finger, "now only look at this poor sinner. His father sends him away from Hamburgh because the ladies there all know him too well to have him. So he takes a ramble of three weeks to make the most of his liberty while it lasts. His means are exhausted, and he is prudent enough to prefer the well-stocked kitchen and rich cellar of his future father-in-law to starvation at Paris. But how is he to get there? Oh! the jewels of his intended bride must contribute, such of them at least, as his Parisian friends may have spared. He comes and sees the eldest; she pleases his fancy, and the reigning beauty of Bordeaux becomes his bride. I come next. He *hears* me, I catch him by his ears."

"How unjust!"—"Don't interrupt me. He gives the first a charming, respectful, gallant dismissal; and any body who did not know him might possibly have given him credit for something like generosity; then he turns to me as the second, merely out of compassion, lest I should pine with grief at his neglect, or die an old maid for want of another offer. I accept, with great humility, the present of his love a little worn by so much use; suffer myself patiently to be abused by him and scolded by my father on his account, and now instead of my jewels, which he has either sold or given away, he brings me the empty letter in derision."—"Dearest Angelica!"—"I beg you will not name me; my name sounds horridly from your lips; really, you deserve to be married to me for a punishment. I will engage that my sister Victoria will make a third and more complete conquest of your heart, for she is as handsome as Constantia, as witty as I, and has more sensibility than both of us together, and bears the name with the deed. But do not flatter yourself that she will have you. You are mine now, and this letter of your father's, even without the solitaire and bracelets, is a deed of gift of your person which I shall never part with."—"The most agreeable assurance, adorable Angelica, that you could possibly give me."—"Spare me your flattery till I wish to hear it." Her angry mien was so evidently a disguise that I found her doubly attractive, and I seized her hand to kiss it.—"Hold!" she cried, snatching it away, "the hour is not yet come when I am to serve out my tenderness to you in portions and rations, as my duty and my conscience may dictate."

At length we received intelligence that Victoria would arrive the following day, and the impatient father fixed the day after that for the celebration of both our nuptials.

Victoria came late in the evening. I expressed a hope that it was not too late to offer her my congratulations on her return, but Angelica stopped me short. "I thought so," said she, "but you will not see her; not until you stand with me at the alter shall you behold the treasure that you have rejected unseen, to throw yourself into the clutches of such a plague as I am."—I confess that I did not contemplate the event without some little misgivings of mind. Angelica was beautiful, rich, and *spirituelle;* but I reflected that the first

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of these perfections would soon decay; the second was of little value to me; and the third, to judge by the experience I had already had, would strew more thorns than roses in my path. And where would then be those happy hours of calm contentment and domestic peace, which I promised myself would abundantly compensate me for the loss of my freedom, and the boisterous and extravagant pleasures of a bachelor's life?

D'Argenet came and embraced me as his brother-in-law, and led me to the saloon where the ceremony was to be performed. The father, the two sisters, the uncle, and the cousin, were already assembled there, together with the priest. Victoria was the only one absent.

"Oh, she is still at her toilette," said Angelica; "she will not allow even a bride, on the day of her nuptials, the satisfaction of being thought handsome in her presence; a great weakness, is it not, my dear Waltmann?"—I nodded in affirmation. She was indescribably fascinating in this sprightly mood.—"Well, then, you have to thank your stars that I am more solid."

At this moment two ladies entered the room by a side door. I was much more surprised than the sagacious reader will be, who has long suspected it, to recognize in these two ladies my Parisian friends, the aunt and her lovely niece. "Come at last," cried Angelica, drawing me by the hand towards the table, where the minister stood prepared to perform the sacred office; but my face was turned towards Victoria, who, blushing a deep crimson, and more beautiful than she had ever appeared—regarded me with a serious and enquiring look.—"Your love seems to need the lash," said Angelica; "pray begin, M. La Tournelle." The words were like an electric shock to me. I hastily withdrew my hand, and stood petrified before the minister; he smiled and laid down his book.

Victoria stood unmoved. My ring sparkled on her finger, and the bracelets, which I had sold at Orleans, on her arms. All eyes were fixed upon me, and I was ready to wish the earth would open and swallow me up. "Pray cousin," cried the provoking Angelica, "do marry Victoria for my sake, for so long as my bridegroom sees a sister single he thinks he is bound to make love to her."

The young man approached Victoria. Unable longer to master my feelings, I flew across the room and took her hand. She blushed, gave me a look of tenderness, and suffered me to hold it. "Is it possible?" I exclaimed. "I have no claim upon your forgiveness, but with the powerful emotions you first taught me I feel all my hopes revive, and it rests with you, lovely Victoria, to crown or blast them forever?"—"I am no longer my own," she replied, pointing to the jewels; "I have received my price."—"This is past endurance," exclaimed Angelica, "So rude a bridegroom never was before. Come, cousin, you have a kind, true soul—I will venture it with you. He may do as he pleases, I absolve him from all obligation to me."

My perplexity was over. I cast a supplicating glance towards the father. He could scarcely speak, so great was his emotion; laying our hands together he conducted us to the other couples. The minister commenced the service unasked, and in ten minutes time the three sisters were made three wives.

The sequel to my adventures is easily explained—perhaps it is already sufficiently understood. —George, instead of taking the bracelets to the jeweller who resided at the further end of the city of Orleans, had applied to the nearest respectable merchant: The latter enquired, with some suspicion, to whom they belonged; George scrupled not to tell him my name and the object of my journey. "I know M. Gerson well, said he, and will, with pleasure, advance Mr. Waltmann a sum of money upon these bracelets, which have doubtless another destination than to be sold in this city." This was precisely what George wished. One enquiry led to another, and my scamp of a servant, who had taken great offence at my Parisian adventure, related the whole of it to this gentleman, and rejoiced that necessity at length compelled me to fulfil the intention of my journey. All this, however, he had good reasons for concealing from me.

Victoria, who was in Paris with the wife of this identical merchant, learnt on her return these tidings of the German lover, and now readily accounted for the sudden disappearance of Lord Johnsbury, for whom, in spite of her filial devotion and the promise she had made her father, she felt some attachment. She wrote in great haste and with no less embarrassment to her witty sister Angelica, for the news had reached her of my intended marriage with Constantia.

Angelica, immediately *au fait*, advised her to keep away for some time longer, and devised the plan for my chastisement, which she carried into execution with no less credit to herself than entertainment to the whole family; for, from the period of the transfer of my addresses to herself, she had imparted her design to the rest, confessing at the same time her own partiality for her cousin.

Could I be angry that she had inflicted upon me a punishment which I so richly deserved, and that had for its object the future happiness of my life? I gathered courage again to joke with my witty antagonist; I could salute Constantia without restraint. Four weeks flew away in a round of delight, like so many days. Then come Captain Classen with orders for my return.

I begged my father's blessing. "I have none to give you but the one you have taken, said the happy old man; you have robbed me of my dearest daughter, and yet I thank you for it, for through you I am become a perfectly happy father." Classen transported us with safety and expedition to Hamburgh.

The hearty congratulations and embraces of my father convinced me, that the angel I had brought with me had completed his happiness also. And she, standing at this moment smiling by my side, no longer doubts that she has as happily and effectually completed my reform.

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THE MADMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Two travellers of distinction, after a few days residence in Ferrara, determined to visit the hospital, or rather prison, of St. Ann, in which are confined the unhappy victims of insanity. The eldest of the travellers was entirely bald, and his countenance exhibited a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, and a certain air of noble benevolence. Whenever he questioned the conductor assigned them by the keeper of the hospital, he fixed his piercing gaze upon his savage and immoveable features, and seemed to wish to read in them his answer.

The other traveller was some years younger. —His perfumed hair escaped from under a cap glittering with jewels. A short cloak of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered, was tastefully flung over his shoulders; under this was a vest trimmed with the richest ermine, upon which were visible the links of a brilliant gold chain. He wore *gantelets* of silk, and one hand rested upon the pummel of a rich sword, suspended by a satin scarf, and the sound of his silver spurs alone broke the silence in the long corridors they traversed.

Etienne de la Boetie, said his companion, in French, this jailer appears to me as stupid as he is hideous, and I am sure he will be unable to give us any information respecting the place we are about to examine; this is unfortunate, for my curiosity is much excited. At this moment, a young Italian, who was walking in the corridor, approached them, and expressing himself in French, which he spoke fluently, offered to be their guide through the different wards of the hospital. I can tell you, added he, the different kinds of madness these poor people labour under. The offer is made with too much politeness for Monsieur de Montaigne and myself to refuse, replied La Boetie.

Strozzi, for that was the name of the Italian, entered a long hall formed by narrow cells, before the doors of which he would stop and describe with singular acuteness the various descriptions of insanity of the inmates. His sound remarks and his agreeable manner of communicating them, delighted the travellers, and gave rise to a crowd of reflections which they mutually interchanged, often with the tribute of a tear.

The poet and Montaigne were in the midst of an argument in the melancholy mood, when they were suddenly interrupted by the creaking of the door of a cell. A man covered with rags and bowed down with suffering rather than age, issued forth with caution, casting around him fearful glances. His beard and hair were in disorder, and his pale and extenuated features possessed, notwithstanding, a something noble and commanding in their expression.—He advanced cautiously towards the strangers, and drawing a letter from his bosom—"If you are Christians," said he, in a low and solemn tone, "cause this to be delivered to princess Leonora d'Est." La Boetie exchanged a smile with Montaigne, and Strozzi, at the same time, taking the paper to avoid irritating the feelings of the poor creature who addressed them.

"I appear to you mad," continued he; "and you class me with the degraded beings with whom I am immured. Alas! I know not how I have been able to preserve my reason and support the infamous tortures they have heaped upon me. From the bosom of a brilliant court to be thrown into a loathsome dungeon, to be torn from bright visions of fame, of friendship, of love, to groan seven years alone—yes, alone! or among madmen and torments, to curse the fatal gift of genius, and the fame attached to my name; ah! who could thus exist? In the name of the Virgin," cried he, embracing the knees of Montaigne, and bathing them with his tears, "put an end to this horrible torment. Let Leonora but know where I exist, and she will come to my deliverance.—You hesitate; you fear her brother —yes, dread him; his revenge is dreadful—implacable.—Well, then, tell Conça, the Prince of Mantua, or the friend of my youth, the faithful Cardinal Cinthio, that here, under a fictitious name" —— Suddenly was heard the dreadful voice of the jailer, and the echo of his heavy and hurried steps; the poor creature shuddered, was silent, and slunk affrighted to his dungeon, and the iron-featured jailer barred the door upon him without interrupting the *canzonnetta* he had been humming when approaching the group.

"The delusion of this man," observed the young Italian to the travellers, "is to believe himself beloved by a lady of rank. Sometimes he weeps over letters he imagines he has received from her; at others, he is heard talking of *fetes*, tournaments, and victories. Sometimes he is heard reciting verses which he traces upon the walls of his cell, for they occasionally allow him a light, as his madness is never furious; it is rather a deep melancholy, an habitual gloomy sadness. His stanzas are always addressed to the imaginary object of his passion, and the letter he just gave you, I am sure, is filled with expressions of love and tenderness."

"It is indeed," said Montaigne, who had just finished reading it. "He writes to the princess of Ferrara in the language of the most favoured lover; he recalls to her the private interviews she once granted him, and doubts not that his Leonora will fly to his deliverance whenever she shall know that he is here immured. Poor human nature!" said he sighing; "what we have just witnessed would go strongly to support the bold assertion of Pliny—'Nothing can exceed the degradation and vanity of man.'"

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He had just finished this comment, when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and soon his highness Cardinal Cinthio (whom Montaigne had seen the day before at Court) entered in the utmost haste and agitation, followed by the keeper. The latter seized the ponderous keys in the hands of the jailer, and with his own hand opened the massive door which had just been closed upon the object of their reflections.

Cardinal Cinthio threw himself weeping into the arms of the unfortunate prisoner, who appeared stupified with joy. "My dear friend," cried the Cardinal, as soon as his agitation would allow him to speak, "is it thus we meet again?"—then turning to the spectators of this moving scene, "Gentlemen," said he, in a transport of indignation, "you see how the Duke of Ferrara rewards genius; tell your country, tell the whole world, that Torquato Tasso groaned seven years in this vile dungeon, while the universe mourned his death:—but come, noble sufferer," said he, "let us fly this impious land; Rome has yet in reserve for thee the immortal laurel crown."

After their departure, Montaigne, a little chagrined at his mistake, remained a few moments silent, then turning to Strozzi, took leave of him, cordially thanking him for his politeness in acting as their guide. "What!" said he gravely, "do you leave me without worshipping me?" Montaigne looked at him with astonishment. "Thou ignorant mortal," continued the young Italian, "has not my sublime genius, which but now enchained your admiration, has not the gift of tongues I possess, revealed my mysterious divinity? Kneel!" cried he, at the same time grasping Montaigne by the throat, "kneel, thou heathen; worship me, or I will strangle thee!"

La Boetie and the jailer hastened to the relief of Montaigne, and while dragging this new madman to his cell, "My dear sir," said the latter, at the same time adjusting his disordered dress, "we ought not to be very vain of our understanding, since we have to-day admired the intellect of a madman, and mistaken for a madman the greatest genius of Italy.—Truly Socrates was right in saying he knew but one thing—*that he knew nothing;* and Pliny to write, *nothing is certain but uncertainty*—and I to add, *what do I know?*"

THE DEMON SHIP:

THE PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

At the age of twenty-five, while a poor lieutenant serving in Ireland, I had the offer of a good military appointment in India, and yet I hesitated to accept it, because I knew in so doing I should be forced to tear myself from one, who, I felt, was far dearer to me than any thing the world held; and to whom I felt I was as dear. Margaret Cameron, the object of my passion, was the daughter of a retired Scotch officer, who dwelt in my native village. I had known and loved her from childhood, and when this gave place to womanhood, my affection changed in kind, while it strengthened in degree. I will not go over the ten thousand times trodden ground of lovers' explanations, and self reproaches, and betrothels, that passed between Margaret and myself—we parted solemnly plighted to each other. I was condemned, by the will of Captain Cameron, and by the necessity of obtaining some professional promotion, to spend a few years in India before I could receive the hand of his daughter.

I reached my Asiatic destination—long and anxiously looked for European letters—took up one day, by accident, an English paper, and there read:—"Died at the house of Captain Cameron, in the village of A——, Miss Margaret Cameron, aged eighteen." I wrote in despair to Captain Cameron, informing him of the paragraph I had read, and imploring him for the love of mercy to contradict it. The Countess of Falcondale, a distant relation of my sole parent, my mother, who had been a continual drawback on all my early gratifications, and whose distinguished characteristic was the love of *management* and plotting, and bringing things about by her own exclusive agency, answered my letter, ratifying what I had heard, with the additional melancholy intelligence that my mother was no more. I will not here dwell upon my feelings.

The appearance of my name, about five years afterwards, among the "Marriages" in the Calcutta Gazette, was followed by successive announcements among the "Births and Deaths," in the same compendious record of life's changes. My wife perished of a malignant fever, and two infant children speedily followed her. I set out, to return over-land to my native country, a sober, steady, and partially grey-haired colonel of

thirty-six. My military career had been as brilliant as my domestic path had been clouded. The habitual complexion of my mind, however, was gravity—a gravity which extended itself to my countenance, and there assumed even a shade of melancholy. Yet I was a disappointed, not discontented man; and my character had, I trust, undergone some changes for the better. I arrived at a port in the Levant, and thence took ship for Malta, where I landed in safety.

At this period the Mediterranean traders were kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the celebrated "DEMON SHIP." Though distinguished by the same attractive title, she in nowise resembled the phantom terror of the African Cape. She was described as a powerful vessel, manned by a desperate flesh-and-blood crew, whose rapacity triumphed over all fear of danger, and whose cruelty forbade all hope of mercy. Yet, though she was neither "built" of air nor "manned" by demons, her feats had been so wonderful, that there was at length no other rational mode of accounting for them than by tracing them to supernatural, and consequently demoniacal, agency. She had sailed through fleets undiscovered; she had escaped from the fastest pursuers; she had overtaken the swiftest fugitives; she had appeared where she was not expected, and disappeared when even her very latitude and longitude seemed calculable. In short, it seemed as if ubiquity were an attribute of the Demon Ship. Her fearful title had been first given by those who dreaded to become her victims; but she seemed not ill pleased by the appalling epithet; and shortly, as if in audacious adoption of the name she had acquired, showed the word DEMON in flaming letters on her stern. To capture her seemed impossible; she ever mastered her equals, and eluded her superiors. Innumerable were the vessels that had left different ports in the Mediterranean to disappear for ever. It seemed the cruel practice of the Demon to sink her victims in their own vessels.

Most of the trading vessels then about to quit the port of Valetta, had requested, and obtained, convoy from a British frigate and sloop of war, bound to Gibraltar and thence to England. So eager were all passengers to sail under such protection, that I had some difficulty in obtaining a berth in any of the holes and corners of the various fine fast-sailing copper-bottomed brigs, whose cards offered such "excellent accommodations for passengers." At length I went on board the "Elizabeth Downs," a large three-masted British vessel, whose size made the surrounding brigs dwindle into insignificance, and whose fresh-painted sides seemed to foreshow the cleanliness and comfort that would be found within. One little hen-pen of a cabin on deck alone remained at the captain's disposal. However, I was fond of a cabin on deck, and paid half my passage-money to the civil little captain, who testified much regret that he could not offer me the "freedom of the quarter-deck" (such was his expression), as the whole stern end of the vessel had been taken by an English lady of quality.

It was the month of June, and the weather, though clear, was oppressively hot, when we set sail, under all the canvas we could carry, without, however, making much progress. The Countess of Flowerdale, the name of my *noble* fellow-passenger, did not make her appearance on deck until towards the evening of the day we embarked. I was luxuriously stretched on a long seat which joined the steps of the quarter-deck when I heard her light foot as she ascended the cabin steps. I turned my eyes in the direction whence she came. Good heavens! what was my astonishment in seeing before me the form and features of Margaret Cameron! The scene and conversation that ensued I shall not here describe. It can easily be divined that Margaret had given her hand to save a parent, and that she had come abroad with a husband, who, dying, had left her a rich widow. If the limits of my little manuscript would allow, I could tell a long tale of well-managed treachery and deception; how that omnipresent Marplot of my adolescence, the Countess of Falcondale suffered me to remain in the belief that the death of Captain Cameron's niece, which occurred at A——, shortly after my departure, was that of my own Margaret; how in character of supreme manager of the affairs of the old officer, who had been struck with a paralysis, she kept my letters for her own exclusive eye; how she worked on Margaret's feelings to bring about a marriage with the Earl of Flowerdale, in the hope of acquiring a footing in his house, and the right of managing his domestic concerns; how Margaret held out stoutly until informed of my broken faith; and how her marriage was kept from the public press. In the accomplishment of all this baseness towards me, I feel assured there was something inexpressibly soothing in the sensations of the Countess of Falcondale, in thus overreaching and punishing one who had so often mortified her self-importance as I had done. Her's is not a singular character.

Day after day, as we lay on the becalmed waves, I renewed my intercourse with Margaret. As my intimacy with her increased, I reflected with additional pain on her marriage. In the first place, I could not bear to think of her having belonged to another; and, in the second, I felt that her rank and wealth might give to my addresses an air of self-interest which I felt they did not deserve. I dreaded the end of my voyage as much as I had at first desired it, and almost wished that we could sail for ever over those still, blue seas. Alas! it was not long ere I would have given all I held in life that Margaret and I had never met on those waves—ere I would have sacrificed all our late sweet intercourse, to have known that she was safe in her narrow house of turf by the lowly church of A—, and her soul in shelter from the horrors it was doomed to suffer.

One night, after we had been standing for some time contemplating the unrivalled blue of

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a southern summer sky, I thought, as I bade the Countess a good night, that I perceived a light breeze arising. This I remarked to her, and she received the observation with a pleasure which found no corresponding emotion in my own bosom. As I descended to my berth, I fancied I descried among the sailors one Girod Jaqueminot, whose face I had not before remarked. He was a Frenchman, to whom I had, during my residence abroad, rendered some signal services, and who, though but a wild fellow, had sworn to me eternal gratitude. He skulked, however, behind his fellows, and did not now, it appeared, chose to recognise his benefactor.

I believe I slept profoundly that night. When I woke, there was a sound of dashing waves against the vessel, and a bustle of sailors' voices, and a blustering noise of wind among the sails and rigging; and I soon perceived that our ship was scudding before a stiff, nay, almost stormy gale. I peeped through the seaward opening of my little cabin. The scene was strangely changed. It was scarcely dawn. Dim and grey clouds obscured the heaven I had so recently gazed on. I looked for the white sails of our accompanying vessels, and our convoy. All had disappeared. We seemed alone on those leaden-coloured billows. At this moment I heard a voice in broken English say, "Confound—while I reef tose tammed topsails my pipe go out."—"Light it again then at the binnacle, Monseer," said a sailor.—"Yes, and be hanged to de yard-arm by our coot captain for firing de sheep. Comment-faire? Sacre-bleu! I cannot even *tink* vidout my pipe. De tought! Monsieur in de leetle coop dere have always de lamp patent burning for hees lecture. He sleep now. I go enter gently—light my pipe." He crept into my cabin as he spoke. "How's this, my friend?" said I, speaking in French; "does not your captain know that we are out of sight of convoy?" Girod answered in his native language—"Oh! that I had seen you sooner. You think, perhaps, I have forgotten all I owe you? No—no—but 'tis too late now!" The man's face showed so much horror and anguish that I was startled. He pointed to the horizon. On its very verge one sail was yet visible. A faint rolling noise came over the water. "It is the British frigate," said Girod, "firing to us to put our ship about, and keep under convoy. But our captain has no intention of obeying the signal; and if you get out of sight of that one distant sail, you are lost."—"Think you, then, that the Demon Ship is in these seas?" said I, anxiously. Girod came close to me. With a countenance of remorse and despair which I can never forget, he grasped my arm, and held it towards heaven—"Look up to God!" he whispered; "*you are on board the Demon Ship!*" A step was heard near the cabin, and Girod was darting from it; but I held him by the sleeve. "For Heaven's sake, for miladi's sake, for your own sake," he whispered, "let not a look, a word, show that you are acquainted with this secret. If our captain knew I had betrayed it, we should at this moment be rolling fathom-deep over one another in the ocean. All I can do is to try and gain time for you. But be prudent, or you are lost!" He precipitately quitted the cabin as he spoke, leaving me in doubt whether I were awake or dreaming. When I thought how long, and how fearlessly, the "Elizabeth" had lain amid the trading-vessels at Valetta, and how she had sailed from that port under a powerful convoy, I was almost tempted to believe that Girod had been practising a joke on me. As, however, I heard voices near, I determined to lie still, and gather what information I could. "What have you been doing there?" said a voice I had never heard before, and whose ruffianly tones could hardly be subdued by his efforts at a whisper. "My pipe go out," answered Girod Jaqueminot, "and I not an imprudent to light it at de beenacle. So I just hold it over de lamp of Monsieur, and he sleep, sleep, snore, snore all de while, and know noting. I have never seed one man dorme so profound."

I now heard the voices of the captain, Girod, and the ruffian in close and earnest parlance. The expletives that graced it shall be omitted. But what first confirmed my fears was the hearing our captain obsequiously address the ruffian-speaker as commander of the vessel, while the former received from his companion the familiar appellative of Jack. They were walking the deck, and their whispered speech only reached me as they from time to time approached my cabin, and was again lost as they receded. I thought, however, that Girod seemed, by stopping occasionally, as if in the vehemence of speech, to draw them, as much as possible, towards my cabin. I then listened with an intentness which made me almost fear to breathe. "But again I say, Jack," said the voice of the real captain, "what are we to do with these fine passengers of ours? I am sick of this stage-play work; and the men are tired, by this time, of being kept down in the hold. We shall have them mutiny if we stifle them much longer below. Look how that sail is sinking on the horizon. She can never come up with us now. There be eight good sacks in the forecastle, and we can spare them due ballast. That would do the job decently enough for our passengers—ha!" Here there was something jocose in the captain's tone. "Oh! mine goot captain, you are man of speeret," observed Jaqueminot; "but were it not wise to see dat sail no more, before we show dat we no vile merchanters, but men of de trade dat make de money by de valour."—"There is something in that," observed Jack; "if the convoy come up, and our passengers be missing, 'tis over with us. We can no longer pass for a trader; and to hoist the Demon colours, and turn to with frigate and sloop both, were to put rash odds against us."—"And de coot sacks wasted for noting," said Jaqueminot, with a cool ingenuity that contrasted curiously with his vehement and horror-stricken manner in my cabin. "Better to wait one day—two day—parbleu! tree day—than spoil our sport by de precipitation."—"I grudge the keep of these dainty passengers all

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this while," said the captain, roughly; "my lady there, with her chickens, and her conserves and her pasties; and Mr. Mollyflower Colonel here, with his bottles of port and claret, and cups of chocolate and Mocha coffee. Paying, too, forsooth! with such princely airs for every thing, as if we held not his money in our own hands already. Hunted as we then were, 'twas no bad way of blinding governments, by passing for traders, and getting monied passengers on board: but it behoves us to think what's to be done now?"—"My opinion is," said Jack, "that as we have already put such violence on our habits, we keep up the farce another day or two until we get into clear seas again. That vessel, yonder, still keeps on the horizon, and she has good glasses on board."—"And the men?" asked the captain. "I had rather, without more debate, go into this hen-pen here, and down into the cabin below, and in a quiet way *do* for our passengers, than stand the chance of a mutiny among the crew." Here my very blood curdled in my veins. "Dat is goot, and like mine brave captain," said the Frenchman; "and yet Monsieur Jean say well too mosh danger kill at present; but why not have de crew *above* deck vidout making no attention to de voyagers. Dey take not no notice. Miladi tink but of moon, and stars, and book; and for de Colonel, it were almost pity to cut his troat in any case. He ver coot faillow; like we chosen speerit. Sacrebleu! I knew him a boy." [I had never seen the fellow until I was on the wrong side of my thirtieth birth-day.]—"Alvays for de mischief—stealing apples, beating his schoolfellows, and oder little speerited tricks. At last he was expel de school. I say not dis praise from no love to him; for he beat me one, two time, when I secretaire to his uncle; and den run off vid my *soodheart*—so I ver well pleased make him bad turn."—"Well, then, suppose the men come on deck, half at a time," said the captain; and we'll keep the prisoners—Heaven help us! the passengers—till the sea be clear, may be till sunset."—"Look, look!" said Jack, "the frigate gains on us; I partly see her hull, and the wind slackens." I now put my own glass, which was a remarkably good one, through my little window, and could distinctly see the sails and rigging and part of the hull of our late convoy. I could perceive that many of her crew were aloft; but the motion of our own vessel was so great that the frigate was sometimes on and sometimes off the glass; and I was therefore unable to discover whether she were hoisting or taking in sail. It was a comfortable sight, however, to see a friendly power apparently so near; and there was a feeling of hopeless desolation when, on removing the glass, the vessel, whose men I could almost have counted before, shrank to a dim, grey speck on the horizon. The captain uttered an infernal oath, and called aloud to his sailors, "Seamen—ahoy—ahoy! Make all the sail ye can. Veer out the main-sheet—top-sails unreefed—royals and sky-sails up" [&c. &c.] "Stretch every stitch of canvas. Keep her to the wind—keep her to the wind!" I was surprised to find that our course was suddenly changed, as the vessel, which had previously driven before the breeze, was now evidently sailing with a side-wind.

The noise of rattling cables, the trampling of sailors' feet on deck, and the increased blustering of the wind in the crowded sails, now overcame every other sound. The Demon Ship was, of course, made for fast sailing, and she now drove onward at a rate that was almost incredible. She literally flew like a falcon over the waves. Once more I turned to the horizon. God of mercy! the frigate again began to sink upon the waters.

And now shall I waste words in telling what were my feelings during the hour of horror I have described? I felt as one who had dreamed himself in security, and awoke in the infernal regions. I felt that in a few hours I might not only be butchered in cold blood myself, but might see Margaret—that was the thought that unmanned me. I tried to think if any remedy yet remained, if aught lay in our power to avert our coming fate. Nothing offered itself. I felt that we were entirely in the power of the Demon buccaneers. I saw that all that Girod could do was to gain a few hours' delay. Oh! when we stand suddenly, but assuredly, on the verge of disembodied existence, who can paint that strange revulsion of feeling which takes place in the human bosom! I had never been one who held it a duty to conceal from any human being that approaching crisis of his destiny which will usher him before the tribunal of his Maker; and my earnest desire now was to inform Margaret as quickly as possible of her coming fate. But after Girod's parting injunction, I feared to precipitate the last fatal measures by any step that might seem taken with reference to them. I therefore lay still until morning was farther advanced. I then arose and left my cabin. It was yet scarcely broad day, but many a face I had not before seen met my eye, many a countenance, whose untameable expression of ferocity had doubtless been deemed, even by the ruffian commander himself, good reason for hitherto keeping them from observation. All on the quarter-deck was quiet. The skylight of the cabin was closed, and it seemed that the countess and her female attendants were still enjoying a calm and secure repose. I longed to descend and arouse them from a sleep which was soon to be followed by a deeper slumber; but the step would have been hazardous, and I therefore walked up and down the quarter-deck, sometimes anxiously watching for the removal of the sky-light, sometimes straining my vision on the horizon, and sometimes casting a furtive glance towards the evidently increasing crew on deck, whilst ever and anon my soul rose in prayer to its God, and spread its fearful cause before him.

I had now an opportunity of discovering the real nature of my sentiments towards Margaret. They stood the test which overthrows many a summer-day attachment. I felt that, standing as my soul now was on the verge of its everlast-

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ing fate, it lost not one of its feelings of tenderness. They had assumed, indeed, a more sacred character, but they were not diminished. The sun arose, and the countess appeared on deck. I drew her to the stern of the vessel, so that her back was to the crew, and there divulged the fearful secret which so awfully concerned her. At first the *woman* only appeared in Margaret; her cheek was pale, her lips bloodless, and respiration seemed almost lost in terror and overpowering astonishment. She soon, however, gained comparative self-possession. "I must be alone for a few moments," she said. "Perhaps you will join me below in a brief hour." She enveloped her face in her shawl to hide its agitation from the crew, and hastily descended to her cabin. When I joined her at the time she had appointed, a heavenly calm had stolen over her countenance. She held out one hand to me, and pointing upwards with the other, said, "I have not implored in vain. Come and sit by me, my friend; our moments seem numbered on earth, but, oh! what an interminable existence stretches beyond it. In such a moment as this, how do we feel the necessity of some better stay than aught our own unprofitable lives can yield." Margaret's bible lay before her. It was open at the history of *His* sufferings on whom her soul relied. She summoned her maidens, and we all read and prayed together. Her attendants were two sisters, of less exalted mind than their mistress, but whose piety, trembling and lowly, was equally genuine. They sate locked in one another's arms, pale and weeping.

It was a difficult day to pass, urged by prudence, and the slender remain of hope, to appear with our wonted bearing before the crew. We felt, too, that there was a something suspicious in our remaining so long together, but we found it almost impossible to loose our grasp on each other's hands and separate. Too plain indications that our sentence was at length gone forth soon began to show themselves. Our scanty breakfast had been served early in the morning, with a savage carelessness of manner that ominously contrasted with the over-done attentions we had before received; and the non-appearance of any subsequent meal, though day waned apace, fearfully proved to us that the Demon captain now held further ceremony with his doomed passengers useless. Margaret held me to her with a gentle and trembling tenacity that rendered it difficult for me to leave her even for a moment; but I felt the duty of ascertaining whether any aid yet appeared in view, or whether Girod could effect aught for us. I walked towards evening round the quarter-deck—not a sail was to be seen on the horizon. I endeavoured to speak to Girod, but he seemed studiously and fearfully to avoid me. The captain was above, and the deck was thronged. I believe this desperate crew was composed of "all people, nations, and languages." Once only I met Girod's eye as he passed me quickly in assisting to hoist a sail. He looked me fixedly and significantly in the face. It was enough: that expressive regard said, "Your sentence has gone forth!" I instantly descended to the cabin, and my fellow-victims read in my countenance the extinction of hope. We now fastened the door, I primed my pistols, and placed them in my bosom, and clinging to one another we waited our fate. It was evident that the ship had been put about, and that we were sailing in a different direction; for the sun, which had before set over the bows of the vessel, now sent his parting rays into the stern windows. Margaret put her hand in mine with a gentle confidence, which our circumstances then warranted, and I held her close to me. She stretched out her other hand to her female attendants, who, clinging close together, each held a hand of their mistress. "Dear Edward!" said Margaret, grasping my arm. It was almost twelve years since I had heard these words from her lips; but it now seemed as if there were between us a mutual, though tacit, understanding of our feelings for each other. Unrestrained, at such a moment, by the presence of the domestics, Margaret and I used the most endearing expressions, and, like a dying husband and wife, bade solemn farewell to each other. We all then remained silent, our quick beating hearts raised in prayer, and our ears open to every sound that seemed to approach the cabin. Perhaps the uncertain nature of the death we were awaiting rendered its approach more fearful. The ocean must undoubtedly be our grave; but whether the wave, the cord, the pistol, or the dagger, would be the instrument of our destruction we knew not; whether something like mercy would be shown by our butchers in the promptness of our execution, or whether they might take a ruffianly pleasure in inflicting a lingering pain. Had Margaret or I been alone in these awful circumstances, I believe this thought would not have occupied us a moment, but to be doomed to be spectators of the butchery of those we love, makes the heart recoil in horror from the last crisis, even when it believes that the sword of the assassin will prove the key to the gate of heaven.

The sun sank in the waters, and the last tinge of crimson faded on the waves, that now rolled towards the stern windows in dun and dismal billows. The wind, as is often the case at sunset, died on the ocean. At this moment I heard the voice of the captain—"Up to the top of the mainmast, Jack, and see if there be any sail on the horizon." The group of victims in the cabin scarcely drew breath while waiting a reply which would decide their fate. We distinguished the sound of feet running up the shrouds. A few moments elapsed ere the answer was received. At length we heard a—"Well, Jack, well?"—which was followed by the springing of a man on deck, and the words, "Not a sail within fifty miles, I'll be sworn."—"Well, then, do the work below!" was the reply. "But (with an oath) don't let's have any squealing or squalling. Finish them quietly. And take all the trumpery out of the cabin, for we shall hold revel there to-night." A step now came softly down the cabin

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stair, and a hand tried the door, but found it fastened. I quitted Margaret, and placed myself at the entrance of the cabin. "Whoever," said I, "attempts to come into this place does it at the peril of his life. I fire the instant the latch is raised."—A voice said, "Laissez moi entrer donc." I hesitated for a moment, and then unfastened the door. Girod entered, and locked it after him. He dragged in with him four strings, with heavy stones appended to them, and the same number of sacks. The females sank on the floor. In the twinkling of an eye Girod rolled up the carpet of the cabin, and took up the trap-door which every traveller knows is to be found in the cabins of merchantmen. "In—in," he said in French to the countess and myself. I immediately descended, received Margaret into my arms, and was holding them out for the other females, when the trap-door was instantly closed and bolted, the carpet laid down, the cabin door unlocked, and Girod called out, "Here you, Harry, Jack, how call you yourselves, I've done for two of dem. I can't manage no more. Dat tamned Colonel, when I stuff him in de sack, he almost brake me arm." Heavy feet trampling over the cabin floor, with a sound of scuffling and struggling, were now heard over our head. A stifled shriek, which died into a deep groan, succeeded—then two heavy splashes into the water, with the bubbling noise of something sinking beneath the waves, and the fate of the two innocent sisters was decided. "Where's Monsieur Girod?" at length said a rough voice.—"Oh, he's gone above," was the reply; thinks himself too good to kill any but *quality*."—"No, no," answered the other, "I'm Girod's friend through to the back-bone—the funniest fellow of the crew. But he had a private quarrel against that captain down at the bottom of the sea there, so he asks our commander not to let any body lay hands on him but himself. A very natural thing to ask. There—close that locker, heave out the long table, there'll be old revel here to-night."—At this moment Girod again descended. "All hands aloft, ma lads," he cried, "make no attention to de carpet dere—matters not, for I most fairst descend, and give out de farine for pasty. We have no more cursed voyagers, so may make revel here to naight vidout no incommode." He soon descended with a light into our wooden dungeon.

Her own unexpected rescue, the fate of her domestics, and the sudden obscurity in which we were involved, had almost overpowered Margaret's senses, but they returned with the light. "Poor Katie, poor Mary. Alas! for their aged mother!" she said, in the low and subdued tone of one who seems half dreaming a melancholy and frightful dream, and looking with horror at Girod.—"I would have saved you all, had it been possible," said Jacqueminot, in French. "But how were all to be hid, and kept in this place? What I have done is at the risk of my life. But there is not a moment to be lost. I have the keeping of the stern-hold. Look you—here be two rows of meal-sacks fore and aft. If you, miladi, can hide behind one, and you, colonel, behind the other, ye may have, in some sort, two little chambers to yourselves, after English fashion. Or if you prefer the same hiding-place, take it, in heaven's name, but lose not a moment."—"And what will be the end of all this?" asked I, after some hurried expressions of gratitude.—"God knoweth," he replied. "I will from time to time, when I descend to give out meal, and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last—where we are going—and whether in the end I can rescue you, time must be the shower. If we should put into some port of the Levant, perhaps I may be able to pass you on shore in one of these sacks; but we are still on the Gibraltar side of Malta, and shall not see land for a month—only, for God's sake, keep quiet. I'd leave you a light, but it would be dangerous. I doubt you'll be stifled alive. Yet there's no help for it. Hide, hide—I dare stay not one moment longer." He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher of water by them, and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in that strange concealment be forgotten. The Demon crew held wild revelry over our head. Their fierce and iniquitous speech, their lawless songs, their awful and demoniac oaths, their wild intoxication, made Margaret thrill with a horror that half excited the wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abominations. The hold was so shallow that we appeared close to the revellers. Their voices sounded so near that we seemed almost among them, and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and unbearable, that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Margaret would expire in my arms.

It was a strange reflection that we might, almost without the warning of an instant, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious jailors; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the Demon hoard, had been rolled up, as no longer necessary to give our late accommodations the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers. The light streamed here and there through a crevice in the trap-door, and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on the white garment of Margaret, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely whisper a word of encouragement or consolation to each other—dared scarcely breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortless attitude in which we were placed. We could hear them speak occasionally of our murder, in a careless and incidental manner. The captain expressed his regret that we had not, as matters turned out, been earlier disposed of, and made a sort of rough apology to his shipmates for the inconvenience our prolonged existence must have occasioned them.

At length the revellers broke up. I listened attentively until I became convinced that no one occupied the cabin that night. I then ventured

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gently to push up the trap-door a little, in order to give air to my exhausted companion. But the fumes that entered were any thing but reviving. All was dark and quiet as death, and I could hear the rain descending violently on the cabin sky-light. The wind was high and the ship rolled tremendously. We heard the roar of the waters against the side of our prison, and the heavy dashing on deck of huge billows, which even made their way down the cabin stairs.

Towards morning, as I supposed, for with us it was all one long night, I again distinguished voices in the cabin. "It blows a stiff gale," was the observation of Jack.—"So much the better," replied the hardy and ferocious voice of the captain; "the more way we make, the farther we get from all those cursed government vessels. I think we might now venture to fall on any merchantman that comes in our way. We must soon do something, for we have as yet made but a sorry bargain out of our present voyage. Let's see—four thousand pounds that belonged to the colonel there—rather to us—seeing we had taken them on board."—"Yes, yes, we have sacked the colonel," observed Jack, facetiously. His companion went on—"His watch, rings, and clothes; and two thousand dollars of the countess's, and her jewels, amounting, perhaps, to another two thousand. This might be a fine prize to a sixteen-gun brig of some dozing government, but the Demon was built for greater things."—"I suppose, captain," said Jack, "we go on our usual plan, eh? The specie to be distributed among the ship's company, and the jewels and personals to be appropriated, in a quiet way, by the officers? And for once, in a way, I hope there be no breach of discipline, Captain Vanderleer, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket, containing, you and I and one or two more know what? I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig."—"It is in the stern-hold, beneath our feet at this moment," answered the captain.—"A good one for dividing its contents," said Jack. "I'll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye."—"No need," replied the captain. "I warrant me I can lay my hand on it in the dark." Without the warning of another moment, the Demon commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed into our prison but it only fell on the part immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity. I suppose it was about four in the morning. I had laid Margaret down on some torn old signal flags, in that division of the hold which Girod had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own bulwark of meal sacks, in order that my companion might possess, for her repose, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself. I had scarcely time to glide round to the side of Margaret ere the merciless buccaneer descended. We almost inserted ourselves into the wooden walls of our hiding-place, and literally drew down the sacks upon us. The captain felt about the apartment with his hand, sometimes pushing it behind the sacks, and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arms through those which aided our concealment. Gracious heaven! his hand discovered the countess's garments; he grasped them tight; he began to drag her forward; but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching. He stooped to seize it, and, as his hold on Margaret, slackened, I contrived to pass towards his hand a portion of the old flag-cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original object of his grasp. He dragged it forward, and let it go. But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks; and as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our treacherous wall of defence, and we stood full exposed, without a barrier between ourselves and the ruffian commander of the Demon. To us it now seemed that all was lost, and I leaned over Margaret just to offer my own bosom as a slender and last defence.

The Demon captain had gone to the light to pass his casket through the trap-door. The sun was rising, and the crimson hues of dawn meeting no other object in the hold save the depraved and hardened countenance of our keeper, threw on its swart complexion such a ruddy glow, as—contrasted with the surrounding darkness—gave him the appearance of some foul demon, emerging from the abodes of the condemned, and bearing on his unhallowed countenance the reflection of the infernal fires he had quitted. That glow was, however, our salvation. The captain turned with an oath to replace the fallen sacks. Any body who has suddenly extinguished his candle, even on a bright, starry night, knows that the sudden transition from a greater to a lesser degree of light, produces, for a second or two, the effect of absolute darkness. And thus our concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to our captain's eyes, dazzled by the morning's first flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breathless beings, so entirely in his power, to realize this fact, when they saw him advancing towards them, his eye fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; it was difficult to *see*, and yet retain a conviction that we were not *seen*. The captain replaced the sacks instantly, and we felt half-doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying them by bruises and suffocation. His work was, however, only accompanied by an imprecatory running comment on Girod's careless manner of stowage. We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jacqueminot descended to the cabin. An involuntary, though half-stifled shriek escaped him when he saw the trap-door open. He sprang into the hold, and when he beheld the captain, his ghastly smile of inquiry, for he spoke not, demanded if his ruin were sealed. "I have been seeing all your pretty work here, Monsieur," said the gruff captain, pointing to the

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deranged sacks, behind which we were concealed. I caught a glimpse through them of Girod's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally, at the very instant when we had escaped our enemy. Girod's teeth literally chattered, and he murmured something about French gallantry and honour; and the countess being a lady, and the Colonel Francillon an old acquaintance. "And so because you cut the throats of a couple of solan geese—as your duty was, at your captain's command—you think he must not see to the righting of his own stern-hold?" said the captain, with a gruff and abortive effort at pleasantry, for he felt Girod's importance in amusing and keeping in good humour his motley crew. Jacqueminot's answer showed that he was now *au fait*, and thus we had a fourth rescue from the very jaws of death,

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-suffocated, though unknown prisoners of this Demon gang, holding our lives, as it were, by a thread: hanging, with scarce the distance of a pace, between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Girod at this period rarely dared to visit us. He came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at night by the captain and some of his most depraved associates, so that small alleviation of our fears—small relaxation from our comfortless position—small occasion of addressing a few consolatory words to each other, was afforded us either by day or by night. At length I began to fear that Margaret would sink under the confined air, and the constant excitement. Her breath became short and difficult. The blood passed through her veins in feverish, yet feeble and intermittent pulsation. It was agony, indeed, to feel her convulsed frame, and hear her faintly-drawn and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of heaven, nor afford a single alleviation of her suffering, without at once snapping that thread of life which was now wearing away by a slow and lingering death. At length her respiration began to partake of the loud and irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution. She deemed her hour drawing on, yet feebly essayed, for my sake, to stifle those last faint moans of expiring nature which might betray our concealment. I became sensible that the latter could not much longer remain a secret, and, with a strange calmness, made up my mind to the coming decisive hour. I supported Margaret's head, poured a faultering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death-dews from her face, and essayed to whisper expressions of deep and unutterable affection. Happily for us there was such a tempest of wind and sea, as drowned in its wild warfare the expiring sighs of Margaret. At this moment Girod descended to the hold. He put his finger on his lips significantly, and then whispered in French—"Courage—Rescue! There is a sail on our weather bow. She is yet in the offing. Our captain marks her not; but I have watched her some time with a glass, and if she be not a British sloop of war, my eyes and the glass are deceivers together." I grasped Margaret's hand. She faintly returned the pressure, but gently murmured "Too late." Ere the lapse of a moment it was evident that our possible deliverer was discovered by the Demon crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and voices that the ship was being put about; and the ferocious and determined voice of the buccaneer chief was heard, even above the roar of the tempest, giving prompt and fierce orders to urge on the Demon. Girod promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Margaret, and my hopes began to rise. Yet it was too soon evident that the motion of the vessel was increased, and that the crew were straining every nerve to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while, however, the stormy wind abated; the ship became steadier, and certainly made less way in the waves. A voice over our head said distinctly in French—"The sea is gone down, and the sloop makes signal to us to lay to." A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the voice again said, "The sloop chaces us!" Oh! what inexpressibly anxious moments were those. I felt that aid must come, and come speedily, or it would arrive too late. We could discover from the varying cries on deck that the sloop sometimes gained on the Demon, while at others the pirate got fearful head of her pursuer. At length Girod descended to the hold. "The die is cast!" he said in his native language. "The sloop gains fast on us. We are about to clear the deck for action."—"God be praised," I ejaculated.—"Amen!" responded a faint and gentle voice.—"Do not praise Him too soon," said Girod, shrugging his shoulders; "our captain is preparing for a victory. The Demon has mastered her equals, ay, and her superiors; and this sloop is our inferior in size and numbers. The captain does not even care to come to an accommodation with her. He has hoisted the Demon flag, and restored her name to the stern."—"But has his motley crew," whispered I anxiously, "ever encountered a *British* foe of equal strength."—"I cannot tell—I cannot tell; I have been in her but a short time, and will be out of her on the first occasion," said Girod, as he hastily quitted us. We now heard all the noise of preparation for an engagement. The furniture was removed from the cabin above us, and the cabin itself partially thrown open to the deck. Cannon were lashed and primed; concealed port-holes opened, and guns placed at them. Seeing ultimate escape impossible, the captain took in sail, and determined to give his vessel the advantage of awaiting the foe in an imposing state of preparation for action. He harangued his men in terms calculated to arouse their brute courage, and excite their cupidity. I confess I now almost began to tremble for the gallant little vessel, whose crew seemed thus bravely pressing on to their own destruction; I began to fear that

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they would be powerless to rescue her in whose life my own seemed bound up. But what were my feelings when I heard the captain retire to that part of the vessel which had been the countess's cabin, and there take a solemn and secret oath of his principal shipmates, that they would, if they were boarded by a successful enemy, scuttle the Demon, and sink her, and her crew, and her captors, in one common grave. It appeared, then, that either the failure, or the success of the sloop, would alike seal our destruction.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the heavy weights which had fallen over it, I was inclined to think that shot, or even cannon-balls, had been placed over the mouth of our prison. We might, therefore, in vain attempt to show ourselves, or make our voices heard amid the din of war, should our allies (doomed to a watery tomb even in the midst of conquest) prove victorious. Yet condemned, as we seemed, alike by the fall or the triumph of our self-supposed murderers, there was something in the oath imposed by the captain which, as it showed a feeling of doubt as to the result, inspired me with hope. Besides, the noise of preparation for action had in it something inspiriting to my ear; and as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Margaret from behind the sacking into the most roomy part of our wooden dungeon; endeavoured, by fanning her with her kerchief, to create a little freshness of air around her; and spoke to her *aloud*, in the voice of hope and courage. It was a terrible thing, in such an anxious moment, to be unable to see or hear distinctly aught on which our fate depended. I listened anxiously for a signal of the sloop's nearing us. At length a ship-trumpet, at a distance, demanded, safe and unhurt, the persons of Colonel Francillon, the Countess of Flowerdale, and two female domestics. It was then evident that the pirate's stratagem at Malta had transpired. The Demon's trumpet made brief and audacious reply:—"Go seek them at the bottom of the sea." A broadside from the sloop answered this impudent injunction, and was followed by a compliment in kind from the Demon, evidently discharged from a greater number of guns. The volleys continued. Our vessel reeled to and fro, and sometimes half rose out of the water with the violence of the shocks she received. I heard her masts cracking, and her timbers flying in every direction. Yet still her men continued their yell of triumph, and her guns seemed to be served with as much spirit as ever. At length the firing on both sides appeared to slacken. One of the vessels was evidently approaching the other for the purpose of boarding. But *which* was the successful adventurer? My heart almost ceased to beat with intense expectation. The heavy grinding of the two ships against each other's sides was soon heard; and, not an instant after, the shouts of the sloop's crew rose triumphantly over our heads. Long and desperately raged the combat above us; but the pirates' yell waxed fainter and fainter; while the victorious shouts of the British seamen, mixed with the frequent and fearful cry, "No quarter, no quarter to the robbers!" became each instant louder and more triumphant. At length every sound of opposition from the Demon crew seemed almost to cease. But there was still so much noise on deck, that I in vain essayed to make my voice heard;—and for the trap-door, it defied all my efforts—it was immovable. At this crisis, the ship, which had hitherto been springing and reeling with the fierce fire she had received from her adversary, and the motion of her own guns, suddenly began to *settle* into an awful and suspicious quiescence. But the victors were apparently too busy in the work of retribution to heed this strange and portentous change. *I* perceived, however, only too clearly that the Demon was about finally to settle for sinking. After the lapse of a few seconds, it seemed that the conquerors themselves became at last aware of the treacherous gulf that was preparing to receive them; and a hundred voices exclaimed, "To the sloop!—to the sloop! The ship is going down—the ruffians are sinking her!" I now literally called out until my voice became a hoarse scream. I struck violently against the top of our sinking dungeon. I pushed the trap-door with my whole force. All was in vain.—I heard the sailors rushing eagerly to their own vessel, and abandoning that of the pirates to destruction. I took Margaret's hand, and held it up towards heaven, as if it could better than my own plead there for us. All was silent. Not a sound was heard in the once fiercely manned Demon, save the rushing of the waters in at the holes where she had been scuttled by her desperate crew. It almost seemed that—determined not to survive her capture—she were eager to suck in the billows which would sink her to oblivion. At last, as if she had received her fill, she began to go down with a rapidity which seemed to send us, in an instant, many feet deeper beneath the waves, and I now expected every moment to hear them gather over the deck, and then overwhelm us for ever. I uttered a prayer, and clasped Margaret in my arms. But no voice, no sigh, proceeded from the companion of my grave. Her hand was cold, and her pulse quiet; and I deemed that the spirit had warred with, and overcome its last enemy, ere our common grave yawned to receive us.

Voices were heard; weights seemed to be removed from the trap-door! It was opened; and the words "Good Heaven! the fellow is right; they are here, sure enough!" met my almost incredulous ear. I beheld a British officer, a sailor or two, and Girod with his hands tied behind him. I held up my precious burthen, who was received into the arms of her compatriots, and then, like one in a dream, sprang from my long prison. Perhaps it might be well that Margaret's eye was half closed in death at that moment; for the deck of the sinking Demon offered no spectacle for woman's eye. There lay the mangled bodies of our late dreaded jailers, their fast-

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stiffening countenances still retaining, in cold death itself, that expression of daring and brute ferocity which seemed effaceable only by the absolute decomposition of their hardened features. I shall never forget the scene of desolation presented by that deck, lying like a vast plank or raft of slaughtered bodies, almost level with the sea, whose waters dashed furiously over it, and then receding from their still ineffectual attempt to overwhelm the vessel, returned all dyed with crimson to the ocean; while the sun setting in a stormy and angry sky, threw his rays—for the last time—in lurid and fitful gleams on the ruined Demon.

A deep, and, as it seemed, long-pent sigh escaped from the bosom of Margaret when the fresh breath of heaven first played on her white cheek. I would have thanked her brave deliverers—have gazed on her to see if life still returned—but the sea was gaining fast on us, and I had lost the free use of my limbs by my lengthened and cramped confinement. To one human being, however, I did not forget my gratitude. As we hurriedly prepared to spring into the boat, I saw that Girod's pinioned members refused him the prompt aid necessary for effecting an escape in such a moment. I returned, seized a bloody cutlass that lay on deck, and, without leave of the officer, cut at once through the bonds which confined our first deliverer.—"This man," I said, as we seated ourselves, "has been the instrument of Heaven for our preservation. I will make myself answerable for his liberty and kind treatment." Girod seized my hand, which received a passionate Gallic salute. Our sailors now rowed hard to avoid being drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship. Merciful God! we were then *out of the Demon!* I supported Margaret in my arms; and as I saw her bosom again heave, a renewed glow of hope rushed to my heart.

We had not been on board the sloop many minutes ere, slowly and awfully, the Demon sank to the same eternal grave to which she had so often doomed her victims. We saw the top of the main-mast, which had borne her fatal flag above the waters, tremble like a point on their very surface, and then vanish beneath them. A frightful chasm yawned for a moment—it was then closed by the meeting waves, which soon rolled peacefully over the vessel they had engulphed; and the Demon, so long the terror of the seas and the scourge of mariners, disappeared for ever.

In conclusion—I can only briefly say, that the sloop put into Naples, where the Countess was soon placed under a skilful physician, and subsequently became my wife.

THE BANISHED.

BY MISS INGRAM.

"And I with all unwillingness will go:
Oh! would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red hot steel, to scar me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom:
And die, ere man can say—God save the queen!"

SHAKSPEARE.

"DEAR father, look round on our castle home, yonder is my own pet lamb bleating its innocent farewell; though I doubt not 'tis meant for a greeting. See the waving branches of yonder sapling, thou knowest my Lord planted it, and yet we must both go now into the land of strangers: this is at least my country, and is it because thou canst boast the proud blood of a Norman noble, that we are to leave our all, and beg our bread of strangers; father, dost thou now ask me why I weep?"

So murmured Elizabeth Valois, in reply to a cheering sentence from her noble parent. They were of the number of the banished; for Donald Bane, brother to the good Malcolm Cean Mohr, had usurped the throne, by right his nephew's, and issued a sentence of banishment against all foreigners. Of course the poor Saxons and the proud Normans were included in this edict; and they were not a few who had taken refuge in the open court of the generous Malcolm, and received wealth and title from his hand. Amongst the rest were the Count Valois, his wife, and their daughter, who, as was stated, now called Scotland her country.

The sun was fast declining in the west; broad streams of glory spread over the domains lately belonging to the Count: the cattle were straying unheeded over the beautiful landscape, and amongst the rest was a little white lamb, the pet of the Lady Elizabeth.

The tears fell from her eyes, for it came in its utter helplessness to her, but she dared not take it from the land no longer her own. Two or three servants, likewise foreigners, were grouped at a little distance out of respect to the feelings of their beloved young mistress and her parent.

Valois' sorrow was not the less that he strove to appear cheerful. He had, on the contrary, loved to look around his broad lands, and then rest his eye on the slight form of his daughter; for it was for her sake he valued wealth and title. Many Scottish nobles had made tenders for her hand, but were refused on one pretext or another by the lively girl. She declared her intention of preserving her affection for her sole parent undivided; but Valois was not always satisfied with this. He fancied, though he knew not why, that there was a concealed reason, more weighty than his comfort, though he knew and valued her affection, which induced these repeated refusals. He had often heard her express a profound contempt of wealth; consequently he now felt proportionate surprise at her grief on quitting their high station, and he felt all his former suspicions arise: there must be one whose presence she valued more than the titled nobles whose tenders she had received.

"Betha," he said calmly, and almost mournfully, "why art thou so suddenly changed? Thou wilt tell me 'tis the loss of thy pet lamb, and the favourite shrubs, but I know thy heart too well to credit thee. Tell me, is there no living being thou regrettest more than these?"

She looked for a moment full in her father's face, as if to read his thoughts; then flinging herself at his feet, she sobbed forth—"Yes, dear father. Why should I deny it—'tis useless now—and, oh, I had intended, as thou wilt soon know, to tell thee all. My page—the Scottish boy, I have dispatched him to bring one hither. Father, father, forgive me! I am his wife—oh, say that thou wilt call me Betha once more—see, he comes."

"Betha," said the agitated but forgiving parent, "this was not well. But thou art all that is left me of my beloved wife. Rise, rise, my child! let me once again, only once fancy thee my pure—Betha, Betha, I forgive thee!" and he strained her to his lips and his bosom. "But what do I see—Duncan—the baseborn son of Malcolm? Oh, Betha, I would that thy husband had been poor—but well born. As it is so, though, I will welcome him—I will bid him use thee tenderly, as I have ever done, and then leave thee, now, indeed, for stranger lands and hearts."

But Elizabeth clung close about him, and Duncan, with a bended knee, besought him to listen. He told the agitated Valois, that many brave hearts had gathered, both Norman and Saxon, to place him on the throne.

Valois cast a bright look of pride on his weeping child: he fancied her seated on the Scottish throne—hundreds pressing around her in admiration; he raised her in his arms, and closing her hand in Duncan's, he said, "Kneel, kneel, now Betha, Duncan, and take a father's blessing. Bless you, my children, and Heaven prosper me as I love you."

In a few days Valois was commanding some few Normans, while Duncan led the English. They succeeded in driving back Donald Bane to the Hebrides, whence he had come on the death of Malcolm.

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Elizabeth was sitting in her rudely-constructed tent, anxiously awaiting the decision of the contest. Occasionally she sent forth the page, before mentioned, that he might observe its progress. He had now just returned with the glad tidings that the day was Duncan's. "Now God be praised!" she exclaimed, falling on her knees; but she was interrupted by the entrance of Duncan himself; and her joy was mingled with the bitter dregs of sorrow, when he informed her that her brave parent was amongst the slain.

"But now, Elizabeth," he concluded, "thou art Queen of Scotland—a fairer and more noble there is not in Europe. Come then, dearest, even now they are asking for thee: come, and show thyself to them. See, too, hither come our prisoners!" and with a great number of others, entered Donald Bane. "Betha," continued Duncan, "Betha, I know thy disposition well—thou lookest sad and would fain see these prisoners free; they are so then. Donald Bane, go, and see that thou comest no more hither;" and the prisoners retired.

"Thanks, thanks, Duncan; but yet I would not be Queen. Listen: before I loved thee, in a girlish frolic, I sought one who should tell me of my future state; and she warned me to beware the glitter of wealth and power.

"Nonsense, Betha," he continued in a vexed tone; "wouldst thou mar all we have given brave hearts, amongst others that of thy parent, for? Come, come, thou knowest Malcolm's children are all too young to guide the affairs of a kingdom: dost thou know one who could better conduct a regency than thy husband?"

"No, no, dear Duncan; but I mistook thee; I thought thou wert thinking Malcolm's children had no right to their father's kingdom. Lead me forth, then—but oh, how anxiously shall I look for the day that shall again make me thine only; alas! alas! now I feel I am wedded to a whole nation—to misery."

Duncan did not give her time to reflect; but, pressing her to him, he hurried her from the tent to partake in the heart-cheering sound of hundreds of voices mingled in triumphant shouts. She clung closely to the supporting arm, for a sickening sensation passed over her heart as she heard them hail her Queen! and even her deep sorrow was happiness, compared with what she then felt, when she found herself alone with the corpse of her parent. She flung herself wildly by its side, and resting her burning forehead on the cold hand, exclaimed—"Oh! my father, my father; was it to make me a queen thy life was forfeited? would that thou couldst now look upon me, and tell me that Duncan and thou and I were beggars, that we must fly to stranger lands. What is it presses so heavily on my soul? They tell me I am the mistress of many brave and willing hearts—that they love me—Duncan, my beloved Duncan, is here, and yet I know not what aileth me. Father, I would thou couldest pillow my head on thy bosom, and tell me I have nought to fear. But I am forgetting myself; is there not Duncan to live for. Yes, yes, I will seek him, and I will not leave him again; for, while his arm is round me I feel I am safe, and if his voice whispers that I shall be happy, who will be able to make me believe otherwise?"

She did so; smiles again played over her mouth; and to all appearance she was completely happy: but, there were moments when she still felt the same dreadful pressure on her spirits, the same presentiment of impending ill. Donald Bane had fled to the Hebrides, and with him the second son of Malcolm Cean Mohr. The third, Edgar, cherished almost a filial love for Elizabeth, and remained, forming a part of their court. She, too, in the hours which Duncan was obliged to pass from her side, leaned wholly on the young Edgar for amusement. Thus there grew a pure and spotless affection between them. Months passed away, and she almost began to think she might, in time, feel an attachment to the name of queen. Duncan had been some days absent, yet was she happy, for the young Edgar was with her, and she knew that Duncan might not neglect the affairs of his people. On the evening of the day in which she expected his return, she was sitting in a long apartment, surrounded by young men and old, maidens and matrons. All were contributing their mite to the promotion of general hilarity, when it was announced that one well skilled in divining, waited permission to enter. Bright eyes were anxiously cast towards the Queen, and the young men, though not betraying an equal eagerness, were, nevertheless, well pleased to hear permission given for him to enter. Instantly there came in an old man with a long white beard hanging even on his breast, while his tottering steps were guided by a youth of perhaps nineteen years of age.

Soon there were peals of mirth resounding in the rudely-formed hall, as each bright-cheeked maiden, or firm-limbed youth, were told of some love frolic, whilst the diviner grew in their simple ideas to something more than mortal. But now all was silence, for the old man was kneeling before the beautiful young Queen, who, though there was a smile struggling on her lip, was pale and evidently agitated; the more, as the younger stranger fixed his piercing eye upon her. The boy Edgar had, since their entrance, become suddenly silent, for he was generally the very soul of mirth and frolic, and occasionally he exchanged glances with the young diviner; on the part of Edgar they were glances of anxiety and surprise, the other's partook principally of warning to silence: for several times, when he found himself free from observation, he placed his forefinger on his lips.

"Lady, thou art beauteous and good," broke on the ears of the listeners, from the old man, "a long time thou mayest be Queen of a loving people, if thy own will mars it not."

The young man started hurriedly from the other's side as he pronounced these words; then recovering his self-possession, he curled his lip

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in a pleased but almost scornful smile, cast another broad stare on Elizabeth, and was again by the old man's side.

The Queen's surprise seemed to equal his; she withdrew her hand, but instantly recovered her gaiety, and indeed it seemed rather to increase. She felt re-assured from her former fears, and she longed for Duncan's return that she might now indulge her affection for him, unadulterated by fear for the future; for in the superstition of the times she partook largely, and now imagined from the words of the old diviner that she should reign long and happily.

But the night wore away and Duncan came not. Elizabeth retired with spirits sadly depressed; she felt alarmed, for he was gone with many more to suppress some wild tribe that had arisen against himself. But Edgar lingered in the hall till all had left save the two strangers. "Edmund, Edmund!" he exclaimed, seizing the young stranger's hand, "thou hast left near a year, and I had almost forgotten my beloved, mild brother, in the fierce-looking young man; has so short a time so changed thee? But tell me, Edmund, they say thou art no friend of the good Duncan's, then what can bring thee hither—and yonder fierce man—our uncle Donald Bane, in that disguise?"

"What brings us hither, Edgar? why boy, what should, but to take our rights? whose hall is this, if not ours—whose are all the broad-spreading lands around us—and who is king here if I am not? Thou hast been living here in enchantment, but we will wrest the spell from thee."

"And Duncan," gasped Edgar, pale and trembling from fear, "say, Edmund, knowest thou aught of his prolonged absence? Brother, brother, I can read in thy triumphant, dreadful smile, that thou dost. Tell me—tell me all! I will not speak a word to interrupt thy tale. Tell me only that he lives—"

Edmund burst into a laugh, which to his brother's ears was as the yell of a demon. But he conquered his rising choler, and uttered in a cold, calm tone, "Then, what meant yonder deceiver by saying that our sweet Queen should reign long, if her own will marred it not?"

"Nay, ask him thyself."

"I thought," muttered the other, who had stretched his limbs on one of the benches, and half composed himself to sleep, "that your own quick apprehension could best answer that."

"Oh, Edmund, by the memory of our own dear mother, think on the helpless state of the beauteous Queen."

"Ay, Edgar, she is beauteous; I wonder not that Duncan should wish to place her on a throne, or that thou shouldest become so fond of her. But cheer up, boy, thou knowest thou mayest love thy sister still."

"My sister! Oh, Edmund, dost thou then think she can—thou knowest how she loves, alas! loved, her Duncan—dost thou think she can then ever love his—Edmund, I cannot utter the dreadful word."

"Nay, my dainty brother, thou mayest as well finish," exclaimed Edmund, angrily; "thou wert going to say murderer—but thou art deceived; I murdered him not—I do not even know that he hath ceased to exist. Besides, thou knowest he may have been murdered without our knowledge. Now, good brother, leave me, I have travelled many weary miles since sunrise; and my mind is tired of planning for the future; go, and I will sleep, with the image of this same Elizabeth on my brain. Farewell!" and he held forth his hand; Edgar faintly touched it, and murmuring a farewell, retired—but not to rest. He sought the Queen's chamber, in which she sat mournfully pondering on the cause of Duncan's prolonged absence. She had thought till her mind seemed chaos; her face was no longer pale, but flushed, and her eyes were painfully bright—there appeared a kind of maniac wildness in them. "How is this, sweet mother," said Edgar, for such he ever called her; "I sought thee, for I thought perchance thou wert not sleeping; but thou art forgetting thy duty to thyself, to be watching here; lie down on yonder pallet, and I will sit here and watch the King's return. I promise thee my eyelids shall not close;" for he hoped she might gain a short rest; he knew, too well, she would require all her energy on the morrow.

"No, no, Edgar," she said, hurriedly, "I want not rest. Tell me, what thinkest thou of yon diviners? Perchance, thou wilt think me silly when I tell thee, the features of the elder have eft a strange impression on me. I fancy I have seen them before; yet I have thought and thought, over all I have seen since they have called me Queen—the happy faces of childhood. Yes, I have thought, till the empty space around me became peopled with human heads; some recalling the happy visions of infancy, others bringing with them nothing save misery; and, above all, I could see that man's features; and the younger, Edgar, didst thou note how he fixed his gaze on me?"

"Thou art very fair, lady, and the stranger is young; we must, then, frame an excuse for him;" and Edgar smiled. It is difficult to distinguish by the smiles which often overshadow the countenance, what bitter feelings they conceal—and Edgar's was one of those ghastly lip-curves; but Elizabeth noted it not.

To return to the confederates in guilt, Donald Bane, and Duncan: the former had arisen from his recumbent posture, and was now in close consultation with the latter. "Ay, I thought," said Donald, "that the blue eyes of Elizabeth Valois had a wonderous effect on thee. By my good battle-axe, if she were the priestess of some of these convents, I should expect thou wouldst turn priest. For thy brother, too, he seemeth marvellously inclined, an' he were able, to wrest this goodly inheritance from us; but thank my good strength he is not. Elizabeth and half the kingdom shall be thine: the rest appertaineth to me. I was thinking I heard footsteps, Edmund: 'tis Mearns with his welcome burden;" and at

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that moment one of Duncan's followers, in whom he had ever placed the greatest faith, entered, bearing, with two or three others, the bleeding body of Duncan. "So, 'tis well, Mearns," continued Donald—"did he struggle much?"

"Ay, I think he would have left many a proud heart on the battle field. He was well nigh making the Mearns Earlless; and I was almost unnerved when he spoke beseechingly—told me of all he had done for me—of his faith in my honour; but then, he uttered a name coupled with his own, that thrilled every feeling within me: he begged for the sake of Elizabeth Valois, that I would spare his life—fiend!" and he loosed his hold on the body of the dead king—"fiend! didst thou think to bring mercy to my heart by naming one, whose love alone could warm this breast, and which thou possest."

At that moment there rose up a deadly hatred in the bosom of Edmund towards the Earl of Mearns; but disguising his feelings, he appeared well pleased, and turning his eye from the glassy stare of the dead man, he uttered—"And now, Mearns, thou must take thy meed and begone. Seek our palace in the Hebrides: ere long we will visit thee there; and who knows but we may prevail on this same Elizabeth to accompany us—thou wilt then be enabled to press thy suit;" and, accordingly, Mearns took a purse of gold and withdrew, to all appearance well content.

"Farewell!" muttered Edmund; "but thou mayest dream long enough of her before thou settest thine eyes on her beauty. Now, Donald, to rouse the household—fellows, be firm on the tale that thou found him murdered."

The overwhelming grief of Elizabeth may be imagined—tears there were none, though her heart was charged to bursting, and her brain felt, indeed, seared. Donald Bane and Edmund revealed themselves; giving, as a reason for their disguised appearance, that they feared to be seen openly, though wishing a reconciliation with Duncan; and that they came, if possible, to learn his sentiments towards them. Elizabeth listened and believed; for the words of Edmund were honied for her ear, and the voice that uttered them was attuned to the sweetest melody. He spoke of his great sorrow, wished the murderer's blow had fallen on him in the stead of Duncan, and many other wicked wishes he uttered to soothe her grief.

Donald Bane assumed the reins of government, and his first edict was once more a sentence of banishment against all foreigners. In vain she knelt, petitioning him for her unfortunate countrymen.

"Edgar," she said one day, as the still faithful boy set by her side, "I have again been praying thy uncle to allow the poor Normans and Saxons to remain. Alas, alas! I well remember my own feelings the day I was leaving the home of my infancy, though I bethink me I was far happier then than now."

"Listen, mother," he whispered, and taking her beautiful hand in his, "I have a project in my head, but I must leave thee to accomplish it. Wilt thou give me that opal ring from thy finger?" She smiled mournfully as she did so, and passed it on his own. Now, then, I go; ask me not whither, for I would not for worlds listen to a word that might daunt me: all I grieve for, is that I must leave thee all unprotected as thou art; but, lady, there is one who loveth thee well, will watch over thee, and I shall soon know when the slightest danger is likely to befal thee. When thou seest this ring, know that whatever they are pressing thee to do, thou mayest do it, though thou shouldst fancy it might be thy utter ruin. Thou lookest surprised, and dost not fancy any one will press thee to any thing that likest thee not. I cannot speak plainly, but beware of doing any thing till thou seest this ring."

"More trouble, Edgar? and above all thou going to leave me, and I may not question thee whither; come then, lay thy head on my bosom, and I will bless thee with a mother's blessing ere thou leavest me: now go, and St. Margaret protect thee, Edgar."

There was much surmising in the court when Edgar's absence was discovered; and Donald Bane and Edmund felt for a few days ill at ease; but after that period they concluded he had left because his "tender conscience could not brook the deception practised towards Elizabeth." And they guessed not much amiss in that respect; but they little thought whither the heroic boy wended his steps—it was to the court of England.

But now Edmund turned all his thoughts on Elizabeth. For a few weeks he paid her the most devoted attention, till her mind was, comparatively speaking, soothed to a perfect calm. Then he suddenly made her proposals of marriage; which she firmly rejected, but with the greatest kindness. He then avoided her presence for a few days.

At length Donald was proceeding to put the edict in execution—Elizabeth saw whole families driven pennyless from the country: then she roused herself, and once more taking the way to the council-room, she threw herself at the feet of Donald, and prayed his mercy.

"Thou art fair, lady," he said roughly, but almost kindly, "and we would do aught in reason—now, an' thou wilt consent to become the bride of the King Edmund, thy people shall be free to sojourn where they list. We will not press thee now; but by the morrow's night we will expect thy answer here."

Elizabeth's head rested not on her pallet that night: the morning's dawn found her irresolute; and, besides, she called Edgar's words to mind, and she determined not to yield till she received the brave boy's token. Evening was already drawing its grey curtain over the west, when it was told her a beggar asked alms at the gate, and refused to leave without speaking with her. She was ever on the alert to relieve the needy; and throwing a mantle around her, she hurried to the place, where she found a middle aged man, who, bending on his knee, held up to her view the identical token.

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"Whence bringest thou this?" she exclaimed.

"I may not say, fair lady; but I was to tell thee thou needest not fear, and that thou mightest do all they ask of thee."

"What, wed Edmund—say, does Edgar advise this?"

"Lady, I will tell thee, thou needest not fear any thing—go to the chapel—I may not say more, lest from any sudden fear thou shouldst reveal our plan: oh! if thou couldst but know how narrowly one watches over thee—if thou didst know all thou wouldst curse him.—Lady, lady," and he flung himself wildly on the earth, "tell me thou canst forgive me; but touch me not even with the hem of thy garment—it would be pollution."

"What meanest thou?" she exclaimed, "is there more sorrow in store for me? Oh! my brain burns—I sometimes fancy my senses are leaving me—speak, speak!"

"Elizabeth Valois, dost thou not know the Earl of Mearns? He who once swore to love thee so well—oh! that he had loved thine—I murdered him thou didst in thy young heart worship. Duncan fell by this hand." A mist gathered round her eyes, and she muttered she feared she could never forgive him, but he was gone; and, scarcely sane, she retraced her steps to her room. Thence she went immediately to the hall, and consented to become the wife of Edmund, though her very heart sickened with fear lest Edgar's plan should fail in its execution; and then they insisted on the ceremony being performed at midnight. Edmund led her back to her room, it might almost be said he bore her thither, for her feet refused their accustomed office. "Farewell, my own!" he exclaimed passionately, imprinting a kiss on her fevered lips. "Farewell, but only for a few short hours;" but those hours were fraught with the very depth of bitterness, though Edmund took care she should not alter her determination; he sent thither whole families, Saxon as well as Norman, that they might thank and bless her. "Leave me, leave me," she exclaimed, as they pressed around her, "I know all you would say; and God knows, I have need to be alone with him."

Midnight came; Edmund was at her side to lead her to the chapel where the priest awaited them; all the brave and noble from the Norman race were ranged in lines along the altar: Donald Bane took her cold hand, and passed it within that of Edmund. All started, for they fancied they heard a rustling without. "It was nothing," exclaimed Donald, "but we will secure the door," and he hasted towards it for that purpose. "Never! while this accursed wooing proceeds," exclaimed the voice of Edgar, as he rushed in at the entrance, followed by a whole army of English soldiers. Elizabeth flew from Edmund's hated grasp, and clung round Edgar's neck: Donald Bane, and Edmund, knew well that resistance were useless—they were instantly bound and borne away to prison. The Norman knights welcomed the English soldiers on learning they were come to make them free to live where they would. One and all hailed Edgar king; but suddenly all was silence, for the Earl of Mearns was kneeling before Elizabeth confessing his treachery towards Duncan; and telling her how he had, since, watched over her, informing Edgar of every passing event. "Yet, lady, I knew that to thy pure spirit the very knowledge that he who murdered *him* was near thee, would have marred all this brave youth hath done to save thee; and to him this confession is new, for I well know he would not have trusted Duncan's bitterest foe to watch over thee, though none would have done so more jealously."

"Mearns," murmured the statue-like Elizabeth, "God knows how much I need forgiveness—I forgive thee," and she sank to the earth: Edgar knelt and raised her head on his knee—but her spirit had flown to its haven—her soul was with her Maker. Hardy as were the frames of the Norman and English knights, they disdained not to shed tears—those glorious evidences of a softened spirit.

History tells us that Edgar displayed a cruel disposition in having the eyes of his uncle put out; and that Edmund, in token of his penitence for accelerating the murder of Duncan, ordered the fetters he had worn in his dungeon to be buried with him.

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From the Winter's Wreath.

THE SKY LEAPERS.

Much of the strong excitement, felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains, arises from the conviction, borne upon our hearts by annals of all tongues and people, that on lands such as these, the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and has never long tarried. We view these gigantic ramparts over all the known world, as limits placed by the Creator, to the unruly ambition of man. Wherever they rear their ancient heads, they are proud in the recorded defeats of leaders, whose fame "hath filled the ends of the earth," often by a mere handful of peasantry dwelling amongst them.

And on hearing of the subjugation of a mountainous country, we feel as though the warders of God's forts had been unfaithful. So often, from the pass of Thermopylæ to the heights of Morgarten, have the brave proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that a mountain-land, so won, has been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice, history unfortunately gives us some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to "the bright examples" of multitudes of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply more especially to Norway (or in the old writing Norroway) the scene of the tradition which now awakens them; and which often rouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the older peasants to the crowders round a cottage hearth, on a long winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norroway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts, almost perpetually raging between these rival and neighbouring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies—celebrated, as many of our readers will remember, in a fine Norwegian ballad. It is well known that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway to join their allies the Swedes, went along the only valley-pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Gulbrandsdale by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived at Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped in Jemptland, resolved to meet their allies, of whose movements they had intelligence; and escort them over the frontier, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point; believing that the Norse would collect in the southern country where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable for the defence of their mountain frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden; a spot fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since sewn with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish sides of the barrier; where they arrived early in the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norsemen of their approaching foes. But all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains; but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them secure or willing guides in an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last, old Sweyne Koping, the keeper of the little inn which was the Swedes' head-quarters, shouted with the joy of him who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" cried he, "could none of you think of the only man in Jemptland fit for this enterprise; and he, here on the spot all the while? Where is Jerl Lidens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question; and the leaders were told, to their regret, that they must wait perforce, till the morrow, for the only man able or willing to guide them. Lidens had gone forth upon a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it. To-day we must depend upon the kind entertainment of our hosts; but beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or mead. Remember," pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow—"remember, that all who would sleep beyond those to-morrow, will need firm hands and true eyes. And, good Sweyne," (addressing the innkeeper, who was the chief person of the hamlet,) "look well that no sound of our coming reach these Norse sluggards. There may be some here, who for their country's safety, would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manhem's freedom!" cried the host, "here sits Alf Stavenger: he knows these hills better than his own hunting-pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must abide here in some keeping, till our men are well forward."

"I care not if I stay here to-night and for ever," replied the Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of northern youth,

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Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful lusty faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksman speak thus?" said the host. "Aye," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another roof. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy."

"Has Emlen's father been rough?" inquired Sweyne.

"Name him not!" replied the young peasant angrily. "They have heaped refusal and insult upon me, let them look for their return! Aye, Skialm Harder may one day wish that I had wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norroway. Swede, I will myself guide your troop this night over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be placed to-morrow beyond those white peaks."

"He will have a fearful passage first," said an old peasant, "there is no moon now; and it will be pitch dark long ere you cross the Naeroe."

"The night is to us as the noon day," cried a spirited young soldier; "for your crags we fear them not, were they high as the blue heavens. Our life has been amongst rocks, and in our own land we are called the Sky leapers!" "I will trust the young Norseman," continued their chief, "wounded pride, and slighted love, may well make a man hate the land that has spurned him, were it his own a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing over, small time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him his fir skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow and difficult parts which skirt the face of the cliffs, crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them when it grew dark, by lighted torches, procured and used as he should afterwards show them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf and his followers could not help alternately admiring the spirit, coolness, and activity shown by each party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another, by that natural, though unuttered friendship, which binds together the brave and high-souled. Still few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were hosts of feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of day, for a few moments, on the snowy summit of a ridge which they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long slippery defiles so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs upon narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file; and their guide taking the lead of the column, kindled by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, gathered in abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief and energetic words, "that here must they tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway—unless they chose to return: now were they really to win their proud name of the Sky Leapers." He bade them move along rapidly and steadily, following close the light of his torch. Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his; and thus, each pressing close on the light before him, the track would not be lost in the abrupt turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear; that they might pass lightly and skilfully over the snow, roughened by the track of their leaders; and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unsevered.

What a change from toilsome climbing which had wearied the most elastic limbs, and tried the most enduring spirit. They flew over the narrow slippery paths, now in a long straight arrow-course of fires, now lost, and then emerging, in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Naeroe, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly, like winged Gods, through the keen bracing night-breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt; and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid: when almost coming close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying snow with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him, he cried in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear! no danger! On, brave Stavenger! The Sky Leapers follow thee!" "On!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightsome speed. Their torches now flew along in one straight unbroken gleam of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in the dark silence. The depth was so terrible that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them: there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside, without leaping into the sheer air!

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death-leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norroway; it is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his father-land for ever: still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was detained, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jerl returned, he would be well able and willing to

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guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme. "Aye," thought he, while the waving train followed his leading torch, "I told them that *here* they should earn their proud name of Sky-Leapers!—that here those who warred with Norroway should brave their fate! I said that Skialm Harder should wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder! I promised they should sleep to-night on *our* side of the hills! Now will I well keep all that I have sworn! 'Tis pity for them too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart iron—Emlen and Norroway!"

Alf well remembered one point, where a long straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve were needed, even by one well aware of all the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice; and avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of rock. He fixed upon this spot for the death-leap; indeed, the Swedes never could have passed it in safety, without having been fully warned of the peril, and afterwards cautioned at its approach.

When he looked back—as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate; he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest follower roused him; he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn. He had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers; with the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forwards as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slacked by turning; and, for a second, he fell giddy and senseless: every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness, to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink for ever; and he listened, with a cold thrill of awe and terror, to the echoes of the death-scream of the last of the Sky-Leapers!

ALFRED AND ETHELWITHA.

THE character of the great and favourite King Alfred, M. D'Arnaud, the Richardson of France, contemplates with a degree of enthusiasm, which bespeaks the goodness of his own heart. The following anecdote, which is mentioned by some of the more ancient English historians, he has given in a manner peculiar to himself; but which, while it diffuses a sweeter charm over the whole composition renders it almost untranslatable:—

"In Alfred, the most renowned of the Saxon dynasty in England, with what delight do we contemplate the benevolent and equitable man! He was the worthiest monarch that ever swayed a sceptre, and nothing was wanting to his glory but to be born in a more enlightened age, and to have an historian of genius. He was at once the conqueror, the legislator, and the great man. He scattered in England the first seeds of talent, virtue, love of order, and patriotism."

This prince so effectually established the government by justice and salutary laws, that if, in the night time, a vessel of gold had been left in the highway, the proprietor would have found it again the next day. Hume, in a few words, gives this rare panegyric of him, that "he seems indeed to be the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in the hope of ever seeing it really existing."

A single act of justice, however, which we now proceed to relate, has secured him immortal fame; —better far than all his feats of arms, which, ages ago, have been forgotten.

The reign of Alfred was in that period (the ninth century) when sovereigns were only the *first* men in their courts. The great lords that surrounded them enjoyed those privileges which were derived from the feudal system. A private nobleman was admitted into the company of his master, and lived with him in the most intimate familiarity. He would even invite him to his country retreat, which he called a castle, and entertain him with all the hospitality of the times.

Alfred was making a tour through his dominions, accompanied by Ethelbert, one of his general officers, when, the day declining, he determined to take up his abode for the night at the castle of a nobleman, named Albanac;—one of those incorruptible men, who can preserve their integrity in the midst of all the seductions of opulence and grandeur. He had followed Alfred in numberless battles, and had retired, covered with wounds and with glory, into the bosom of a family that adored him. This family was composed of a wife, who was never mentioned but as an example of virtue; of two sons, who promised never to disgrace their father's name; and of three daughters of exquisite beauty and uncommon merit.

Earl Albanac received his royal master with every demonstration of joy. He ran to his consort and children, and hastened to present them to his sovereign. Alfred was instantly smitten with their charms; but it was to Ethelwitha that he surrendered his heart.—Beautiful as they were, she eclipsed her sisters, as the radiant ruler of the day eclipses every other star. She appeared like the young flower that blows in the earliest rays of the morning sun; and modesty painted her cheeks with a rosy hue, that was heightened in proportion as the king seemed to notice her.

The supper was prepared, and Albanac was desirous that the three enchantresses should participate in the honour of waiting upon Alfred, who never ceased to contemplate their charms. Albanac, still flattered with the remembrance of his military exploits, was impatient to remind his sovereign of the glorious victories by which the Danes were driven out of England; but the king's attention incessantly returned to Ethelwitha. He was continually extolling her delicate and easy shape, her rosy mouth, her fair tresses, flowing gracefully down her shoulders, her alabaster forehead, and the elegant roundness of her swan-like neck. Albanac spoke with kindling ardour of Hastings and Lef—two famous Danish Chiefs, whom they had often defeated in battle; but the monarch found no pleasure in any subject in which the name of Ethelwitha was left out.

On rising from the table, Ethelwitha was charged to conduct the king to his apartment; and from her charming hands he received the cup of repose.* When Albanac, however, retired to his consort's apartment, she could not refrain from observing his pensive and gloomy air. "What distresses you, my dear Lord?" said she. "Your face is overspread with melancholy, while we are enjoying an honour we ought to be proud of! The king is dear to us on many accounts!"

Albanac continued silent.

"You do not speak my Lord!" continued the countess. "And will you refuse to open your heart to me?—you seem greatly agitated!"

"I have reason to be so," replied the earl. "Did you not observe that the king fixed his eyes continually upon our daughters? I may err in my apprehensions—but, if Alfred has conceived a design to bring dishonour upon our house! Should he come hither to seek amusement in our infamy! My honour—I am distracted at the idea—I would rather suffer an hundred deaths—my whole family should perish with me!"

* *Vin du coucher*, a composition of wine and honey, a kind of hippocras, or medicated wine. In that age, when they were desirous of rendering every honour to the strangers admitted into the castle, a beverage called *le vin du coucher*, was brought in the evening to them; and this office was generally performed by the lady or her daughter. This custom is one of the remains of the most remote antiquity.

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The eyes of a vigilant father were not deceived—Alfred indeed loved—most passionately loved one of his daughters. Ethelwitha was the enchanting object that had inspired the prince with the most violent passion.

"Ethelbert, my friend," said he to his companion, "it is not a mortal—it is an angel of beauty, innocence, and modesty, that we have seen! Did you not observe her? What joy—what intoxicating transports must be his who can obtain the first sigh from this young and ingenuous heart! Speak, my dear Ethelbert, speak: I am consumed by the flames of love—whatever it cost me, I must, I will be happy. Could she but love me!"

"Can you doubt, my lord," replied Ethelbert, "whether she will meet your tenderness? King, as well as lover, a hero crowned with laurels, of an age formed to inspire a mutual ardour; in a thousand respects you may be certain of success."

Early in the morning a servant attended at the king's apartment, and requested to know whether he could be seen.

"Who would enter at this hour?" answered the monarch with some peevishness.

"I, my lord," exclaimed a voice, which Alfred soon recollected; and he was instantly surprised by the appearance of Albanac, holding a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other leading in his three daughters, who were in deep mourning, and in an attitude of the most poignant grief.

"What do I see," exclaimed the king. "A father whose honour is dearer to him than life itself," replied the earl. "My motive for this intrusion I can soon explain. You are a king, and I am your subject, but not your slave. You must be sensible from how illustrious a house I am descended; and it now becomes me to speak my sentiments freely even to you. I may possibly be deceived: but I thought, last night, that I saw, on your grace's part, a particular attention to my daughters. If you have conceived the idea of dishonouring my family, this sword shall instantly prevent my shame! I will plunge it into the bosoms of these unfortunate, but willing victims. But, if a pure and honourable flame be kindled in your breast; if an alliance with my house be not deemed unworthy of royalty, choose, name her whom you would wish to honour."

Alfred was for a moment thunder-struck and silent, but soon recovering himself, addressed Albanac with a magnanimity that displayed his exalted soul. "Noble Albanac," said he, "you recal Alfred to himself. I might have gone astray; but you teach me my duty, and I will obey its dictates. My choice is fixed. Beautiful Ethelwitha, here is my hand. Can you accept it? With pleasure I place my crown upon your head. I seat virtue and beauty upon my throne."

Ethelwitha threw herself at the king's feet: he raised her and embraced her with transport. He then embraced Albanac. "Your virtuous courage," said he, "well deserved a recompense. I glory in having the noblest man in my dominions for my father-in-law."

Ethelwitha was soon afterwards publicly proclaimed queen; nor did she wait till the nuptial ceremony was over, to confess to the enraptured monarch, that she had given her heart to him the very moment he had entered her father's castle.

The happy pair long participated in the glory of one of the noblest reigns of which England can be proud.*

* This is that Ethelwitha, who accompanied Alfred to his retreat in the Isle of Athelney, when he had taken refuge there, till he could again make war against the Danes.

Alfred had, by his wife, three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Edmund, died without issue in his father's life time. The third, Ethelward, inherited his father's passion for letters, and lived a private life. The second, Edward, succeeded him in his power, and passes by the appellation of Edward the Elder, being the first of that name who sat on the English throne.

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THE BRIDE.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

"BRIDE! upon thy marriage-day,
When thy gems, in rich array,
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
Midst thy braids of sunny hair;
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,
Mellow'd all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright;
Did the fluttering of thy breath
Speak of joy or woe beneath?
And the hue that went and came
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,
Or the gladness of thy breast?"

Blackwood's Magazine.

FROM the greatest bard of England to the last and least, all have sung the uncertainties of the lover's life; the vicissitudes of feeling which he is doomed to experience, and the inevitable sorrow and anxiety which attend the progress of passion, however pure, and however eventually successful. That this must be always so, *he* well knew who denied the smoothness of true love's course; for if fate and fortune happily abstain from raising obstacles and obstructions in his path, the ingenious sensitiveness of the lover himself most surely conjures up strange chimeras and fancied miseries, even in the midst of bliss and sunshine.

What then must be *his* happiness, who, devotedly attached to a lovely girl, through a long period of years, has been separated from her by the vast waters of the deep; and who, month after month, and summer after summer, has lived upon the recollections of hours in which their mutual faith was plighted! What must be *his* happiness, when returning triumphant from the field of honour, enriched by the course of events, and ennobled by his valour and his conquests, he is received with exultation in the house of his beloved, whence, in earlier days, his want of fortune had excluded him! How great must be his joy, his pride, his rapture, in finding himself thus welcomed to the bosom of that family, into which, of all that exist in his native land, he most ardently and anxiously desires to be admitted! Such a moment repays whole years of sorrow, care, and toil: the grief of the past is forgotten in the joy of the present, and all that is to be seen is bright and gay for the future.—Such were the feelings of Sir Frederick Ryland, as he was met and welcomed at the door of Dorrington Hall by the owner of that noble mansion.

Frederick Ryland was born the third son of a baronet, with whose honourable descent the nicest genealogist alive could not have found fault; but, at a period when two brothers stood between him and the title and estates of his father, Sir George Dorrington did not conceive him to be an eligible husband for his only daughter Maria, in whom were centered all the beauty of the female branches of the family, and all the worth and wealth of the males.

Long had the young soldier and the beautiful girl loved in secret; and the continued intercourse between the families gave constant opportunities for that association which, between two such beings, could not fail to produce a mutual affection. At length, encouraged by some friendly remark made after dinner by the father of his beloved, Frederick confessed his passion, sought permission to address Miss Dorrington formally, and was the next day, in due form excluded (for ever, as it was thought) from Dorrington Hall—as if, old and knowing in the world's ways as *he* was, Sir George fancied, that separating two such hearts would weaken the feelings which possessed them; or that the arbitrary measure, of thus suddenly terminating an intercourse, which had so long subsisted under his own sanction, would obliterate a passion, to the birth of which he himself, by his tacit concurrence in their constant association, had been negatively if not actually, at all events, a party.

Frederick Ryland, after this dismissal, left the country, and joined the regiment in which he had recently been placed by his father, who, quite agreeing in the policy of his neighbour, Sir George, sent him forth to the field, as he told him, to cut his way to fame and fortune with his sword. These parting instructions, however, the worthy baronet did not long survive, for in less than a month after his son's departure, in the ardour and anxiety of pursuing an unhappy fox, and in the full hope of riding home with the tail of the said fox stuck in his hat (according to his custom whenever he got the brush), he attempted a leap, wider than was convenient, or agreeable, to his half-tired horse, and coming off, head foremost, gave up the ghost in the middle of a muddy ditch, sincerely lamented by the whole of his sporting friends, who contended then, and do contend to this minute, that the horse was to blame and not the rider—a matter, the debating of which must be much more interesting to themselves than any part of the respectable family which was thus suddenly deprived of its very "head and front."

The natural and sometimes the most important result of a baronet's death is the consequent succession of his heir apparent to his title; and accordingly the family dignity descended upon the young Sir William, who did, I believe, live long enough to receive the announcement of his misfortune and honour, and to receive the addresses

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of mingled condolence and congratulation from his friends. He was in the south of France at the time of his father's death, and survived the event only long enough to send for his next brother Henry, to close his eyes, and receive at his hands his affectionate adieu. Sir Henry, immediately after the funeral of Sir William, returned to England, and proceeded to install himself in the ancient house of his fathers—he, like his venerable parent, having what is called a passion for the sports of the field, and being, like the old gentleman, somewhat insensible to any of those softer allurements, which minds of gentler mould discover in the society of those by whom we are soothed, exalted, and refined.

During the progress of these changes in the Ryland family, Maria Dorrington would sit and listen to the recapitulation, in hopes that some change might bring her Frederick back, or at least place him in such a situation that his want of wealth might no longer be objected against him. News had arrived of his having distinguished himself in action—his name was mentioned in the despatches. Why was he not the bearer of them? A thousand times did she read over the lines in which his personal bravery and intrepid conduct were described, and her eye lingered on the one loved name, which seemed to blaze in letters of fire amongst the list of gallant heroes who, as well as himself, had so performed their duty as to merit the honour of being particularised in the narrative of the day's fight. Except, however, a courteous remark on the part of Sir George Dorrington, that "*poor* Fred. Ryland seemed to be doing very well in the army," Maria heard nothing of him; and her heart revolted at the pity of her obdurate parent, which was indeed no kin to love.

At this juncture the lovely girl was doomed to severer trials; the sufferance of quiet sorrow and unmolested grief was soon denied her, and a suitor, armed with her father's patronage and recommendation, came forward with an apparent determination not to be repulsed. Pride, arrogance, and self-love, seemed to be the chief ingredients of this nobleman's character—for noble he was, and gentle he was not. In temper hasty, in manner petulant, in conversation dictatorial, Lord Pavonden approached the timid Maria Dorrington, as if he were conferring a favour upon *her* and her whole race by the association; and the supercilious, sensual manner in which he cast his unquiet eyes over her lovely person, bespoke too plainly the character of the feeling by which his notice had been attracted to her; and although his affection for her, if it deserved the name, was ardent and all-engrossing, still it was impossible not to perceive in his handsome yet fiendlike countenance, the ceaseless struggle between his animal desire and his worldly prudence, the continued conflict between his passion and his pride.

Before he had taken the ordinary pains to discover Maria's sentiments—and it must be admitted she took very little trouble to conceal them—he had arranged, not only in his own mind, but in interviews with her father, the programme of the whole affair; they had even descended to particulars, and sums were actually named as settlements and jointures: his lordship believing that her declaration was a mere piece of formality, as necessary, it is true, for the completion of the match, as a *conge d'elire* to the making of a bishop, and about as certain in its result as the king's recommendation which accompanies that liberal document. Lord Pavonden, amongst his other intellectual qualities, happened not to possess that nice distinctive faculty which can properly appreciate the hidden feelings of a woman by her external conduct; and he construed the ease and familiarity of Maria's manner, when with him, as expressive of pleasure in his society. To one more versed in human nature, and less blinded by vanity and conceit, these symptoms would have infallibly declared her indifference. Had Frederick Ryland appeared, were his name even mentioned, were an allusion to any event which had occurred in his presence, a remark on his family, or the part of the world in which he was, on the army in which he served, or the cause in which that army was engaged, Maria's heart beat, her cheeks flushed, and her hands trembled. None of these signs were present when Lord Pavonden was near her: a restless good humour, an affected gaiety, to avoid if possible any serious avowal of the feelings which she was informed by her officious and envious female friends, that his lordship entertained for her, characterized the sweet girl's conduct; and upon such harmless encouragement as this the noble baron built the hopes which a few days were doomed to dissipate.

"What an unfortunate family are the Rylands!" said Sir George Dorrington, as he entered the drawing-room where the few visitors were waiting the announcement of dinner; "it seems as if a fatality hung over them."

Inquiries burst from every tongue, except Maria's, who sat like a statue motionless.

"Sir Henry is dead——"

"Dead!" exclaimed the astonished auditors.

Thank God it was not Frederick—Maria burst into tears—the attention of every body was directed to her; and she was led into the anteroom, where the air and restoratives soon revived her.

"Poor girl," said Sir George, "she is too sensitive for this world. Yes," continued he, returning to the circle, "he was shooting this morning, and in passing through or over a hedge, the trigger of his gun got entangled with the briars, and he was dead in an instant."

"How rapidly that baronetcy changes owners," said Lord Pavonden: "this is the third death in the family in less than eighteen months: who gets it now?"

Maria had just sufficiently recovered to return to the room as the question was asked, and heard her father answer, as indeed she knew, that Frederick, the third son, was now the head of the family.

"A forward sort of person, I think," said Lord

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Pavonden; "I scarcely recollect him: I know he had got the character of a lady killer, in the Eighteenth—I suppose, this event will bring him to England."

Maria felt all her agitations renewed, and felt that a few more remarks would again drive her out of the room; when the announcement of dinner cut short the conversation, terminated the lamentations of Sir George Dorrington and his friends, released his daughter, and put an end to the sympathy which some more ancient ladies on the sofa were about to exhibit.

All that passed at table was lost to the heiress of the house, and although in accordance with her father's desire she actually presided, she was guilty of the most flagrant inattentions, committed the most glaring solecisms, and withdrew the female division before Miss Angelica Amadou had half finished her quantum of dried cherries.

The drawing-room afforded her little more relief; and she flew to her boudoir, to indulge in a flood of tears, which were ready to burst from her eyes. "I am conscious," murmured the agitated girl, "that the feeling of joy at what has happened is sinful, is criminal; but, God forgive me! no circumstance, no accident could have presented a hope to my distracted mind, of extrication from a destiny worse than death itself, but this; now no obstacle is opposed to the completion of that scheme of happiness which my beloved Frederick and I have marked out:—wealth and rank are his—at least rank equal to my own, and wealth superior to my father's. Admired and esteemed by all who know him, even by my parent himself, whose rejection of him was founded solely on his want of fortune, and whose decided exclusion of him from our house was caused by the apprehension of his winning qualities, what objection can be raised to the fulfilment of all my hopes on earth?"

Thus did the elated happy Maria give utterance to the generous sentiments of her heart; and having in some degree composed herself, she rejoined her friends; their conversation had taken a totally different turn, and Miss Dorrington, still thinking of but one subject, continued to talk upon others, until the arrival of the gentlemen from the dinner-rooms. And, oh! who shall describe the repugnance, the horror, with which she now received the abrupt, supercilious, yet ardent advances of Lord Pavonden? Who, but a girl devoted to one, and assiduously assailed by another, can understand the feeling? It baffles *my* power to describe it—it was not quite unperceived by his lordship, who found the free and artless manner of the young lady, upon which he had founded his certainty of success, and which she had in her helplessness adopted, in order to convince him of the contrary, changed into a more distant reserve; for now, confident as she was in Frederick's fidelity, and satisfied that his claim upon her hand in right of her heart would now be acceded to, by her father, she saw no reason for affecting a manner towards Lord Pavonden, who, if repulsed, would be suffered to depart by Sir George, and who, if piqued by the alteration of her conduct to make her a direct offer, might be repulsed at once, and, according to the established rules of society, expelled from the house altogether.

By one of those singular coincidences, which in works of fiction appear improbable and overstrained, but which in real life are occurring every day, the object of all Maria's affections was brought to the scene of action much sooner than could have been expected. Another victory had graced the triumphant arms of the illustrious Wellington, under whose command the youthful soldier fought; again had Ryland distinguished himself: he was now selected as the bearer of the details of the conflict in which he had borne so honourable a part; and actually reached London within little more than four-and-twenty hours after the occurrence of that fatal accident, which bereaved him of a brother, and bestowed upon him the baronetcy.

To the house of mourning did the promoted officer speed as soon as his official duty was transacted; and in the midst of his grief for the loss of his near and dear relation, is it unnatural to suppose that he wrote to his Maria? Whether natural or not, I cannot say, but that he did so is most true, and not clandestinely or diguisedly, he wrote to his beloved, and inclosed her letter in another, addressed to Sir George, evincing in the hour of trial and sorrow that devotion to the object of all his earthly hopes which neither time nor space could alter or deteriorate. His visiting them was at the instant impossible, but he could not allow a moment to escape without claiming the promise which Sir George had given, at least by implication, and making the first step of his new life, that, which was to ensure his life's happiness.

But as the great Bard and every little bard has said in different ways, what are not fond hearts doomed to suffer! Without consulting his daughter, Sir George Dorrington had actually pledged himself to Lord Pavonden. He had never cast a thought towards the extraordinary advancement of Frederick Ryland, nor had he imagined the possibility of a refusal on the part of Maria to comply with his commands. Lord Pavonden had already made arrangements connected with the marriage. Lawyers were already employed on the drafts and deeds of settlement, and every thing in short was in a forward state of preparation, except the BRIDE.

The question now with Sir George was, whether he should open all the circumstances to his daughter, delivering Henry's letter to her, and stating exactly how he was situated, or send the letter to his daughter back to Ryland, inclosed in an explanatory letter to *him*. The doubt was easily solved: he admired Frederick's character and qualities; he knew the extent of his fortune, the amiability of his disposition, and the proximity of their property, his future influence in the county, his daughter's avowed affection for him, his approved constancy to *her*. All these weighed heavily against the pretensions of Lord Pavonden, whom Maria hated, whose title was

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Irish, whose estates were, for the most part, situate and lying in the "Green Isle," and whose funded property was insignificant compared with Ryland's (for Sir George had not been idle in acquainting himself with the contents of the late baronet's last will and testament), and whose manner even to himself was arrogant and overbearing: but then he had gone so far in the preliminaries of the treaty, or rather so far beyond preliminaries, that he did not at all see the possibility of breaking off; indeed, unless Lord Pavonden's heart could be touched, and his generous spirit roused, the thing appeared impossible. At all events, Sir George, who truly loved his daughter, made up his mind to be the bearer of the letter from her lover, and thus sanction openly, what he must, under the unexpected change of circumstances, always secretly have approved.

The sight of Henry's well known writing in the hand of her father produced a sudden revulsion of nature in Maria, and she fell senseless at the feet of her parent, who raising and soothing her, eventually restored her to something like serenity: he then gave her the letter, spoke candidly and unreservedly of his feeling towards Ryland, explaining to her at the same time the difficulties in which he had involved himself with his rival.

"But *I* have not involved myself in any difficulty," said Maria; "I, sir, am no party to this treaty, which, even if Frederick had died on the field of battle, never could, and never should have been ratified by me. The accidental acquisition of wealth and title may, by rendering Frederick Ryland worthy in your eyes, afford me the happiness of uniting my fate with one, who is all excellence and kindness; but no reverse of fortune, however severe, no poverty, however abject, no distress, however humiliating, could have compelled me to link myself to a man whose manners I dislike, whose temper I dread, whose conversation even I do not comprehend, and whose character I never can respect: tell him this, sir, and surely he will not persevere in claiming my hand from you, when he never can receive a heart from me."

"What I fear," said Sir George, "is, that Lord Pavonden will attribute the change in your determination to the change in Ryland's circumstances, for rumour is not so idle but that he is aware of his attachment to you."

"He cannot attribute the change in my determination," said Maria, "to any extrinsic events; in fact I never was consulted, I never was asked to make a decision; if I had——"

"But *I*, my dear Maria," said Sir George, "have in *your* name expressed a readiness, by a desire for the union and——"

"Forgive me, sir," said Maria, catching her father's hand; "why, why do *this*, without consulting the child you love, the daughter who lives but in your affection?"

"I thought by your manner," said Sir George, "that Pavonden was not *so* disagreeable to you."

"Oh, sir!" cried Maria, "do you know so little of my heart and feelings as to believe that I could marry with a negative affection for my husband? Did you think that I would consent to share my existence with one, while there was another ranking yet higher in my esteem? You know I loved Frederick; you merely postponed our union till a period, which, through the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, has arrived."

"Maria," said Sir George, folding his weeping daughter to his bosom, "Frederick Ryland *shall be your husband*—I HAVE SAID IT.—How to disentangle myself from the *embarras* with Lord Pavonden I do not yet exactly see, but your happiness is paramount—it must be done."

"Be *that my* task," cried the half frantic girl. "I will appeal to his generosity, to his pride, to his feelings—if he have any—you must not risk an altercation with such a man: on *me* let his vengeance fall, if vengeance *is* to fall: with *you* a disagreement might be fatal; his well-earned reputation in what is called the field of honour renders him a dangerous adversary: on *me* these chivalrous qualities have no effect. I will be candid with him, take all upon myself, and rescue you, I hope and think, from difficulties in which, had I been previously consulted, you never would have been involved."

"I trust more to his pride than his generosity, I confess," said Sir George; "however, take your own course, Maria; I feel that I, personally, am too deeply pledged to stir in this matter further."

The permission was enough. The certainty Maria felt that an appeal, as her father said, to his pride, if not to his generosity, would release her from the claim of Lord Pavonden, inspired her; and having hastily acknowledged the welcome letter of Frederick, she proceeded to address the noble baron in the following terms:—

Dorrington Hall, —— 18—.

"MY LORD,

"For the first time since I have had the honour of your lordship's acquaintance, my father, this morning, has informed me of the ulterior object of your lordship's constant association with our family, and your unremitting attention to myself.

"Not vain enough to imagine that I could be the object of attraction here, I have hitherto remained in ignorance, not only of the motives, which induced your lordship to devote so much of your time to our very limited domestic circle, but of the steps which I now find have been taken towards the completion of that measure, upon which, however important it may be thought to *me*, I have only this day been consulted.

"Aware, my lord, of the apparent indelicacy of venturing to address your lordship upon such a subject, I considered before I took the step. But I have resolved to do so, and to risk all the censure or ridicule which my conduct may incur, for the sake of checking in the present stage those pretensions to my hand, which I am now authoritatively informed it is your intention to

prefer: it is to avoid the pain of giving pain I do this; and it is in the hope of remaining upon amicable terms with your lordship, that I entreat you not to assume a character, which, while it terminates our *friendship*, must most unpleasantly end our acquaintance.

"When I candidly tell you that, however pleased I may be to see you amongst my father's guests at Dorrington, and however anxious I may have appeared to contribute my trifling efforts to make your residence amongst us as a friend of his, agreeable, my heart has been long, long engaged, I am quite sure I shall not vainly appeal to your generosity, nor uselessly seek to prevent a refusal on my part, which, however painful it may be to *me*, cannot be less irksome to your lordship.

"My father tells me candidly, that he has had several conversations with you on the subject of an alliance between us; his implied certainty of my consent, I fear, has deceived you; and I cannot but deeply regret that I was not earlier apprised of the subject of your deliberations; since it would have been more agreeable to my feelings, *for many, many reasons*, to have put a stop to them much sooner, by convincing my father of their total uselessness, and my determination never to bestow my hand where my heart could not accompany it.

"Forgive me, my lord, this distinct declaration; receive it in the spirit in which I make it; see in it, the effort of a being, whose affections have been for years devoted to one object; anxious to prevent a proposal which *must be rejected*, and which could only have the effect of destroying her peace of mind, and wounding the pride and sensibility of another.

"Your lordship will forgive me for adding, that, although this letter has not been seen by my father, he is aware of my resolution of writing it, and that I have no desire that its contents should be concealed from him. In the hope that you will feel for me, pity me, and continue to regard me as your friend, I remain, my lord,

"Yours most truly,

"MARIA DORRINGTON."

Two days elapsed after the despatch of this letter, and on the third (the day of Sir Henry Ryland's funeral), Miss Dorrington received the following lines from her noble correspondent.

"Lord Pavonden presents his compliments to Miss Dorrington, in acknowledging her letter on Tuesday; he cannot but express his deep regret at her *anticipated* refusal of his proposal. Lord Pavonden trusts that he possesses sufficient *discrimination* as well as delicacy, to prevent his forcing his attentions where they *cease to be* agreeable. Yet he cannot but regret, that the negotiations between himself and Sir George Dorrington should have been carried so far as they have been, if that gentleman was *then* aware of the state of his daughter's affections.

'Lord Pavonden has made a communication to Sir George Dorrington, which will terminate their negotiations; and in the hope that Miss Dorrington will not suffer the circumstances which have occurred to agitate or annoy her, he has, he thinks, best consulted both *her* feelings and his own, by quitting the neighbourhood of Dorrington, and proceeding to London; when, at some future period, he hopes to have the honour of finding himself included in the list of Miss Dorrington's sincere friends."

"There, Maria!" said Sir George, when he had read this note: "what is your opinion of Lord Pavonden *now?*"

"I think," said Maria, "that one ought never to judge by appearances, or, at least, not to ascribe to natural causes, manners and habits which, after all, may be adopted under the absolute dominion of fashion, even at the sacrifice of natural feelings. I rejoice in his decision, I admire his generosity, and I promise him my friendship, for he has deserved it."

A few words will suffice to detail the proceedings of the family party, after this occurrence. Sir Frederick Ryland, having been warmly and affectionately received by Sir George, as soon as all the mournful ceremonies connected with his brother's death had terminated, became the constant inmate of his future father-in-law's residence. And if it were possible for human beings to enjoy perfect happiness on earth, Frederick and Maria, in the constant enjoyment of each other's society, looking back with interest upon the past, and picturing increasing joy for the future, were in the full possession of it: every day developed some new trait of excellence in the character of the lover, every day produced some new evidence of Maria's excellence of disposition, purity of mind, and goodness of heart; when, to crown all their hopes, the wedding-day was fixed—that day which was to terminate all the little anxieties which "love is heir to," and out of which spring half its delights; that day which was to change the character of their affection, hallow the passion which possessed both their hearts, and join them in that sacred bond of union, whence flows all earthly happiness, all worldly comfort.

Then came the discussion about bridemaids, and lace; and carriages, and favours, and who should be at the wedding, and who should marry them, and where they should be married, and the thousand little delicate points which are so very, very important, upon such occasions; in all of which, Maria was constantly supported by her two female cousins; while Frederick generally contrived to inlist Sir George on *his* side; until at length it was arranged, that the marriage should take place in London, and that the young couple should, according to the established routine of the Morning Post, "immediately after the ceremony quit town in a new travelling carriage and four, to spend the honeymoon." It was absolutely essential that a journey to London should be undertaken, to purchase such necessaries of life as country milliners and provincial dressmakers could not contrive to invent or even construct; and therefore with good reason they came

unanimously to the conclusion, to marry in the metropolis, and return to the shady groves and sylvan scenes to reap the rich harvest of their constant love.

It would be impossible to describe the happiness which these devoted beings enjoyed, during the month or six weeks preparatory to the ceremony; indeed, the attempt to do so would be absurd, since, besides the inadequacy of language to do justice to their feelings, such details are as little interesting to general readers, as the practice of love-making itself is to the indifferent spectator; suffice it to say, that time, which never stops, seemed to fly, and in the midst of joy, gaiety, hope, anxiety, and agitation, the evening arrived which was to be the last of her "single blessedness." It seemed to Frederick like a bright vision—he was on the brink of happiness which for years he had been taught to think never might be his.

He pressed his beloved to his heart, and printed a glowing kiss upon her flushing cheek.—"Good night!" was whispered by the fond lover, and echoed by the trembling maid; but oh! parting is such sweet sorrow, that they lingered on, in their dream of happiness; and when they separated, the magic word "To-morrow!" hung on their lips and sunk deep into their hearts.

That Maria slept much, or tranquilly, I cannot affirm; certain it is that Frederick did not. The night, however, wore away, and the sun rose in all its brightness to greet the blooming bride. The establishment was seen hurrying to and fro, and making preparations for the banquet, which was to regale the guests invited, and astonish those in the newspapers who were not. The bridemaids arrived, and Maria came forth from her chamber, bright and sweet as the morning, pure in her mind as the white robe in which she was decked, her blue eyes melting with love and modesty. In her fair hair, parted on her snowy forehead, there were pearls which Frederick had given her, and the veil thrown over her (as the sweet poet says, whose lines are taken as the motto for this tale,) seemed like a halo mellowing

all the pomp and light
Into something meekly bright.

With pride and exultation did her father lead her into the room, where already had assembled the numerous friends who were to grace the ceremony.

The carriages were drawn up to the door, the clock had struck the appointed hour, yet one was absent whose presence was most essential, and who began to be most anxiously expected. Sir Frederick Ryland, the ardent, happy bridegroom, had not yet arrived. Maria inquired for him, and heard with wonder, and not without some little displeasure, that he had not yet made his appearance. Even strict punctuality seems negligence in love; and here, on the auspicious day, when all his doubts and fears were to end, and his sum of earthly happiness was to be completed, to find her lover lingering on his way wounded her deeply. Another quarter of an hour elapsed—no Frederick; another had nearly passed, when a carriage was driven to the door, and from it sprang hastily one not bidden as a guest, nor dressed as if he were coming to join the festive party—it was not Frederick—it was a stranger muffled up in a cloak, who had apparently just arrived from the country. In a few moments Sir George was summoned from the party; then the stranger was seen to depart, and then one or two of the visiters were called from the drawing-room. The prelate who was there to sanctify the happiness of the young couple was summoned from the side of the now trembling bride: her colour came and went, she shook from head to foot, she saw horror painted on the countenance of one who had returned from her father: a scream from one of her bridemaids announced some horrible communication: the light vanished from her eyes, and without knowing the cause of her dread and agitation, or even that it was well founded, she fell senseless into the arms of those near her.

Well was it for her that Nature at that moment robbed her of her senses. Frederick, after he had quitted her the night before, had proceeded to one of the Clubs, of which he was a member, to write some notes of business, necessary to be despatched before he quitted town in the morning; there he encountered Lord Pavonden. Excited by wine, the angry feelings of offended pride, which, under the mask of dignified submission to Maria, had smouldered for months in his lordship's breast, burst forth at the sight of his triumphant happy rival. Premeditated insult, and a blow, were the fruits of this hateful explosion of rage and mortification. There was no alternative—no question as to the result. A meeting was arranged at daylight at Wimbledon: they met—they fired—and Frederick Ryland fell:—he lived in agony for two hours, and then expired.

This sad history was poor Maria doomed to hear, so soon as reason returned to her. When she recovered sufficiently to comprehend any thing, she found the scene of gaiety changed, the guests departed, and her father kneeling at her side: in a moment she understood the worst:—Frederick was dead—she knew—she felt that nothing but death could have kept him from her ---he was gone for ever—and the bright star of her existence had set eternally.

For the Lady's Book.

ALPHONSINE.

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED, WITH CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS, FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

This story is the narrative of Diana, the mother of Alphonsine.

I WAS born at Madrid, of an ancient and noble family, and was left an orphan and an heiress at the age of eighteen. In my twentieth year I married Don Pedro d'Almedor, with whom I lived in the most perfect felicity for near sixteen months; at which time my husband (who was an officer in the army) received orders to join his regiment in Flanders.

Nothing could dissuade me from accompanying him on his campaign, though I had an infant daughter but three months old. A battle took place immediately after our arrival at the seat of war. I remained with my child and servants at a village within view of the fatal field, trembling, and praying for the safety of my husband, who had taken leave of me in the morning, and before noon was brought in mortally wounded. He was unable to speak, and expired in less than an hour, leaving me in an agony of affliction which can be better imagined than described.

As soon as I was able to think, with any thing like coherence, I resolved upon retiring to a castle that I possessed in the province of Catalonia, and which had been left to me by my maternal grandfather; and in this retreat (which I had never yet visited) I purposed to devote my life to the care of my darling daughter, for whom my affection seemed redoubled since I had lost my husband.

I had a cousin, the Count de Moncalde, a young nobleman whose extravagance had so impaired his fortune, that he had little left except his title. He was heir to the estate of Montalvan, in Catalonia, and to the principal part of my

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property, in case of surviving myself and my daughter.

Shortly before our departure for Flanders, the Count de Moncalde had given some offence to the king, for which he was exiled from court; and he requested us to allow him to live during our absence at the castle of Montalvan, which we intended to make our chief residence after our return, and he proposed to superintend the repairs that were necessary for that purpose.

When I could compose my thoughts sufficiently to write, I sent a letter to the Count de Moncalde, requesting him to meet me at Brussels, and escort me on my melancholy journey back to Spain. He came; and by his persuasion I was induced to consent to return by sea, as he had heard of a vessel about to sail from Dieppe to Bilboa, from which port we could soon reach the castle in Catalonia. I was determined to go thither at once, as I could not then bear the idea of revisiting my house in Madrid, and seeing again the place where I had enjoyed so much happiness with my lamented husband.

We arrived safely at Bilboa, after a short passage, in which, however, we encountered a violent storm, and narrowly escaped shipwreck. I brought with me from Flanders, as servants, a young man and his wife, neither of whom could speak Spanish; but I was obliged to hire them, as I could get no others to accompany me, the women I had taken from Spain having chosen to remain, in consequence of marrying two Flemish farmers; and my husband's valet had, soon after his master's death, robbed me of some valuable jewels and ran away.

When we landed at Bilboa, the Count de Moncalde proposed that I should rest there a few days, to recover from the fatigue of the voyage, and till he had written to Leonora, the housekeeper at the castle of Montalvan, to have every thing in readiness for my reception. This Leonora had been placed there at the recommendation of the Count. She had been his nurse, and had always lived among his relations.

I thought this delay unnecessary; but I was so dejected and dispirited, that I had not energy to offer any objection; and, during the few days of our stay at Bilboa, I never went out of the inn at which we lodged.

At length we proceeded on our journey in a carriage purchased at Bilboa—the Flemish man-servant following behind on horseback. We travelled slowly, and, passing through the northern part of Navarre, and Arragon, we entered Catalonia, which is bounded on the east by the Mediterranean, not far from which is situated the castle of Montalvan.

On the last evening of our journey, we stopped to rest at a village which the Count told me was twelve miles from Montalvan. I was much fatigued, and very desirous of remaining at the inn till the next day; but the Count, to my great surprise, said that he had made his arrangements to reach the castle that night; and there was something in his tone and look that awed me too much to offer any further objection. The Count had that day, at the place where we stopped to dine, quarrelled with the coachman whom he had hired at Bilboa, and dismissed him upon the spot; determining to drive the carriage himself, rather than to run the risk of employing a stranger. The inn at which we took our supper, was a solitary wild looking place amid tremendous mountains, and the people about it seemed sunk in ignorance and stupidity; still, I felt so wretched, that I would gladly have remained there till morning.

We travelled on, and, as we approached the castle, my dejection increased. My child had long since gone to sleep in the arms of her nurse, the Flemish woman.

About midnight we perceived by the light of the stars, the battlements of the castle; but, instead of entering at the great front gate, we drove round to the back of the building, and stopped at a little door scarcely perceptible in the wall. The Count alighted, and first assisted Katrina to get out of the carriage, with the child in her arms. He told me to sit still, and he would come back for me in a few moments; and then desiring Martin, the man-servant, to follow, they all entered the castle—the Count having first shut the door of the carriage upon me. I sat there, bewildered, trembling, and dreading I knew not what.

At last the Count returned, and lifted me from the coach. I inquired eagerly for my child. "She is safe," replied he, "Katrina is preparing to put her to bed." I begged to be taken to her immediately. He led me into a dark narrow passage, where a tall masculine woman, apparently about fifty, stood waiting with a lantern. "This," said the Count, "is Leonora, my faithful nurse, and now your house-keeper." He took the lantern from her, and conducted me to a chamber, where I found a handsome bed and a cot. I again asked for my child. "I tell you once more," said he, "that she is safe, and with Katrina." "But I must see her," said I. "You cannot," he replied. "She is by this time asleep, and in another part of the castle. Content yourself without her till morning." I implored him to have my infant brought to me, or to allow me to go to her. He was inexorable—exhorting me to compose myself, and endeavour to obtain a good night's rest; and promising me that I should certainly see my child in the morning.

He went away, and I threw myself on the bed, drowned in tears, and unable to taste any of the refreshments that Leonora had brought me. I entreated this woman to show me where my child was, and to take me to her. She replied, that she had orders not to allow me to leave the chamber. In vain I pressed her to tell me the reason. She refused to answer my enquiries, but told me that she herself was to sleep in my room.

I remarked at the other end of the chamber a door, that I tried to open, but could not. "That door," said Leonora, "leads to a cavern that has an outlet into the garden. There are under the castle vast vaults, which were constructed ages ago as places of refuge in time of war. Do you

wish to see them? they are very curious. That door opens into a gallery, which will conduct us to a staircase, by which we can descend into these caverns."

At these words, she drew from her pocket a large key, tied with a blue ribbon, and advanced towards the door, as if to open it. I stopped her, for I was overcome with grief and fatigue, and had no desire to explore the vaults at that late hour. I again threw myself on the bed, and, in an agony of tears, implored Leonora to let me see my child. At last she said—"You cannot see her. If I must tell the truth, the Count has already conveyed Katrina, with the child, and Martin, to a little cottage which has been prepared for them in the forest beyond the castle, where they will live with the infant, (which is to pass for theirs,) and you must be satisfied to remain in confinement. The Count has brought you here in secret, but he wishes every one to suppose that you and your infant perished in the storm on your voyage to Bilboa. Do you not understand, that at your death (whether real or supposed) your cousin, the Count, inherits this estate, and nearly all your other property? Is it then surprising that he should wish to put you out of the way?"

I scarcely heard to the end of this dreadful communication, before my senses deserted me, and I sank into a fainting fit. When I recovered, I found that Leonora, who was standing beside the bed, had undrest me; and, in a peremptory tone, she ordered me to cease my complaints, and let her go to sleep, or that I should have cause to repent it. She then drew the curtains of my bed, and prepared to retire to her own. I lay gazing at her through the curtains, but not conscious of any thing I saw, so much was I absorbed in my own grief, till I observed her take out of her pocket the key with the blue ribbon, and put it in the drawer of a small table that stood near her cot. I was suddenly struck with the thought, that if I could possess myself of this key, I might unlock with it the door that led to the vault, which I recollected her telling me had an outlet to the garden. Through these caverns I hoped to be able to make my escape; intending to seek the cottage to which my child had been sent, and to endeavour to engage Martin and Katrina to assist me in flying with my infant to some place of refuge, where we should be safe from the power of the Count.

This plan once conceived, I revolved it in my mind till I had arranged it so that I could not but hope it would be successful. I saw Leonora light the night lamp, sit it in the chimney, and afterwards go to bed. In about a quarter of an hour I knew by her breathing that she was in a sound sleep. I then rose and drest myself as softly as possible, and opening one of my trunks, I took from it my money and a few jewels, and concealed them about my clothes. My large jewel-box had been seized by Leonora, almost as soon as I arrived, and she had carried it out of the room on pretence of locking it up. I had with me a little dog, which had been given me by my husband, and which I now loved next to my child; and I could not think of leaving Azor behind. I awoke him by my caresses, and made signs that he must be perfectly quiet. The faithful animal understood me, and lay with his head upon his forepaws, watching me intently, but not presuming to move.

I approached on tiptoe the table that stood by Leonora's bed; my heart throbbing so violently that I could scarcely breathe. I opened the drawer, and took out the key. I went to the door that communicated with the gallery: I put the key into the lock, which opened easily, and without the least noise. I took a lighted taper in my hand, and my dog under my arm, and passed through the door, which I closed after me, and it made no sound whatever.

After going down a flight of stairs, I found myself in a long narrow gallery, at the end of which I saw another door that was fastened only by a hook and a loop of iron. I opened it without difficulty, and saw a long staircase, which I cautiously descended. It had more than two hundred steps; and when I reached the bottom, I found myself in a vault or cavern of prodigious extent, in which I hoped to discover the outlet into the garden.

I wandered a long time about the lower part of the cavern, but finding no opening, I directed my steps towards the other extremity, which gradually ascended. I walked slowly, and looked round attentively on every side, when suddenly I heard the murmur of falling water. This sound made me start with joy, for I doubted not that it came from the garden, and that the outlet of the cavern was near. I turned to the right, and I entered a recess formed by walls of rugged rock. Here I found a cascade or fountain descending from an immense height near the top of the cave, and falling behind an enormous mass of broken rocks, where the water probably precipitating itself down a slope, opened a passage through the stones, and trickled out into the garden.

All my search for an aperture through which I might escape, proving ineffectual, I left the recess and found my way to the fourth of these vast vaults. After walking some distance, I was surprised to find under my feet a straw matting, and to see that not only the floor was covered with it, but also the walls. I advanced, but my surprise was redoubled when I found a carpet spread over the matting. I hastened to the extremity of the vault, and stood motionless with amazement on perceiving a bed, an easy-chair, (but no other seat,) a foot-stool, and a table, on which was placed a decanter of water, a goblet, a cup, a knife, fork, and spoon, a pile of plates, and a large basket filled with fruit and other refreshments. At the foot of the bed was an enormous chest half open; I cast my eyes into it, and saw that it was full of clothes and linen.

I was seized with a fit of trembling, and with a shaking hand I set my taper on the table. I fell into the chair, exclaiming—"Oh! for whom has this gloomy dwelling been prepared? and I see no opening to get out of the cavern—there is

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surely none!" This conviction made me shudder. "But," I said, "I will search again." I rose, and looking towards the table, I perceived a paper placed near the basket. My hair stood on end with horror as I fell back in the seat and read these words, written in the hand of the Count de Moncalde, and addressed to me:—

"This cavern has but one single entrance, which is now closed, and will never open again for you. You will every day find your food at the foot of the stair-case, in a basket attached to a rope, by which it will be let down through a wicket made in the door at the top of the stairs. By this means the Count de Moncalde will become the possessor of nearly all your wealth."

I sat petrified with astonishment and horror. At this moment my taper burnt out, and the deep gloom that surrounded me added to my despair. I felt as if my blood no longer circulated in my veins, and as if all my faculties were suspended. I had but one thought, and that was fixed on these terrible words—"The door of this cavern will never open again for you!"

An intense thirst roused me from this state of stupor. I felt for the decanter of water, and drank with avidity; but in a moment I found myself so ill that I feared the water had been poisoned. However, I grew better after awhile, and my apprehensions of death subsided. I pressed the spring of my repeating-watch, and found that it was six o'clock in the morning. "Alas!" I exclaimed, "day-light has long since appeared, but I shall see it no more. The sun has risen, but never again will it shine on me!" As I said these words, my dog, who had been asleep at my feet, awoke, and rising on his hind legs, began to lick my hands. I melted into tears when I thought that this poor animal was the only living creature from whom I could in future receive any tokens of affection, for I had no hope of ever seeing my child again. Still I believed, that wicked as the Count was, he could not have the heart to injure my innocent infant. I wept long and bitterly, and in consequence felt a little relieved, for hitherto the excess of my anguish had made me unable to shed a tear.

At eight o'clock I again caused my watch to strike. A moment afterwards my dog, who was running about the cavern, began to bark. I trembled, and suddenly a loud voice resounded through the vaults. It was Leonora, who, with the aid of a speaking-trumpet, called me to the wicket I comprehended that she had brought me food; but, in this profound darkness I was a long time finding the door, though I was guided by my dog, who ran before me, and by the voice which several times repeated my name.

Before I arrived at the wicket, I perceived with joy a faint light, and I began to flatter myself that the door was open, and that perhaps I was about to be restored to liberty; but all was secured fast, and Leonora, on hearing me approach, immediately hastened away. I found a basket fastened to a thick cord, and containing some food and a lighted lamp. Anxiously as I had wished for a light, this lamp at first redoubled my horror, as it showed me my gloomy habitation; and casting my eyes around me, I saw at one view the whole of my fatal destiny. However, I took up the basket and carried it to the end of the cavern that contained my bed, and which I afterwards called my chamber.

On examining the basket, I found a note from Leonora, in which she said not a word of my child; but desired me to tie, every evening, the empty basket to the cord. She informed me, also, that in future she would not call me; but, that every two days, at five o'clock in the morning, the basket, filled with provisions, would be deposited at the foot of the stair-case.

The style of this billet convinced me that my fate was irrevocably fixed. Indeed I could scarcely doubt it when I saw with what deliberate care the cavern had been prepared, and the various arrangements that had been made for my residence there. This idea froze me with horror; and I sat motionless in my chair, looking with fixed eyes and a heart chilled with consternation on the bed where I was to sleep till my last hour. "Oh!" I exclaimed, "is it on this dreadful bed that I am in future to pass all my nights? How can I hope to sleep, and if I forget myself for awhile in slumber, how miserable will be my awaking! And my child, my Alphonsine, shall I never see her more? Shall I never again hold her in my arms, and press her to my heart? Must she pass her life in ignorance and obscurity as the child of two menials? or, rather, will she be allowed to live at all? And if she should be permitted to exist, she will grow up without knowing her unfortunate mother, unconscious of my sufferings and my fate. Far from my child I shall breathe my last sigh in this melancholy solitude. No friendly hand will close my eyes; and, perhaps, even my lifeless remains will moulder here, forgotten!" and at this thought a cold perspiration covered my forehead.

Thus passed my first miserable day. Towards evening I felt so much exhausted that I was obliged to lie down. I shed a torrent of tears as I placed myself on the bed: I felt as if I was taking possession of my tomb. I laid my dog Azor at my feet, and after a long time I sunk into a disturbed and feverish slumber.

I did not rise till nine the next morning, for to me there was no longer any distinction between day and night. My lamp was still burning, as before I went to bed I had replenished it, for I had found in a sort of closet near my bed, several sorts of provisions that I had not discovered before, with two large bottles of oil, and several pounds of wax candles.

Though I had been informed that I should receive my supply of fresh food only every other day, I could not help going to the wicket, and I saw that the basket had not yet been drawn up. I had no reason to expect any thing, and I had more than sufficient food for that day; nevertheless, the sight of the empty basket filled me with consternation, and brought frightful thoughts into my mind. I trembled when I reflected that my existence depended on the will of an atrocious

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man, or on the neglect of a mercenary woman who was devoted to him.

I passed the day in thinking of my child, in lamenting my hard fate, and in anxiously examining every part of the cavern. I lifted up a piece of the matting that covered the wall, and I felt a sensation like joy on discovering a vault which I had not yet seen. Again I hoped to find an outlet. I had to descend about thirty steps to reach the bottom of this cavern; and before I could resolve to venture down, I went back to my chamber, where I procured from the closet a tinder-box, with a flint and steel, and two wax tapers. Then I returned to the entrance of this new vault; and, as I looked down into its depth, it seemed so gloomy, and its walls were so black, that a feeling of terror made me stop on the first step of the staircase. But I summoned courage, and, on descending the steps, I found nothing in this vault but a deep well, which appeared to be now dry.

I returned to my chamber, where I examined all the furniture, and discovered another closet containing drawing materials, books, music, and a guitar. To offer me a musical instrument in this dismal dungeon, seemed like a cruel mockery; however, this guitar became most precious to me in the sequel. But I was agreeably surprised to find writing implements in the drawer of the table. I determined immediately to address a letter to the Count de Moncalde, and place it in the basket that was to be drawn up next day.

In effect I wrote to my persecutor a long letter, in which I implored him to give me my liberty, and restore to me my child; and to send us under a feigned name to France or Italy, pledging myself never to disclose the cause I had to complain of him. In this epistle I exerted all my eloquence; and I hoped so much from it, that after it was written I became more tranquil. I went to bed early; I slept quietly, and was awakened at five o'clock in the morning by the barking of Azor, which announced to me that Leonora was at the wicket. I rose hastily, threw on a wrapper, and ran to the foot of the stairs, where I saw the basket already let down and full of provisions. I emptied it, and put in the letter; but I expected to wait several days for an answer, and I allowed myself to hope that the door of the cavern would be opened for me about the end of the week.

As the time approached when I anticipated a reply, I felt my hopes diminish. At last I saw the basket descend, and a letter in it inclosed in an envelope, which I tore open, and found my own letter to the Count still sealed, and a billet from Leonora containing these words:—

"My lord, the Count, is at Madrid. He has forbidden me to send him any letter or communication from you, not even the smallest message. He has ordered me to declare to you, if you make any attempt of this kind, that your fate is immovably fixed, and that nothing in the universe can change it. He has gone too far to recede. He will not give up your property, of which he is now in possession; nor will he run the risk of setting you at liberty, lest you should disclose what has already passed. It is now believed that you and your infant perished at sea, and that Alphonsine is the child of the Flemish servants. She is well, and is still with them in the cottage. Consider her as dead to you, for you will never see her more."

Indignation and resentment for awhile suspended my anguish on reading this cruel billet; I called to mind with more bitterness than ever, the artifice which had allured me into entering the dungeon that had been prepared for me, and which was destined to be my tomb. I shuddered on reflecting how much I was in the power of Leonora. However, it was some consolation to me to recollect that I had money with me, and some valuable jewels; and I hoped that I might bribe her to write to the Count, and tell him what I had urged in my letter. I resolved to speak to Leonora through the wicket; and the day after the next, I waited there at five in the morning.

As soon as the basket descended, I called Leonora, and she answered me. The sound of her voice made me start. Still, after being a prisoner for a week, and confined in this dreary solitude, I heard with pleasure the tones of a human being. Leonora told me that she had been ordered not to speak to me, and that in future she would return no answer when I called her. I implored her at least to tell me something of my child, and she made no reply, and departed precipitately. I remained almost annihilated. How could I offer jewels or money to this pitiless goaler?

I passed my days most wretchedly in thinking of my captivity, and in weeping for my separation from my child. I tried to read, but I found it impossible. The books were all romances; and how could I be interested in the woes of fictitious characters, when my own sufferings were so real and so great. Once I summoned courage to take the guitar, for which there was a supply of strings and music; and placing before me a book of songs, I began to sing one; but as soon as I heard my voice resound through these dark and lonely vaults, I started and stopped. I felt as if it were sinful in my distress to sing any thing but sacred music. I commenced a hymn, but my tears soon choaked my voice.

I walked about these vast caverns, carrying a small lantern that I had found in the closet. When I became tired of carrying this lantern, I set it on the ground and walked in the space it lighted. Insensibly my walk extended farther; and thus, without intending it, I acquired the habit of walking in darkness.

I went every evening to offer up my prayers in the cave of the fountain. The motion and murmur of the water rendered this the most agreeable place in my dungeon; and, independent of the cascade, the form of the rocks around it was striking and picturesque.

I wrote to Leonora to send me some religious books, and to tell me if my child was well. Both these requests were granted; and I was happy to

hear that my unconscious babe did not suffer from being separated from her unhappy mother. Then I ventured to put in the basket five pieces of gold, with a billet in which I thanked Leonora, and gave her to understand that I had the means of rewarding still better, any kindness she might be disposed to show me. My present was very well received, and Leonora sent me a civil answer; in which, however, she repeated that she would always remain faithful to what she called her duty.

But I pined incessantly to see my child, and in a few days, feeling myself extremely ill and feverish, I wrote to Leonora, entreating her to come down to me; and I accompanied this request with a pearl-ring. I was lying on my bed when the barking of my dog announced her arrival at the wicket. I quieted him and listened, and in the deep silence of the cavern, I heard afar the steps of Leonora. The sound made my heart beat violently, for in a few minutes I should again see a human being. She appeared at last; and I was affected to tears, and held out my arms to her. She carried in one hand a lantern, and in the other a basket filled with biscuits, bottles of wine and syrups. Her coarse and masculine face looked more forbidding than ever; no ray of pity, no trace of feeling softened its cold and harsh expression. She seated herself by my bedside, and in a severe tone enquired about my illness. I could not answer her; my voice was suffocated with sobs. Leonora felt my pulse, and then said I had no fever. She rose to leave me, and I seized her gown to detain her. I then protested that I could not live in this dungeon, deprived of my child, and shut out from the light of day and the air of heaven. I besought her to take pity on me, and to give me my liberty and restore to me my infant, for which I would most amply reward her.

At these words, Leonora fiercely interrupted me, as if I had proposed to her a crime. I still persevered in my entreaties, and promised to settle on her, when I resumed my property, a much larger pension than the Count would ever grant her, and to present her besides with an immense sum of money. "But," said Leonora, "how shall I be sure you will do all this?" "My gratitude," replied I, "shall guarantee the certainty of your reward." "But even," resumed Leonora, "if it was possible for you to forget what you have already suffered, and that it was I that betrayed you into this dungeon, (in obedience, however, to the orders of the Count,) how will you shield me from the indignation of the world. I cannot restore you now to liberty without risking the loss of my own, and without betraying the Count my master, and subjecting him to the punishment of the laws. Therefore, cease to cherish this foolish hope, and never again speak to me on the subject, or I shall be obliged to inform the Count, and then you will be treated with far more rigour than heretofore."

So saying, Leonora rose to depart. She left me petrified with grief and disappointment. Suddenly an extravagant thought restored to me all my energy. I conceived the design of running after my jailer, and escaping through the door by which she was to pass. I flew from my chamber; I heard the heavy step of Leonora, and I followed the sound. My dog, who ran after me barking, prevented Leonora from hearing me behind her, and my feet being bare, they made but little noise.

I soon perceived the light of the lantern that Leonora carried, and speedily overtaking her, I arrived at the first door of the cavern at the same time that she did, being just behind her. With a palpitating heart I saw her take the key, apply it to the lock and open the door; then at the moment she passed through, I sprung out with her, so impetuously that I threw her down on the stairs. Emboldened by this first success, I darted up the staircase with the rapidity of lightning, and in a moment I reached the door at the top. Alas! it was fast.

In vain did I shake the lock; my feeble hands had not strength to force it open. Leonora, furious at my attempting to escape and enraged at her fall, ran up in a moment, and threw herself upon me like a lioness seizing her prey. I made a desperate struggle which encreased her anger. She held me in her strong muscular arms, and tearing my handkerchief from my neck, she used it to tie my hands behind my back. I made the vaults resound with my shrieks, and overcome with despair I fainted on the shoulder of my cruel enemy. She carried me to my bed, untied my hands and left me to recover my senses as I could.

On opening my eyes I found myself again in my frightful solitude. The profound silence of the cavern made me shudder. My dog slept tranquilly beside me. I was in such a deplorable state of nervous depression, that his sleeping while I suffered so much, seemed to add to my grief, and I awoke him. I felt myself bruised all over, and my hands bore the marks of Leonora's brutality; I showed them to my dog: he licked the bruises; and while this poor animal caressed me and seemed to share my sorrows, I wept sadly but not vehemently; for I was now so weak and so overcome with fatigue that I could do nothing with energy. My mind seemed enfeebled with my body, and for several days I lay on the bed in a state of apathy. I had fruit, water, and lemon-syrup on the table, and during all that time I did not go to the wicket. When I visited it again, I found two baskets instead of one, but neither of them contained any thing but bread. In each was a note from Leonora. In the first, she said, that to punish me for abusing her condescension, she would give me nothing but bread for two weeks, and that no pretence of sickness on my part, should induce her to visit me again. In the second, she told me that the Count had returned from Madrid, and was so incensed when she informed him of my attempt to escape, that he was going to have the door that led to the cavern walled up, on pretence of its furnishing a retreat for thieves.

She said nothing of my Alphonsine, and I crept back to my bed overwhelmed with despair.

Next day, I heard my dog barking violently, and on going towards the stair-case, how was I shocked to hear the sound of workmen walling up the door. I now felt, indeed, as if I was to be buried alive. I had no longer any hope, and I sunk into a most deplorable state of melancholy; for several days passing nearly my whole time on my bed.

The basket was now let down through a trap-door, and at the end of a fortnight I received again a supply of my former food, and a bottle of oil. I bribed Leonora with a second sum of money to tell me how my daughter was, and to furnish me with a crucifix and some more books, among which were the lives of the most noted hermits; and in reading of the piety and tranquillity of these holy men, secluded from the world in the solitude of the wilderness, I felt my mind somewhat calmed. But alas! they were not like me, deprived of an only and beloved child, and shut out from the light of day, and from the enjoyment of contemplating the lovely face of nature.

I made an oratory of the grotto in which was the cascade. I placed there my crucifix, affixing it to the rock beside the fountain. I spread a straw mat on the ground before it, and there I knelt in prayer every morning and evening. I obtained from Leonora a large quantity of moss, with which I covered a low rock that formed a convenient seat; and there I sat and tried to read; but too generally my thoughts wandered from my book and dwelt only on my Alphonsine, and on my sad captivity. Yet I felt that if my child could be with me, all the evils of my imprisonment might be borne with patience; and it was my daily and hourly prayer that she might by some means be restored to me. At last, that prayer was granted.

What was my rapture on receiving one morning from Leonora, a billet, with these words. "It is difficult to know how to dispose of the child, as her increasing likeness to you and to her father, must eventually betray her origin. Some of the servants at the castle have frequently seen you and your late husband, when they accompanied your grandfather on his visits to Madrid, and there are several families in the neighbourhood, who knew you in that city. Beside which, there are in the saloon, portraits of yourself and Don Pedro, painted for your grandfather shortly before his death. Alphonsine already resembles both these portraits, and the resemblance has been remarked by persons who have happened to see her at the cottage in the forest.

"Her death would remove much uneasiness from the mind of the Count; and I will not disguise from you, that he thinks that event may be accelerated, by immuring her in the vaults that form your prison. She is now too healthy. He has determined to restore her to you, and this evening at eight o'clock, you will find her in the basket. The Count leaves the castle to-night, and returns to Madrid; but he will first go to the nearest sea-port, taking with him Martin and Katrina, for whose services he has no farther occasion, and whom he will ship immediately for their native country."

So great was my transport on finding that I was again to see my child and to have her with me, that I could scarcely read to the end of the note. Still, how bitter was my indignation at the cruelty of the motive that had at last induced the Count to make my infant the partner of my captivity. "But she shall not die," I exclaimed, "I will watch her too carefully; and the blessing of Heaven will aid my efforts to preserve her existence in this dreary dungeon. We will be the whole world to each other, and even in this dismal solitude we may be happy."

How did I long for the approach of evening. The day passed in one continual thought of my child; and two hours before the appointed time, I was waiting in the outer cavern with my eyes steadily fixed on the trap-door. At length I saw it open—the basket began to descend—I heard the cry of my Alphonsine—I saw her little hands extended—I flew to her—I held her again in my arms, and I was once more the happiest of women. I thought not then of the sad privations this unfortunate child must endure, in these gloomy and lonely vaults—I thought only of the felicity of having her with me; and I kissed her a thousand times and bathed her innocent face with tears of joy. I found her considerably grown, and plump and rosy beyond my most sanguine hopes. I carried her to my chamber, and laid her on the bed, while I prepared some bread and milk for her; but I turned my head every moment to look at her as she gazed around in infant wonder, at the new and strange place in which she found herself. Her eyes were frequently fixed on me, and it grieved me to think that she was unconscious of my being her mother. "But she will soon know me," said I, "and she will know only me." I fed her, and was delighted to find that she ate with an excellent appetite, and then, after I had a long time indulged myself in caressing her, I undressed her and put her to bed. I had found a supply of her clothes in the bottom of the basket. That happy night I had no desire to sleep—I had too much pleasure in looking at her as she slumbered by my side.

No words can express my felicity after my daughter was restored to me. I had now something to attach me to life and to make every moment interesting. I anticipated the delight of seeing her walk and play, and of hearing her innocent little talk. I already formed plans for her education, and for teaching her accomplishments that would diversify the monotony of her lonely and secluded life. At present I could only caress her, and devote my whole attention to her health and comfort. I held her on my lap as I ate; I walked with her in my arms; and if she was awake, I carried her to the oratory when I went there to pray. Having to leave her on the bed when I went to the outer cavern to get the basket of food, I hastened back immediately lest she should cry in my absence.

Devoted entirely to the care of my Alphonsine I had but little time to read or to draw, and I determined not to play again on the guitar till she was old enough to take pleasure in the sound of music.

I made one day in the cave of the fountain a discovery which transported me with joy. Being in my oratory, I wished to wipe off from the crucifix some stains caused by the vapour of the water. I held my handkerchief in one hand and my taper in the other, when I perceived the flame of the taper begin to waver, and I felt on my hand a blast of fresh air which came through the crevices of the rock. I was transported with joy at even this little symptom of communication with the upper world. My first thought was to run for my child whom I had left asleep on the bed, and to bring her to breathe this fresh air, which I supposed came from the fields or gardens, and passed over flowers and verdure.

I was holding Alphonsine near the rock when Azor began to bark. I was much surprised, as it was not the hour of Leonora's visit to the trap-door. I ran thither as soon as I had laid my child on the bed. I found the basket as usual, and it contained a billet from Leonora. I opened it trembling, and read the following words.

"I have received positive orders from my lord the Count to allow you no more light. You have still some oil and wax remaining of your former supply. Manage it well, for it is the last you will ever have."

This terrible decree fell on me like a thunderbolt. I supposed that the Count tired of the existence of myself and my infant, and not being able to bring his mind or Leonora's to the resolution of destroying us at once, had devised this mode of adding an insupportable privation to the misery of our captivity, in the hope that our sufferings from the want of light would slowly, but surely, put an end to our unhappy lives.

At first, I could not conceive the possibility of living in total darkness; and supposing, even, that it was possible, what would such a life be for my unfortunate child. Without light how could I take care of Alphonsine? how could I bring her through the term of her infancy? what would become of her if she should be sick! These thoughts seemed to tear me to pieces. However I recollected that the existence of my daughter depended on my fortitude and ingenuity, and I tried to sustain myself under this last dreadful blow. Instead of dwelling only on the horror of this new situation, I endeavoured to think of seeking the means to ameliorate it.

I had only remaining six pounds of wax tapers and one bottle of oil. How bitterly I regretted that my child would in future be like a blind person, and that her eyes would never open but on total darkness. To prevent her from grieving after a blessing she could not hope to enjoy, I thought it would be best to let her know nothing about the light she was never to see, and the world she was never to visit. How few then would be her ideas. And now that I could not have the happiness of teaching her to read, to write, to sew or to draw, I should have but scanty means of instructing or amusing her.

Nothing calms the feelings like the necessity of active employment, and I was obliged immediately to commence making preparations for a life of darkness. I arranged my chamber, my closets, and my chest in such a manner that without a light I could find whatever I wanted. I could already go to the oratory in the dark, and I had counted the number of steps that descended to the cavern of the well. I placed my table and my other furniture in such a way as not to impede my progress when I walked. I set aside in one of the closets the six pounds of wax-candles, determined to reserve them carefully for unforeseen emergencies when I should have indispensable occasion for them, and I proposed to use the oil to light me while I was making clothes for my Alphonsine, intending to cut them out of different sizes so as to last till she was four or five years old; and I made little shoes for her out of my own. Leonora had some time since refused to supply me with any articles of clothing for my child, as she said she could not get them made without exciting suspicion; and for the same reason she would not allow me to send up Alphonsine's things in the basket to be washed. My own clothes were washed with Leonora's, and passed for hers.

That night after I went to bed, my tears prevented me from sleeping when I thought that the infant who slumbered quietly and unconsciously beside me, was destined to pass her whole life in the cavern, and never again to see the light. With what anguish I reflected that in the morning her eyes would open only on darkness, that when she began to walk I must guide her first steps trembling and in terror with no light to direct them; that she must receive my caresses without seeing me bestow them; and that she would listen to my voice without perceiving the tenderness and affection that would fill my eyes.

In dwelling on these melancholy thoughts I shed a torrent of tears, and my heart seemed to break when I extinguished the lamp which was never more to be lighted for my child. The morrow was a dreadful day to me; Alphonsine cried almost continually, and her cries pierced my heart, for I supposed they must be caused by the darkness. I walked with her in my arms for hours. From this sad day my unfortunate child, till she was old enough to begin to speak, fretted almost incessantly; having no exterior objects to attract her attention and nothing to amuse her. However, her health was good; she was fat, and fed and slept perfectly well. Leonora always put a bottle of milk in the basket.

For my part, I soon learned to wash and dress her nearly as well in the dark as in the light. To make my oil last as long as possible, I only lighted my lamp for about two hours every evening, after I had put Alphonsine to bed, and I then occupied myself most industriously in sewing for her or in washing her clothes. I had obtained from Leonora some soap which I used very economically; I did all these things in the cavern of

the fountain, that I might have the convenience of the water. Before I extinguished the lamp, I arranged in a basket, whatever things I should want for the next day, and then I returned in the dark to my chamber and my sleeping child, and went to bed for the night; having placed my basket on the table by the bedside.

Time passed sadly on, and it was now four months since I had seen my daughter. I could not look at her while she slept, lest the light of the lamp should awaken her. My desire to see her was so great, that I determined one night when I put her to bed, to tie a bandage over her eyes. When she had been asleep for some time, I lighted my lamp, and trembling with joy and tenderness I approached the bed, and fell on my knees beside it. I placed the light on the table, and I fixed my eyes on the only object of my affection. The bandage concealed too much of her dear little face: her eyes, her eye-brows, part of her forehead, and part of her nose, were hidden. But all that I saw was beautiful. I could gaze on her cheeks fresh as roses, her sweet mouth, her white neck, and her plump and dimpled hands and feet. I continued to look at her for more than an hour, and then extinguished the lamp with a sigh.

How happy I was when she cut her first teeth (which she did with unusual ease) and when she began to return my kisses and caresses. She attempted to speak very early, for there was nothing to distract her attention, when I took pains to teach her the words I wished her to say. How can I describe what I felt when one morning as I held her in my arms, I heard her articulate distinctly, the words "My God." It seemed to me the voice of a cherub. She was but ten months old. She spoke, and her first words were addressed to her Creator. I clasped her closely to my bosom; I fell on my knees, and I prayed mentally, but I could not then join my voice to that of this innocent child. Twice she repeated the words; and it seemed as if this pure and spotless infant was invoking for her mother and herself, the compassion of the Almighty.

After she had rendered to her Maker the homage of her first accents, I taught her to call me mother, and in a few days she pronounced the word distinctly.

She now seldom cried; she showed much intelligence, and I contrived various means of amusing her. I knew always when she was weary, for then she gave a gentle sigh and let her head fall on my bosom; but a kiss was sufficient to revive her.

She was eleven months old, and I had never heard her laugh. Perhaps she often smiled, but alas! I could not know it. Azor having broken his collar, which was of silver and had three bells attached to it, I made a plaything of it for Alphonsine, fixing it so that it could not hurt her. This little contrivance procured me the pleasure of hearing her laugh for the first time. But great as was my joy, I started and wept, to think how strange was the sound of laughter in this dismal place. Next day I asked Leonora for a dozen little bells, which I arranged around an ivory pencil-case; and this little plaything made my poor Alphonsine very happy.

I found it difficult to teach her to walk in utter darkness. She was very timid, and it was long before she ventured to take a step without holding my hand, and if her foot faultered she would start and catch by my dress.

When her first birth-day arrived, I passed as much of it as I could spare from my daughter, in prayer, in the oratory. In the morning I had given Alphonsine a little fan, which seemed to charm her. She was delighted when I fanned her face; having never before felt any fresh air, but the little that came through the crevices of the rock, at the fountain. She kissed and embraced me a hundred times; I then put the fan into her own hands and showed her how to use it, and for a long while it was her favourite amusement.

That night I intended to indulge myself with a sight of my Alphonsine. But when I was tying on the bandage before I put her to bed, I heard her cry. I thought it barbarous to draw a single tear from her, to procure myself any gratification, however great, and I took off the bandage and laid her down in the bed; but she still cried, and I found it difficult to pacify her. At last she fell asleep, and I seated myself by the bed-side holding one of her little hands. In about a quarter of an hour I twice felt that hand start, and it was soon burning with fever. I knew that she had a large tooth ready to pierce the gum, and I feared that she would have convulsions. I knew not what to do, and I prayed to be inspired with some idea that would benefit my suffering child. She awoke and cried. I recollected having once read in a medical book, that when young children are threatened with fits, they should be immediately exposed to the air by opening a window.

Alas! I had no window to open; but lighting the lantern I ran with her to the cave of the fountain, and held her near the largest crevice of the rock. She was motionless; her face was deadly pale, and her pulse was almost gone; her lips had become blue, and her mouth was half open. I expected every moment to see her expire in my arms, and I would have taken off the bandage that I had tied over her eyes before I lighted the lantern, only I feared that the sudden glare would hasten her last moments.

No words can describe my agony. At last she moved and stretched out her arms; I started, thinking it the struggle of death. I could utter but one word of prayer, and that word was heard. I saw on her cheeks a faint tinge of their natural red, and her pulse became stronger. I clasped her to my bosom and burst into tears. Before I took her from the cave, she put her arms round my neck: she kissed me, and she even smiled. Oh! how charming was this first smile after the terrors I had just endured.

I carried my daughter to her bed, and she soon fell into a quiet slumber; I lay down beside her, but I was too happy to sleep. When I examined

her mouth next day, I found that the large tooth had come through, and in a short time my Alphonsine was as well as usual.

At twenty months old, my daughter talked and walked, and comprehended every thing I said to her. She was not gay, (alas! how could she be so,) but she showed already an extreme sensibility. She caressed me in the most affecting manner; her hand was almost always in mine; and if she did not feel me or hear me speak, she feared that I had left her. I could not induce her to play unless I held her on my lap. She frequently amused herself with Azor, whom she already loved, and I often heard her kiss him; but she seldom laughed, and her laugh seemed always followed by a sensation of sadness, for she would sigh and lay her head on my shoulder.

One of her greatest pleasures was to hear me talk. I invented for her little stories adapted to her comprehension, and she listened to them with wrapt attention. And I taught her to repeat little verses, which she learned with surprising facility.

Most fortunately her health continued good, and on her second birth-day I made her very happy by giving her some fruit, which she had never before tasted, and some new play-things that I had constructed for her.

I accustomed my daughter to having a bandage frequently tied over her eyes, that in case I should find it necessary to light the lamp while she was awake, I might do it without fear of its distressing her.

That winter was less mild than the winters of Spain usually are, and we felt it even in our cavern. My child caught a cold which afflicted me exceedingly, and as soon as she got well, I became myself indisposed with the same complaint, and the necessity of going every other day to the cave of the trap-door, much retarded my recovery. I implored Leonora to give me food, not only for two days, but, to furnish me with provisions that might last several months, and I accompanied this request with a bribe of ten ducats. Leonora consented with a tolerable grace; and for several weeks she came every day to the trap-door, and instead of one basket she brought two. She gave me a large quantity of gingerbread, biscuit, dried fruit, sweetmeats, chocolate, sugar, wine, syrups, and a small apparatus for boiling, heated with spirits of wine.

In this manner a large stock of provisions was laid in, but no entreaties could prevail on her to allow me light sufficient to burn all day. Now and then I had bribed Leonora to give me a little oil or a few wax-tapers, but she yielded with the greatest reluctance, telling me every time to use them only in case of absolute necessity, as they were the last I should ever have. And the fear that Leonora would become inexorable on this subject, induced me to persevere in keeping my unfortunate child ignorant of the existence of light.

When Alphonsine had attained her third year, she was in many respects much more forward than children usually are at that age. Her extreme affection for me seemed to give her a degree of intelligence, superior to that which results only from quickness of capacity. All children love their mothers, but my daughter could love no one else. She had never received any caresses but mine; mine was the only voice she had ever heard, and I was indeed the whole world to her. Fearful of afflicting me, she never now cried aloud; and when she wept, it was so softly, that I only knew it by feeling her tears. Often when I was a few minutes without speaking, she supposed that I also was crying in silence. She would then pass her little hand over my face, and if she felt any traces of tears, she would throw herself on my bosom, and exclaim, "Oh! my dear mother, never cry again."

I had now inhabited the cavern four years. Heaven still blest my Alphonsine with excellent health, and such was the sweetness of her disposition, that I never had occasion to inflict on her the slightest punishment. She never cried without a cause; but an expression from me less tender than usual, was to her a severe reprimand. I had accustomed her from her infancy to the most perfect obedience, and she could not conceive the possibility of doing any thing contrary to my desire. She never followed me to the trap-door. Before I went thither, I always placed her on one of the large cushions in my chamber, and I was sure of finding her there when I returned. But if I stayed longer than usual, she always shed tears. As soon as she heard my returning footsteps, she began to call me by the tenderest names, and evinced the most animated and touching delight.

One morning Leonora announced to me that she felt herself ill and feverish, and that it would probably be several days before she brought me any more food. I had plenty of provisions, but I was terrified at the idea that her illness might be long, that perhaps she might die, and that my child and myself must then perish, forgotten, in a dungeon; the Count having left Catalonia and gone to reside at Madrid, where, as Leonora informed me, he had married a widow of large fortune.

After I had left the trap-door, Leonora called me back. "What do you wish to say to me?" said I. She hesitated for a few moments and then said—"Can you forgive me for all the sufferings I have caused you, and for still refusing to betray my master's trust?"—"I have long since tried to do so," I replied, "and I now forgive you as a Christian should."—"Well, then," said Leonora, "promise to offer up a prayer expressly for me, as I feel myself very ill."—"I will indeed pray for you," I replied. She thanked me, and hastily departed.

Her illness continued three weeks. I had hoped that it would be over in a few days, like several former attacks. We had still plenty of provisions, but at the end of a fortnight, I began to fear that Leonora was dead, and that we should never be able to obtain any more food. From that moment I restricted myself to the smallest quantity that could support life; and when I

gave my daughter hers, I thought with bitter tears, that perhaps, in a short time, she would ask me for it in vain. If before her meals, she said to me, "dear mother, I am hungry," I felt my heart sink within me, and I pictured to myself the dreadful moment when she might address to me those distressing words, and I should have nothing to give her. How ardently did I pray for the recovery of the woman whom I had such just cause to dislike; how precious had the life of Leonora become to me!

At last, the happy day arrived, when on going to the trap-door, I found a basket full of fresh bread, newly-gathered fruit, and a bottle of sweet milk. With what transport, when I had carried this basket to my chamber, did I embrace Alphonsine, with what eagerness did I prepare her breakfast. Never in my life had I thought a repast so delicious.

My daughter was now five years old, and how did it grieve me that I could not teach her to read; and that I was even obliged to refrain from describing to her (except in general terms,) that world which she was never to see. But I told her of God, of Heaven, and of the Angels, and she was never tired of listening to me. Like those of blind people, her touch and hearing were exquisitely acute. We walked together for a long time every day, and I also gave her exercise by taking her hands and jumping her up and down.

One evening when I was trying to form an idea of her features, by passing my hand over her face, she asked me "what was the use of eyes."—I could not immediately answer, and she exclaimed, "Ah! yes, I know now—they are to weep with." Alas! she had never used hers for any other purpose. My tears flowed fast, and to compose my feelings by occupation, I hastened to undress her and put her to bed.

That night, I was wakened by the sound of Leonora's speaking trumpet, and, rising hastily, I ran to the trap-door, where she told me that the Count had arrived from Madrid, but would depart again the next day. "He himself," said she, "will bring you your food to-morrow morning." Here Leonora stopped, and her voice trembled. "Well then," said I. "Well," resumed Leonora, "eat nothing that you find in the Count's basket. He is out of patience at you and your child continuing to live so long. I have now brought you bread and milk for to-morrow. Pray to Heaven for me. I hope that the efforts I am now making to save your lives, will atone for all my sins against you." "Oh Leonora, my dear Leonora," I exclaimed, "do not abandon me."—"No, no, I will not, most unfortunate of women," she replied; "this time you shall not die."—I thanked her on my knees —"The Count may remain here several days," continued Leonora, "and that he may ensure your fate, it is probable that he will make another attempt, and again bring poisoned food in the basket. After he is gone, and I bring your provisions as usual, you may know the basket to be prepared by me, if it has in it a bunch of grapes tied with blue riband. Whatever you find in the Count's basket, you must throw away or destroy." "Oh! Leonora," I exclaimed, "what do I not owe you?"—"Were it not for me," said she, "you and your child would be poisoned to-morrow."—With these words, she left me, almost stupified with horror.

I was too much agitated to think of sleeping again that night, and I remained till morning, seated, with the lantern beside me, on the stairs of the outer cavern. I trembled, when, about five o'clock, I saw the fatal basket descend. I shuddered as I looked at the poisoned food, and I resolved to throw it down the well of the deep cave, to which I immediately hastened. My dog followed me.

I trembled so that the bottle of milk fell out of my hand, and, as it broke, the milk flowed out on the ground. I then threw the bread and fruit into the well, and when I turned, what was my horror on seeing my dog lapping some of the milk, out of a piece of the broken bottle. I snatched him up in my arms and ran with him to my chamber; but I had nothing to give him as an antidote to the poison.

I extinguished my light before I entered the chamber, as I heard Alphonsine calling to me. I took her up, and as I finished dressing her, I heard the poor dog whine faintly. He came to us and howled two or three times. Alphonsine, who was standing at my knees, took him up and laid him on my lap. In a few moments he was dead. What did I feel at this proof of the poison when I thought, that had it not been for Leonora, I should have given that milk to my child.

Alphonsine was astonished that Azor did not move, and she asked me the reason. I answered in a voice broken by sobs, and tried to give her some idea of death. She listened to me with great attention, and then wept bitterly. I carried poor Azor into the lower cavern, and threw him into the well. This was a melancholy day to me, and at night I found it impossible to sleep.

Two days after, I saw a basket descend with the bunch of grapes and blue riband in it, and I knew it to be Leonora's. I begged her to speak to me, and she told me, that the Count had returned to Madrid. She said she had informed him that his attempt to poison his captives had not succeeded, and she had declared to him, that if he took any other means to destroy us, she would denounce him before a magistrate and expose the whole extent of his crimes; but, that if he would permit us to live, she would pledge herself to continue to keep the secret, and to stay constantly at the castle, and also to obey all his commands, unless they tended to make our imprisonment more miserable than it was already. The Count was as cowardly as cruel; and the firmness of this woman had so much influence over him, that he departed for Madrid without any farther attempt on our lives.

The day that Alphonsine was six years old, I determined that for the first time she should hear me sing and play on the guitar. After she had finished her morning prayer, I took her to my

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oratory, and she fell on her knees before the crucifix as I had taught her. I then began to sing a hymn, accompanying myself on the guitar. She uttered a cry of surprize and delight; and after listening a few moments, she burst into tears of rapture and threw herself into my arms. I made her touch the guitar, and I explained to her from whence the sound came. She begged me to sing again. I did so, and finished the hymn.

When I had concluded, Alphonsine embraced my knees in transport, and caressed the guitar, for she could scarcely believe that it was not a living being. She asked me to sing again, and I did so for more than an hour. She entreated me to teach her to sing and play, and that day I began to instruct her in music; and we went every morning to sing a hymn in the oratory.

I obtained from Leonora, a second guitar, smaller than the one I had, and a little tambourine. Alphonsine soon learned to play on both these instruments. She had an excellent ear, and evinced an extraordinary fondness and taste for music. This amusement which she so much delighted in, inspired her with a vivacity she had never felt before. When we concluded our little concerts, she would kiss me and tell me she was happy. Poor child! how limited were her ideas of happiness.

I taught her to count; I told her stories, and I devised little plays for her; I accustomed her to walk without me, and I sometimes sent her on little errands, to bring me things that I wanted, and at length, she was able to go alone to the cave of the fountain. When she returned, she always threw herself into my arms, and we were both as much rejoiced, as if we had just met after a long separation.

By the time Alphonsine was eight years old, I had taught her to speak French extremely well, and to repeat a number of verses and hymns in that language, as well as in her own. In the monotony of our dark and lonely life, instruction was an amusement both to her and to me. I had an incessant desire to look at her, but I refrained from indulging it, except once in two or three months, when she was asleep. How did I long to see her eyes; I supposed them to be still blue from the golden colour of her hair, and the alabaster fairness of her complexion, on which the sun had never shone, since her earliest infancy. I did not allow her hair to grow, for I had heard that long hair weakens the constitutions of children; but I had great difficulty in cutting it while she slept, with the bandage over her eyes. One of her beautiful curls I always carried in my bosom, and when at night I sewed for her in the oratory, I laid on a stone before me this beloved ringlet, that I might look at it from time to time, and feel as if something of Alphonsine was still with me. One of her pleasures was to comb and plait my hair, which she did with great dexterity, and I let it grow that it might afford her this amusement.

Alphonsine had never inhaled any sort of perfume except the scent of the oranges, lemons, apples, peaches, and other fruits, that came in the basket. The smell of these things gave her extraordinary pleasure. She rubbed them on her hands, and after she had eaten, she always kept a portion of some of the fruit, to regale herself with its odour.

I asked Leonora to give me a little flower-pot with a rose-bush growing in it. I had often told my daughter of flowers, and that they were among the most beautiful works of God; that they grew in the earth, and bloomed at certain seasons. I had particularly described to her the rose, the most lovely of flowers, and I told her also of its thorns, which were sharp as the points of pins. Alphonsine was very sorry that we had no flowers. I consoled her with the assurance that if we were very good, and submitted without murmuring to the will of God, he would in time send us some. Alphonsine earnestly desired them; often would she stoop down and search with her little hands about the ground in our dark and dreary cavern, hoping that she might find and gather a flower.

The evening that I received the rose-bush from Leonora, I took it to the oratory, and making a hole in the ground, not far from the fountain, I sunk the flower-pot down in it, covering the edges with earth. I then took the time and trouble carefully to pull off all the thorns, and while I admired the freshness and beauty of five full-blown roses, I sighed to think that my Alphonsine would not see them. But I went to bed happy, for I knew the delight that was in store for her the next morning.

I awoke earlier than usual. When my daughter called me, I took her up and drest her, and filled with the sweetest emotion, I led her to the oratory. She had scarcely entered the cave of the fountain when she perceived the scent of the roses. As this grotto was our church, we seldom spoke when in it, except to pray, but now Alphonsine pressed my hand, and said in a low voice,—"Dear mother, do you smell this delicious odour?"—"Yes," I replied, "it is the scent of roses."—"Of roses!—Is it possible!—Then roses have come here at last?"—"They have," answered I, "but, let us first say our prayers, and then we will seek for these charming flowers."—At these words Alphonsine almost began to run, and as we approached the bush the perfume became more powerful. Alphonsine pressed my hand again, and I said to her in a low voice—"I am certain we shall find roses." I felt her little hand tremble with joy.—"Ah!" said she, "God is very kind to us; how much I will thank him for having sent us roses." She fell on her knees, and having said her prayers, and sung her hymn with great fervour, she rose and took me by the hand.

I conducted her to the rose-bush; I guided her hand to the flowers, and I made her touch them as well as the buds and green leaves. She trembled with delight.—"You may gather the charming flowers," said I, "and enjoy them all day in our chamber."—"Dear mother, I am afraid of the thorns you described to me."—"The thorns are all gone."—"Ah! dearest mother," she ex-

claimed, "I am sure you have pulled them off." And forgetting the rose-bush, she threw herself into my arms, and seizing my hands, she examined my fingers all over to feel if they had not been wounded. Finding by the extraordinary delicacy of her touch, a few punctures, she kissed these dear scratches, as she called them, and bathed them with her affectionate tears. I told her that the pain of my fingers was trifling, and would be amply repaid by the pleasure I should have in knowing that she could gather the roses without wounding her own hands. "Well then," said she, "I have counted five roses: I will gather three; I will place one at the foot of the crucifix near our altar, the other shall be for my dear mother, and the third for myself. We will leave the other two on the bush, to make a sweet smell through the church.

I added to the happiness of Alphonsine, by making her touch the buds that remained on the bush; and I explained to her that in a few days they would be roses. When we returned to our chamber, I placed my rose in the hair of Alphonsine, and she kept hers in her hand to feel and smell it. "Now we are in no want of flowers," said she; "we have even more than we can use. Oh! how kind God is to us! How many delightful things he sends us! How very great is our happiness!"

While this innocent child thus gave vent to the fullness of her grateful heart, I thought how many people there were in the world, who, though loaded with every thing that fortune could give them, still murmured and complained that their wants were not gratified.

Alphonsine ceased speaking to smell her rose. She felt its smooth soft leaves, she held it to her lips, and she inhaled its perfume with rapture. After a long silence, I asked her of what she was thinking; and, contrary to her usual habit, she hesitated to answer. I pressed her to tell me, and with something of embarrassment she confessed to me that she wished to eat her rose. This desire, which at first surprised me, afterwards seemed perfectly natural, for she had always eaten the only things whose smell had pleased her; for instance, different sorts of fruit. I told her to try the experiment of eating the rose. She did so, and said that she did not find it very good. She then concluded that roses were only made for the touch and smell; but she assured me that she would not love them any the less, because they were not agreeable to the taste like oranges and peaches.

The next day Alphonsine found on the rose-bush four new flowers, and I allowed her the pleasure of watering them. The following week I procured for her from Leonora, a pot of mignionette; and when that was faded, it was replaced by others containing pinks and lilies. Alphonsine was delighted with what she called such a wonderful variety of odours. When the flowers were over, I obtained from Leonora some large bunches of lavender, thyme, and bergamot. Alphonsine amused herself with breaking off the buds and seeds, and tying them up in little bags which she made out of bits of muslin, secured with strings of narrow ribbon.

Time passed on, and my daughter at last was thirteen years old. I had long since resigned myself to the probability of wasting our whole lives in the cavern; but as Alphonsine grew up, I lamented her hard fate with more bitterness than ever. Still I was thankful to heaven for having given her health in this dreary abode, shut out from the light of day, and from the fresh air of upper earth. But I shuddered when I thought of the possibility of my own illness or death; and I trembled to reflect on what would then be the fate of my unfortunate child.

For several months I had been unusually restless and nervous; and I had constantly an undefinable feeling that something was going to happen.

One day I heard the voice of Leonora calling me at an unusual hour. I went to the cave of the trap-door, and she let down the basket, which held, as usual, fruit, bread, and a bottle. "That bottle," said Leonora, "does not contain milk; it is a bottle of wine." "Why," said I, "do you bring me wine to day?" "It will give you strength," she replied; "drink some, I entreat you, for you will have need of it to support you." "Have you any thing dreadful to tell me," I exclaimed in a faint voice. "No," answered Leonora, "quite the contrary; but take some of the wine before I proceed."

I drank a little of the wine, trembling with a mixture of hope and terror. Then I heard a strange voice, which said to me—"This wine is sent to you by a friend." I started, and repeated, "A friend!" "Yes," replied the voice, "I am the Countess de Moncalde, once well known to you as Isabella de Valdez, and now the widow of your cruel persecutor." "Is he then dead?" I exclaimed. "He is," said Leonora, "and you are free."

What words can describe my feelings at this moment! How rapturous were the thoughts that crowded instantly on my mind! In a few minutes I was to recover my liberty: I should see again the sun, the heavens, the earth! My child was to share this felicity—she who had never known it before; and we were now to be recompensed for thirteen years of suffering.

I flew to my daughter; I caught her in my arms, and tried to explain to her that our captivity was over; but my sobs prevented me from speaking articulately, and she was too much surprised and bewildered to understand what I said. I ran with her towards the outer cavern, exclaiming "Oh! my Alphonsine, we are now going to be happy! You will enjoy a felicity of which you have never yet had any idea!" "What," said she, "are we both going to die—and shall we go to heaven together?" I could not answer; my tears suffocated my voice, and, notwithstanding the darkness, I seemed to fly rather than to run. I felt Alphonsine tremble in my arms, and my tears dropped on her face.

We approached the stair-case, and I heard the sound of the axes demolishing the wall of my

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prison-door. "Oh! my child," I exclaimed, "let us thank God." I stopped, and we fell on our knees. Alphonsine was confirmed in the idea that we were going to die. The noise of the axes redoubled, and then suddenly it ceased. My daughter threw her arms round my neck, and clasped me closely. The wall fell, the door flew open, and I saw a group of people beyond. I looked at my child. The light of numerous torches shone in at the entrance; and, flashing on the wonder-struck Alphonsine, she shrieked, covered her eyes with her hands, and fell fainting on my bosom. The Countess de Moncalde, and a priest who stood beside her, ran immediately towards us, followed by her nephew Don Alvar de Sancello. I lost all consciousness, and sunk into their arms in a state of insensibility.

When I revived, I found myself on a bed in one of the splendid chambers of the castle, and my Alphonsine lying beside me; but she was still insensible, and I trembled lest her consciousness should never return. The Countess stood by the bed-side with a physician, anxiously watching us. At last Alphonsine opened her eyes, and I gazed on her with rapture. "My love," said I, "look at your mother." "Oh! my dearest mother," she exclaimed, "are we now in heaven?" I found it difficult to divest her of this idea. She thought when she saw the first flash of the torches that she had received the stroke of a knife in her eyes, and that she had died of it. She could not at first comprehend the nature of sight. "How is it," said she, "that even when I do not touch you I know that you are beside me? But are you indeed my mother? Let me touch you, and I shall be convinced." She kissed my hand, and was so overcome that she nearly fainted again.

The physician who, when my daughter began to revive, had withdrawn with the Countess to the other end of the room, now returned to the bedside, and gave Alphonsine some drops to compose her. He then requested the Countess to retire, and leave us to repose after our recent agitation. He closed the curtains of the bed, that the light might not injure the eyes of Alphonsine, as they had nearly her whole life opened only in darkness. He had the windows shut, and ordered that the glasses, pictures, and all the brilliant objects in the chamber should be covered with green gauze as soon as possible. The apartment was lighted only by a single lamp, covered with a shade and placed behind a screen. Inis, the niece of the Countess, insisted on watching all night in our room.

Alphonsine was excessively agitated, and slept but little. Sometimes she sat up in the bed and gazed on me with delight; sometimes she opened the curtains to look round at the chamber, and the light of the lamp, dim as it was, appeared to her dazzling. Several times she clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh! how happy I am!" Early in the morning when the physician came in, she seemed afraid of him, and hid her face on my shoulder; but she caressed Inis, and asked her if she was not an angel.

The questions of Alphonsine were innumerable, and her admiration was unbounded. As soon as she was up and dress, she went about the room examining every thing in it, and all was considered beautiful. When our dinner was brought to us, it was a long time before she began to eat it, so much was she occupied in admiring every thing that was on the table—the china, the glass, the silver; and she said in her simplicity, "What can there be in heaven that is more beautiful than these things?" I explained to her that what she now saw was the work only of man, but that the works of God, and the beauties of nature, which she was yet to see, were far superior to all the wonders of art.

Her idea of distance was so imperfect, that she extended her hands to reach objects that were at the farthest end of the room; and she could not recognize at sight the same things that had always been familiar to her touch. She showed a great desire to pass through the doors whenever they were opened, but a word from me always checked her curiosity.

Next day the Countess informed me of the particulars of the sudden death of her unworthy husband, who had made her extremely unhappy from the time she married him. He died in Madrid; and, shortly after, the Countess, with her niece and nephew came to the castle of Montalvan, to pass there the period of their mourning. They found the housekeeper Leonora sick; and the physician said she seemed to have something on her mind. The confessor of the Countess went to visit her, and exhorted Leonora to unburthen her conscience.

She then with much agitation confessed that she had yielded to the bribes and persuasions of the Count de Moncalde, and had consented to join in his plan of immuring me and my child in the vaults of the castle, and reporting us to have perished at sea, that by this means he might enjoy our estates. But as Leonora possessed some sense of religion, she could not prevail upon herself to treat us with all the rigour exacted by the Count, who hoped to shorten our existence by adding to our sufferings; for which reason he interdicted the use of light, thinking it impossible we could live long in total darkness. He also forbade Leonora to visit us in our dungeon, or to see us at all, lest the sight of our misery should induce her to relent. For this reason, as much as to preclude the possibility of our escape, he had the door at the top of the stairs walled up; and the trap-door through which the basket passed, was at a distance from the stair-case, and every way inaccessible from below.

Several years had elapsed, and the Count finding on one of his visits to the castle that his captives still lived, told Leonora that he would the next day prepare the Countess Diana's food, and carry it himself to the trap-door. Leonora's suspicions were immediately roused; and in the manner I have related, she saved my life, by previously warning me not to taste any thing that came in the Count's basket: and the justice

of her apprehensions was proved, by the fate of the poor little dog, that died from lapping the poisoned milk.

The Count was much disappointed when he found that his atrocious design had failed; and Leonora, knowing the cowardice of guilt, deterred him from any farther attempt, by threatening to make a public disclosure of all that he had already done, and delivering him up to the punishment of the law.

This was the substance of Leonora's confession to the priest. She professed great penitence for having so long concealed and abetted the villainy of the Count; and begged that the confessor would immediately take measures to effect the release of the prisoners. After having made this disclosure, Leonora, whose illness had been caused by the remorseful goadings of an evil conscience, said she felt herself so much better that she could leave her bed and guide the deliverers of the Countess Diana to her dungeon.

The priest then went directly to the Countess de Moncalde, and acquainted her with this surprising discovery. The amazement of that amiable lady could only be equalled by her eagerness to release the captives. She summoned all her servants, and said to them, "My friends, let us hasten to the deliverance of the unfortunate Countess Diana, the widow of Don Pedro d'Almedor, and the rightful owner of this estate, who, with her child, has languished for thirteen years in the caverns beneath the castle."

At these words there was a general cry; and two of the domestics who had known me in Madrid, burst into tears. The priest proposed that the family physician should accompany them in case the sudden revolution of our fate should so overcome us as to need his assistance. All the men carried torches and axes, and the procession was guided by Leonora, who conducted them through a long corridor which led to the lower story of one of the four antique turrets of the castle. On entering this tower, the physician desired the troop to be as silent, and tread as lightly as possible. They descended a stair-case and found themselves in a chamber, of which Leonora unlocked the second door, and on going down another flight of steps, they perceived at the end of a gallery the walled door which was at the head of the stairs that led to the cavern. There they stopped; and the Countess, overcome with the evidence of her late husband's cruelty, sunk into the arms of her nephew and niece.

It had been planned that they were to proceed with great caution, lest my enfeebled spirits should not be able to bear the sudden surprise of my deliverance. They had brought a basket of provisions which Leonora let down as usual, and importuned me to take the wine. When I had done so, the voice of the Countess announced to me that I was free; and the walled door was demolished by the axes of the men; Don Alvar striking the first blow, and working earnestly till the last. After my daughter and I had fainted, we were carried to the chamber where we awoke to happiness and to the sight of each other.

The servants were so incensed at Leonora, that she was obliged to take refuge in the apartments of the Countess, to screen herself from their vengeance. But I remembered that she had saved my life, and that of my child, and I forgave her. The Count had allowed her a pension for keeping his secret, and to this I added an annuity which secured her from indigence for the rest of her life. I felt too much emotion to see her; and she sent me a message requesting my pardon, which I freely granted her. Next morning she departed from the castle, to take up her residence in her native province of Galicia.

At the end of a week the lamp was removed, and the light of day was permitted to enter our chamber through blinds of green silk, so fixed in frames that they filled up the whole of the windows. The physician thought that in another week Alphonsine might be permitted to go out for the first time, and breathe the fresh air. I determined to consecrate that day by the ceremony of my daughter's confirmation in the neighbouring church, and the priest prepared her mind for the sacred rite.

In the interval she was allowed to walk in a long gallery which joined our chamber, and one evening she was taken for the first time into the saloon. What was her amazement at the sight of this splendid apartment! its walls and ceilings covered with gilding and fine paintings, and its windows with rich damask curtains—the whole illuminated by a brilliant chandelier of crystal.

Alphonsine stood for some moments motionless in silent admiration; then she advanced, till she perceived her whole figure reflected in one of the large mirrors. She had never yet seen a looking-glass uncovered, and she knew not its use. She stopped before it and exclaimed, "Oh! how beautiful is that person: how much she resembles my mother, only that she is smaller." I went to her and embraced her before the glass, and her astonishment was extreme on seeing the reflection of the two figures, till I explained to her this new wonder.

Alphonsine was indeed beautiful; more so even than my fondest imagination had conceived, till I saw her with her lovely countenance animated by the most charming blue eyes shaded with long dark lashes. The next day the glass in our chamber was uncovered.

At length the morning arrived when Alphonsine was to go out for the first time, and to be confirmed a Christian according to the forms of the Catholic church. I dressed her in white crape, and enwreathed her beautiful head with a string of pearls. I threw over her a long veil of white crape, and covered my own face with another of the same material. I had hitherto refrained from going out, that I might enjoy the first sight of the world at the same time with my daughter.

It was early in the morning. We went down stairs and got into the carriage, the blinds of

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which were closed. When the vehicle drove off, the noise and the novelty of the motion frightened Alphonsine, though I had prepared her for it.

When the carriage arrived at the top of the hill—"Now, my child," I exclaimed, and she threw herself into my arms, her heart beating with such violence that I waited a few minutes till I had calmed her feelings, before I had the door opened. We got out, and telling the servants to drive on to the church gate, I seated Alphonsine on a bank of turf, and after a pause of deep emotion, I raised her veil and my own.

She shrieked with joy and admiration at the prospect that met her eyes. At the foot of the hill lay the extensive gardens of the castle filled with statues, vases, fountains, flowers, and orange groves, and terminated by the lofty and noble edifice itself, with the banner of my ancestors streaming from the central tower. Next I showed Alphonsine the church to which we were going—a venerable gothic pile, whose arched windows were overgrown with ivy, and shaded by ancient trees. I directed her attention to a fine river, whose clear smooth waters reflected the villages that rose on its shore, and the boats that glided over its glassy surface, till far in the east they reached the blue waves of the Mediterranean. From the other side of the hill we saw a wild rocky country, darkened by thick forests of cork and chesnut trees, with a back ground of mountains, from one of the nearest of which a most picturesque cataract directed its foaming course towards the river. The whole scene was lighted up by the rays of the rising sun, gilding the crimson and purple clouds that floated in a sky of the purest blue.

Alphonsine, dazzled, transported, enraptured, fell on her knees. Her first look was turned to the sun just emerging from the eastern horizon, and then her eyes wandered round in every direction, too much delighted with all to fix on any thing.

For my part I looked only at my daughter. To me the sight of nature itself was at that moment only interesting, as it affected this sole and darling object of my tenderness. "Oh! my dear mother," she exclaimed, as soon as she had power to speak, "am I to see such beautiful things every day?"

I indulged her in allowing her to walk to the church. How delightful was this her first walk in the open air. She stopped every few minutes to admire the wild flowers that grew on the side of the road. She saw, for the first time, the brilliant butterflies that flew round them, and she mistook them for living flowers that had escaped from their stems. The birds, the sheep, the cattle, all delighted and surprised her.

The pastor received us at the door of the church; he was followed by his assistant priests magnificently drest in rich habits which I had caused to be sent to them. The church was ornamented with wreaths of flowers suspended from pillar to pillar, and interspersed with lighted lamps; and the altar, superbly decorated, was lighted with a multitude of tall wax candles. Twenty-four children drest in white, with scarfs of blue and silver, waved their censers on each side of the altar.

At the moment I entered the church with Alphonsine, the organ struck up, and the voices of the children rose into a beautiful hymn. Alphonsine thought she heard a concert of angels. The Countess de Moncalde, with her niece and nephew, and her attendants, were already in their places; and after mass was performed, the ceremony of Alphonsine's confirmation immediately commenced. Every eye was fixed on my daughter, so long an inhabitant of a gloomy dungeon, and now restored to the world, and offering up to her Creator her first act of public adoration, bathed in tears of tenderness and piety.

After the ceremony was over, we were invited by the pastor to his house near the church, where a collation was served up to us; but Alphonsine could not eat—she could only look out of a window which opened upon the village.

When we returned to the castle, perceiving that the eyes of my daughter looked somewhat inflamed from having been used so much that day, I had the windows closed, and we dined by the light of a shaded lamp.

The following night, before she went to bed, I took her into a balcony, and showed her, for the first time, the heavens glittering with stars, and the moon rising behind a bank of clouds, whose dark sides were edged with silver by her rays. How delighted was Alphonsine! how filled with wonder and admiration! I stayed with her in the balcony till the moon had risen so high as to tinge with her light the orange trees that grew round a fountain, whose falling waters sparkled in its beams like drops of liquid silver.

Every day was now a day of happiness for Alphonsine, for to her every thing had a charm. Even the rain, the hail, the lightning, the thunder, excited in her the greatest admiration. With what rapidity she learned to read, to write, and to draw! How anxiously did she strive to make up for the years she had passed in darkness! Her talent for music was extraordinary, and she delighted in cultivating it; and she soon danced with the utmost grace and elegance.

The Countess de Moncalde, at my earnest request, passed with me the term of her mourning; and she then returned to Madrid. But it was not till Alphonsine had attained her eighteenth year, at which time she became the wife of the amiable Don Alvar, that I could prevail on myself to accompany her to the city where the first years of my life had been passed, and where every thing reminded me of her lamented father.

To converse well is of more importance in every-day life than to write well. But they are both talents or acquirements of inestimable value, the possession of one of which need in no instance exclude that of the other. On the contrary, if properly cultivated, they are mutual promoters.

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THE NUPTIALS.

"————————— Come, sweetest, come!
The holy vow shall tremble on thy lip,
And at God's blessed altar shalt thou kneel
So meek and beautiful, that men will deem
Some angel there doth pray."

It was the eve of May, the eve too that was to celebrate the bridal of an only sister to wealth, nobility, and virtue. All, to the eye of the superficial observer, wore the aspect of happiness unalloyed, of joy, and earnest congratulation; but to me, who had read that sister's heart, perhaps, ere she had read her own, it was alike indifferent that I beheld the coronet in perspective, or reflected on the distinguished alliance which would elevate my Georgiana to a station she was so well calculated to adorn.

The morning at length dawned; the sun rose splendidly, and was soaring in a sky unchequered by a cloud; the birds were singing cheeringly, as sporting gracefully amidst the clustering foliage of ivy, jessamine, and woodbine, that shaded the window of our apartment, they seemed in chorus to hail the bride elect, with blessings the most auspicious; while beneath, earth's surface presented a scene at once animated and beautiful; flowers of variegated hue, and the richest tints, adorned the *parterre*, shedding a fragrance alike sweet and refreshing. At any other period, I should have regarded a scene so radiant in grace and beauty, with sensations of delight; but the thought of her who was on the point of sacrificing her felicity at the shrine of filial duty and affection intervened, and occupied my mind with ideas equally painful and anxious in their nature.

That Georgiana was on the point of resigning her hand, while her heart was in possession of another, I could not doubt; for often had I noted the glistening eye, the deep suffusion, and tremulous tone of her voice, when the name of Arthur Clanronald was announced;—of him, who had been the playmate of our childhood, the friend and intellectual companion of our riper years. I knew, too, she was dear, far dearer to the heart of Clanronald; but the smallness of his patrimony forbade the disclosure of his affection, and apprehensive lest his love should overcome the dictates of prudence, he retired suddenly to a distant part of the country, there to live on the wreck of a once noble fortune, bequeathed by a generous but too prodigal sire. Forsaken by her once-valued friend, left in doubt as to the reality of his sentiments, Georgiana's pride took alarm; she avoided not only the mention of his name, but all subjects that in the slightest degree had reference to it.

While my sister, with the native delicacy of her character, was thus shrinking from the contemplation of her own pure heart, burying in its inmost recesses her heaven-born affection, our father received a visit from Lord Clanronald, a distant relative of Arthur's, whose heir he was, on the event of the death of an only son of very precarious health.

Evil was the hour that welcomed Lord Clanronald to the roof of my father, who having engaged in a variety of speculations, hazardous in their nature, found himself, when least expected, involved in difficulties, and reduced from the most affluent circumstances, to a state of comparative insignificance and want. In an agony of mind not to be described, he sought the confidence of his friend. That nobleman, with all the generosity of his nature, instantly offered such security as my revered parent might require to sustain his falling credit; and to relieve his mind from the weight of obligation conferred, demanded the hand of his fair Georgiana, as the noblest acknowledgment he could receive. It was not in the heart of my sister to refuse the tender of a hand that had snatched her father, the being she loved and venerated, from inevitable ruin. Her tears and silence were construed into an expression of grateful consent; and though she felt her anticipated marriage must seal her own wretchedness, she endeavoured to conceal the emotions of her suffering spirit under the assumed guise of a smiling and cheerful exterior.

Than on that morning, never had I observed Georgiana in more fervent prayer to Him, from whom alone she could derive consolation and support. Rising, she threw her arms around me, saying, "The society of Amy, my sister, was ever wont to afford me pleasure, but forbear to question as to the splendid misery that now awaits, to some, the envied Georgiana. I would be happy, calm, and collected; and shall I not be so," she added, the tears rushing into her eyes, as she spoke, "when my trust is in God?"

Reckless of the splendid paraphernalia in which she was arrayed, I conducted her to our father, who prayed Heaven's choicest blessings might be showered on the head of his duteous child, and whispered, as he regarded her pale countenance, that even at the last, she must make no painful sacrifices on his account. Georgiana replied not. Her heart was too full, but her look convinced him she was resolved on becoming what in gratitude and duty she owed to him who was about to become her husband.

My thoughts and gloomy apprehensions were shortly arrested by the arrival of the carriages destined to convey the bride and her attendants to the village church. There we were met by Lord Clanronald, who received his trembling bride from the hands of her father. Leading her

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to the feet of the altar he cast a lingering glance towards the vestry door; it opened, and to my extreme surprise, Arthur Clanronald himself stepped forth. It seemed an illusion; yet I could not doubt his personal identity, as my gaze was riveted on his noble, his happy countenance. What could this mean? Was he about to become the bridegroom of the unconscious Georgiana, who saw him not? He was, indeed! Already had he changed places with his Lordship, whose hand he appeared to press with grateful emotion; and now that the sacred ceremony was on the point of commencing, I could no longer withhold the sentiments of joy, of curiosity, that transported me for the moment beyond all sense of decorum, as grasping the parental arm, I required an explanation of what to me appeared a visionary scene of passing bliss.

"Hereafter, my child, you shall know more," replied my father, in an under-tone; "suffice it to add, I had read the heart of our Georgiana, had extorted in part her long-cherished secret; and, apprehensive lest her gratitude and filial piety would not hesitate to sacrifice her best affections, Lord Clanronald and I have preconcerted this scheme to render the dear girl happy in our own way; and you now behold that deserving young man sole heir of his Lordship's large possessions, Lord Clanronald having sustained a severe domestic affliction in the loss of his only son; and it was only to witness the happiness of my child, that he has now quitted the house of mourning."

Delightful were the sensations that now thrilled in my heart; and ardently did I long, as the faint responses of poor Georgiana smote on my ear, for the conclusion of a ceremony that was to restore her to happiness, joy, and love.

It was over; and Arthur, with gentle hand, had raised the veil of his sweet bride—had whispered, what to Georgiana alone was heard. Wild was the glance that darted momentarily on the face of Clanronald, as, giving one scream of joyful recognition, she sank into arms open to receive her. But the surprise, which had been intended as her sweetest reward, had nearly proved fatal in its consequences. Her delicate frame, and anguished spirit, were ill able to cope with feelings equally violent and opposite in their nature; and long, very long was it, ere our united efforts could awaken the unconscious bride to a sense of the happiness that awaited her.

THE BACHELOR'S FAREWELL.

FELLOW-WANDERERS—I am resolved to marry! confirmed—doubly confirmed in my resolution. To all bachelors, old, young and middle-aged, therefore I say, in the words of Burke, when he left the opposition—"Gentlemen, I quit the camp!" I cannot, however, take leave of my "half-brother bachelors" without expressing my regret—for what? not for leaving now, but for not having left before this, the society of a set of fellows hardly to be tolerated in any civilized country; but I have been duped, deluded, imposed upon beyond measure of compass. I would not have remained longer in the camp with such a craven-hearted corps—such an undisciplined, weak, irregular, dull soldiery; fellows who are bankrupts in purse, in wit, in reputation. But what could be expected from a class of beings—"stale, flat, and unprofitable" as old bachelors generally are?

Fellow-wanderers, you may call my sudden metamorphosis a new or old light—a reformation, a conversion, a whim, or what you please, for I am resolved to wed; and if it be not the march of mind, I believe it will, to me, be the march of comfort.

I am resolved to retire from the noise and confusion—from the folly and profligacy of bachelorship to the peaceful haven of matrimony. I shall dissolve partnership with the late "extensive firm," which I joined unsolicited, and leave without regret. The ladies will applaud the defection, for this *expose* will strengthen their artillery against the already proscribed race of old bachelors. Mothers will read these observations to their daughters, and the daughters for themselves. Nay, every old maid in the country will, "with greedy ear, devour up my discourse," it will strengthen their weakness against their opponents, the bachelors. Thus, having secured the ladies, I care not what becomes of the gentlemen, more especially the bachelor part of them. It may be inquired, what evil have you done me, brother bachelors? What good have you ever done me, by chance or design? Have you not taught me to smoke, to take snuff, to drink wine? All which I henceforth renounce, because I am to get married. Have you not enticed me to make bets, play cards, and keep late hours? All which I shall now forswear, because I have resolved to wed. Have you not solicited me to join club after club, attend routs, balls, taverns; to jaunt here and there, dissipate my time, money and mind to no purpose? All which I resolutely give up from this day, and for this simple reason—because I have resolved to get married.

Over and above these weighty charges, have I not been literally pested by your acquaintance for the last thirty years? Are not the generality of old musty bachelors a parcel of scare-crows, calling themselves one's friends, while they are the greatest enemies to his repose and happiness? One bachelor borrows money of me which he never intends to pay; another solicits to be introduced to my tailor, who measures him, and leaves me measureless in regret, for I have to pay the bill; another pretends to be an excellent judge in wines, and tastes away an occasional bottle of my best! Then comes in a horde of bachelors on a Sunday, and, as I am famed for having good legs—of mutton—they soon leave for me not a leg to stand upon! Roast and boiled disappear with greater celerity than the locomotive engines on the Railway! They are a flock of devouring locusts. Egypt was never more plagued than I have been; but it is over: the swallows of summer will soon disappear in winter: not one of those old bachelors shall enter my threshold when I am married. Prince Henry never left his dissolute companions with more satisfaction than I leave you; for you have Bardolphs, Pims, and many a Poins among you. Indeed, I may say with that royal penitent—

> "Presume not that I am the thing I was;
> For you all must know, so shall the world perceive,
> That I have turn'd away my former self;
> So will I those that keep me company."

You tell me all nations are struggling hard for liberty, and that I should retain mine; but I say again, that I am struggling to lose my liberty, for I have found it to be the most galling chain of the most galling servitude! You tell me "the cap of liberty is the only coronet;" but I tell you again, I have not found it "a golden diadem." The cap of liberty has imprisoned me too long—confined me among you in a moral Bastile, incarcerated, cramped, checked worse than Sterne's starling in the cage—"I can't get out, I can't get out!" But I shall get out of your clutches, fellow-wanderers! What are the fruits of this liberty? An aching head, a sunken eye, haggard, overhanging eyebrows, feverish pulse, pale cheeks, are some of the "glorious advantages" of a bachelor's liberty. Delusive bauble! whole nations have been destroyed by thy syren voice: no wonder individuals should listen to your decoying blandishments. I am glad I have "screwed up my courage to the sticking point," and resolved, at all hazards, to get married. I will be a Benedict: let thorns come, if they will, "that is part of a wife's dowry," as Shakspeare has it. I could even then laugh at my quondam companions, for their ears are longer than those of Bottom in the play.

Take a single figure from yonder group of miserable old bachelors; see the niggard creature infuse his tea, counting every leaf, lest he should make it too strong for his shattered nerves: but all the sugar of the West Indies will not sweeten the cup socially: it wants the fair hand of woman to mix it, and her bright eye to beam upon our souls when we drink it. Her smile

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enhances every meal, and her soft voice sweetens every draught; but the cold, phlegmatic bachelor, the lonely, stingy, snarling, drivelling, revelling, wandering bachelor, lives without aim, and dies unregretted. He cannot sweeten the social meal, cherish the drooping heart, or be soothed with children's innocent prattle. For he is "full of noise and fury, signifying nothing."

I may mention here, that, since my "Defence of Widows," in the last volume of the Lady's Book, I have been favoured with several communications from that class of fair readers; and I take this opportunity of acknowledging their kindness. One lady sent me a Christmas cake; another thanked me and said, "that one who so ardently defended the widows would be able to protect our orphans,"—but "upon this hint I spake" not; a third invited me to her house, where I was introduced to half a dozen more lively, lovely, interesting widows—creatures whose smiles would chace away the gloom of care from the brow of the most ascetic anchorite; and a fourth sent me a cheese from her own dairy. Bless their little hearts! Yet this very defence roused the anger of a fair correspondent, Maria, whose neat and pithy defence of the old sisterhood did her much credit. If this meets her pretty eye, I hope she will again trace the fair paper with her fairer hand.

And now, ye hoary-headed bachelors—ye horde of jocumb triflers—ye insufferable band of self-deceiving, procrastinating sophists, who must not aspire even to the withered hand of an old maid, nor approach the presence of a buxom widow, much less pretend to a blooming maiden, your cases are desperate, and must be given over to a special commission of the ladies, by whom you will indubitably be found guilty of every count in the indictment. As for me, I have found that "it is not good for man to be alone," and have resolved to marry; to have my own domicile, ring my own bell, command my own servant; and thus escape the neglects of lodgings and the inconvenience of a boarding-house. Farewell!

Farewell the noisy song, the midnight bell,
The ear-piercing rattle of the nightly watch,
Farewell—the bachelor's noisy hall—
'The pomp and circumstance of glorious celibacy—
The ills and miseries of a bachelor's life—farewell!
For now my occupation's gone!

A BACHELOR.

IL CAVALIERE PITTORE.

About the time of the celebrated Pacification of Ghent, two gentlemen of the Imperial army were parting upon the steps of an inn in High-street at Bruges. The younger of these, as he mounted his steed, gaily exclaimed to his companion—

"A soldier's farewell, friend Antonio, and mirthful days to you, until our next meeting in fair Italy."

"Amen, Polidore, and soon may that meeting be—I am nigh sick of such wars."

"Then leave in peace these hard-handed Netherlanders, whom I shrewdly suspect to be in the right, notwithstanding their stubborn visages, and latitudinarian *culotterie*—make your bow to his Highness of Parma, and ride with me—I have a choice adventure toward."

"Polidore! Polidore! is all your experience—are all my counsels then unheeded?"

"Prythee truce to that eternal theme! In one word, will you be my companion—yes or no?"

"You know that I cannot at present—but what mad enterprise are you now bent upon?"

"So you go not with me?—*addio* then!—as to my schemes, you shall hear of them when next we meet—in the mean time be not over curious—and ere long I will convince you that one light-hearted day is better than a whole year of frowns, were they those of Wisdom herself—Heaven rest you merry!" So saying, he spurred his horse, and was soon out of sight.

* * * * * * * *

Not long after this time there was an unusual stir in the drowsy city of Modena. All the idlers, and they formed nearly seven-eighths of the population, were busily canvassing the probable merits of a young painter, who had recently arrived. No one seemed to know whence the Signor Da Torre came; but all agreed that he [illegible] as he had taken a *studio* in the widest street in the city;—and it was surprising to observe how sudden all classes were smitten with the desire of figuring upon his canvass. The Signor's dwelling was soon thronged with visiters. Burghers and magistrates, three captains of *condottieri*, two marquises, and twenty-three ladies of condition, had offered themselves to his pencil; and all, strange to say, received the same answer. The Signor was highly flattered—quite proud of such liberal patronage,—but was at present unable to undertake any new subjects, being already devoted to one of considerable importance (presumed sacred, from the mystery with which it was concealed). All this created much observation;—the middle-aged beauties, whom he had declined to portray, said that he had bold eyes, and looked like a heretic—the girls peeped at him from behind their fans, and pronounced him to be a well-made youth, with a brow and bearing like a nobleman.

Would my readers believe that this was no other than our friend Polidore, lately leader of the forlorn hope at the siege of Leyden?—A gay, thoughtless fellow, and poor, though of noble birth—this was not the first metamorphosis in his life of vicissitude and adventure. In passing through Modena to join the imperial army in the Low Countries, he had seen a face, the image of which had ever since haunted him; and upon the first suspension of warfare, he determined to behold the fair vision once more. On his return to Modena, he discovered her, after some search, to be an orphan of rank, who lived in seclusion during the absence of an only brother. A second glimpse of this lovely creature increased his romantic desire to approach her; but all his efforts had terminated in disappointment. At length he learned that the Lady Isidora was a great admirer of painting. His resolution, though a strange one, was instantly formed; he immediately hired a *studio*, and caused it to be rumoured about that a great artist had arrived; saving his conscience by the fact of having formerly studied under Parmigiano, with no contemptible success. After nearly exhausting his slender purse in the secret purchase of pictures and other artist-like *etceteras*, he committed his fate to the genius of female curiosity, and awaited the operation of his scheme. Long did he wait, in vain, to the great detriment of his purse and his patience;—while the number of his unwelcome visiters almost induced him to convert the frolic into a means of replenishing the former. But at last, one sunny morning, a fair *dilletante* visited his dwelling, and all his plans were adjourned *sine die*. How he induced the Lady Isidora to sit to him for her portrait has never been clearly discovered;—his arguments, however, if he used any, seemed to have succeeded, and the work was begun.

At length the fact transpired, that Signor Da Torre was painting some lady of distinction; and those whom he had refused were as loud in their indignation as they were eager to learn who the lady might be. It is difficult to say why the fair Isidora cared not to let the world know that she was suffering her beauties to be portrayed on canvass—certain, however, it is, that she appeared unwilling to enlighten the public mind as to the fact; and that, although the work proceeded very slowly, she did not evince any *extraordinary* impatience for its completion.

Our painter, in the meanwhile, seemed in a fair way to be convinced of the folly of *playing artist*. It was evident that the pursuit was injurious to his health; for long before the portrait was half finished, he became pale, irritable, and moody. It was clear that confinement and the smell of colours disagreed with his idiosyncrasy, and that his fondness for his assumed profession was rapidly waning. The work at last drew near its conclusion, just as his powers of endurance were nearly exhausted; as may be gathered from the

following soliloquy, uttered on the morning of the last sitting. During its delivery he paced to and fro in his chamber, with lips pale as those of a criminal before execution, and a brow as dark as thunder-clouds; while his eyes shot forth such glances as almost terrified poor Julio, who was waiting his orders, in the capacity of pupil, lacquey, steward, and groom of the chambers. We omit the expletives wherewith it was garnished, having a special regard to the morality of the rising generation.

"So! I have reaped a precious harvest for my pains.—A dear friend, forsooth, whose arrival she sighs for—Unfeeling girl! she might have spared *me* the recital of her fond anxiety. If I meet this minion, may the furies—yet why? the fault is mine—I might have earlier seen the madness of cherishing such a delusion.—And this is my reward for prospects abandoned, and difficulties embraced—the recompense for the entire devotion of my soul, the exercise of my talents, the unwearied attempt to please this proud beauty!—I will think of it no longer—the folly has already cost me too dear—Julio," addressing the boy, "how many crowns are in the *exchequer?*"

"Five, master, and three small coins."

"St. Antony! it is indeed time to break off.—Haste thee to the piazza, and inquire—yet stay,—I shall need thy attendance at home—I will set forth myself anon. Wait in the anti-chamber, and should any one seek me, say that I cannot be seen—that I am grievously sick."

"And if the Lady"—"Silence!" exclaimed the impatient artist, stamping with his foot, "dost *thou* pretend to prate to me?—I will see no one—Begone!"

Alas! for resolutions—prudent ones, most especially!—They are like the vaunts of cowards at the beginning of a fray—pillars of snow, as permanent as they are pretending—bubbles, which the mind is ever sedulously blowing, and which the slightest breath of circumstance scatters to the winds. But most of all, for endurance, commend us to those doughty resolves whereof *woman* is the subject. Produce one which can resist a smile—a soft word—or even a sigh, from the loved one, and we will, in return, impart the long-sought-for secret of the Chrysopoesis. But to the illustration. The boy had hardly left the room, before the door gave warning of an arrival; and our framer of resolutions heard him reply, as he had been ordered, to a soft inquiry for the Signor Da Torre. The voice was known to him but too well; he started up—his firmness was fast evaporating—and on the repetition of the word "Sick! how long?" in the same gentle tone, it fairly exhaled! He rushed down stairs—angrily chid Julio for his stupidity (Heaven bless the mark!) and apologizing in an awkward manner for the *mistake*, ushered in the fair querist, followed by an aged attendant. We must not too harshly accuse our friend Polidore of weakness—for verily it would have required the concentrated acerbity of a full dozen of cynics to refuse admission to so sweet and self-willed a visitant as the young Lady Isidora.

There was a slight embarrassment in her reception of Polidore's confused and stammering attempts at explanation; and her respiration was somewhat quicker than ordinary. The latter circumstance may probably be accounted for by the length of the painter's staircase. After a pause to recover breath, she said in a slightly tremulous voice—"I believe, Signor, that your boy was right in wishing to send me away—you do not appear well—I had better excuse your confining yourself to the painting room to-day."

"You are kind, Lady Isidora," replied Polidore, "but I am not more sick or sad than has been my wont of late. We will proceed to the *studio*, if it please you—the portrait is nearly finished, and I would fain complete it before my departure."

"You leave Modena, then?" the lady hastily inquired.

"To-morrow, Lady, if possible; this life suits me not—I have paid," he said, looking earnestly at Isidora, "rather too dear for my painting."

She coloured slightly, and said, as if to change the subject, "See, I have brought a rose for you to copy—you must use all your skill, for it is my favourite flower, and my friend (oh, woman, woman! why could she not say *brother?*)—my friend will like the picture better for seeing it there."

"He is a happy man, Lady Isidora, whom you think worthy of such a possession!"

"It may be so," she replied with her usual archness—"at all events, I shall expect he will prize it for my sake." This grated most unpleasantly on Polidore's ear—it was the most natural speech in the world, and yet he felt cruelly galled by the significant manner in which it was uttered. He bit his lips—looked as dignified as possible, and silently led the fair offender into the *studio*.

Now, considering that Polidore was, after all, merely pseudo-artist, the arrangement of his painting room was highly creditable to his taste and *savoir faire*. It was well provided with all appliances of the art, grotesque, mechanical, and elegant. There were *bustos* of all sorts, some with staring Medusa eyes, such as glare upon us in fever-dreams; casts of hands, feet, and noses, together with two or three unexceptionable sculls. On the floor, as if by accident, lay Da Vinci's celebrated treatise;—a very business-like box of colours stood ready for use, while, from a sort of recess, one of those monstrous images, technically called a *lay figure*, spread abroad its misshapen arms, like the personification of some Ogre of a nursery tale. The room was decorated with flowers, and some imposing paintings (copies) reclined at intervals against the walls; upon a cabinet, in one corner, stood a beautifully carved group, representing the well-known subject of Cupid bestriding the lion; at the feet of which, by a judicious arrangement, lay a copy of amatory versicles, the offspring of Polidore's muse. But of all the ornaments of the chamber, the most attractive, was the nearly-finished portrait of Isidora, which laughed and

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blushed from the easel like the genius of spring come down to hold carnival in the midst of this strange assemblage of objects. As Polidore gazed upon his performance, whilst the beautiful original was removing her hat and mantle, the face seemed to smile upon him with an air of cruel mockery. He thought on the disappointment of his romantic hopes, sighed, and applied himself despondingly to his task.

Sad work, indeed, did he make of it;—but who could have done better in his place? Directly before him sat Isidora in a most bewitchingly graceful attitude; her little satin-covered feet crossed over each other, and her round white arm and delicate hand, peeping from the folds of her silken sleeve, betrayed their exquisite proportions, while employed in raising to her lips the flower, not half so red or fragrant as they. Her blue eyes were more pensive than usual, and a slight air of languor rested on her features. She had never looked so lovely before; and Polidore soon became unable to paint for gazing. All his consciousness of the folly of his hopes—his doubts and his determinations—all his late half-angry, half-jealous feeling, melted away in one headlong torrent of admiration. For some time the lady endured in silence this formidable battery of glances;—at length it became too animated, and she exclaimed, with an offended air, "I fear, Signor, that the work will hardly be finished to-day, if you proceed so tardily with your pencil."

Polidore started—"I crave pardon," he said, —"I had forgotten myself, and was dreaming that I was in heaven!"

Isidora blushed deeply, and almost unconsciously taking from the cabinet the copy of verses, she rather unwisely began to read them. They were addressed in no very equivocal manner, to herself, and contained more than the usual proportion of melting and profound expressions of attachment. As this was their only merit, we shall be excused from transcribing them. The author, however, who naturally thought them pithy and moving, watched their effect with the utmost anxiety. The lady changed colour repeatedly during their perusal;—then, hastily laying them down, began very assiduously to pull in pieces the poor rose, which she had entreated the painter to copy with so much care. Leaf after leaf did she tear off and cast on the floor, while, under Polidore's glances, the eloquent blood wandered over her face and bosom, like the reflection of April clouds upon water. This could not last long; the affair was evidently approaching what the doctors call a *crisis*. Our artist tried to recover himself; applied his pencil, with an unsteady hand to the lips of the portrait, and turned to contemplate their delicious originals. They were quivering, and the soft breath was hurrying from between them with rapid murmurs. Isidora's eye met his—they sunk in an instant—but one such look is fatal. Polidore threw down brush and pallette, and overturning a harmless stool in the haste of his amatory progress, knelt incontinently at the lady's feet.

"Isidora!—nay—do not turn from me in disdain—I *must*, for the first and only time, declare how fondly, how madly I love you. That it is vain, I know but too well—the bitterness of this thought is surely punishment enough for my temerity.—You know not yet its full extent: I have loved you ever since a random chance allowed me to behold you for an instant; it was to see you once more, to hear your voice, to breathe the same air with you, that I have assumed this disguise, though a soldier and a gentleman. I have suffered for my folly—do not overwhelm me with your scorn—say, at least, sweet Isidora, that you pardon me."

She turned her head timidly round; she was very pale, and her eyes streaming with tears; but a smile of ineffable sweetness trembled on her lips.

—In another instant, (my readers must remember that the scene is laid in Italy.) Polidore held her in his arms.— * * * * *

Paullo minora canemus, that is, we will return to the antechamber, where the boy Julio was seated with Isidora's venerable nurse Teresa. Their conversation was ere long interrupted by a loud knocking at the gate, which was followed by the entrance of a grave-looking cavalier (the same, by the by, whom we have already seen at Bruges). He inquired for the Signor Da Torre, and said that he would abide his leisure. After waiting, however, a few moments, he gave strong signs of impatience, and broke forth into a *sostenuto* strain of dissatisfaction, as he paced to and fro in the apartment. "Why, in the name of all the saints" (he muttered to himself,) "did Polidore address me to this painter?—some new folly of his I warrant—and yet I would fain hear news from him after so long a separation." Then, after a pause in which his anger seemed to have gathered strength, he resumed: "How long am I to dance attendance upon this tardy painter? I must back, ere long, to see if Isidora be returned. Vexatious! to find her from home, and gone no one can inform me where." Here he was interrupted by the ancient dame, who, after gazing upon him for some minutes in a state of uneasy suspicion, at length started up, exclaiming—"Santa Maria! it is our noble Count come back from the wars!"

"What! Teresa," (said the Count, opening his eyes very wide,) "is that your worthy self? Truly, I am glad to see one well-known face upon my return. But what seek you here? and where is your lady, my sister?"

"Ah! how glad she will be! she is in the next chamber, sitting"—

"Per Giove! and I have been so near her all this time!" He rushed into the *studio*, where he was unpleasantly surprised by the sight of his sister, reclining on the arm of the painter, who had his back towards the door. On perceiving her brother, she uttered a faint scream, and disengaging herself from her lover's embrace, tremblingly advanced to meet him.

"How is this, Isidora? (said the Count sternly) "it was not thus that I expected to meet you

on my return home—but of that anon. As for this"—

The painter had turned furiously round, and fronted the unwelcome intruder—a mutual exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst from their lips: "Polidore!" "My dear friend Antonio! you have come in a happy moment."

Isidora, covered with blushes, hid her face in her brother's bosom. The latter, after a pause, exclaimed, "Polidore, you have not used me well: why keep this secret from me?" and his brow grew dark again.

"Do not blame me too hastily; I have only now learned that you were the brother of this angel. I had prepared a surprise for you in directing you to the painter Da Torre; but how could I speak to you of my love, when I despaired of its success until this moment? And now I throw myself upon your friendship—I have been a sad fool, but I will promise the most undeviating wisdom for the future.

The Count shook his head, with the serio-comic air of one who is at some loss to decide whether he shall assume the furious or the clement, but who leans to the latter. There was a pause—a struggle—but Polidore's star predominated, and his friend spoke at last:

"Well, you have left me, very kindly, no voice in the matter; I see that any counsel or interference of *mine* would be useless. What says Isidora?"

She looked up into Antonio's face with a most bewitching air of entreaty, and whispered, "My *dear* brother!"

As they left the house together, the Count was heard to say, "You shall finish the portrait for me at your leisure, Signor Da Torre; in the mean time we shall be glad of your society, only, I pray you no more masquerading."

From the Iris.

THE CURSE OF PROPERTY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

"Poor Barry!" exclaimed Mr. Newton.—"Poor Barry! it was melancholy to see that once fine property melted away, one could hardly tell how, until even the noble dwelling of his ancestors was sold in lots to a fellow who printed 'Architect' on his card, and disposed of the materials for what they would bring."

"I was his uncle's friend," sighed old Sir Charles Stanley; "and the recollection of that family—it is strange, but it is nevertheless true—the recollection of the fate of the different members of that family affords me at once the most exquisite pain and pleasure. I mourn over the love of display, and the pauperising system, pursued by poor but proud relations, through which that fine estate was utterly ruined; and I mourn over it the more, because it is far from being a singular instance of destruction, effected by the same means. You, my dear friend, will readily believe that the pleasurable reminiscences I experience are owing to the noble conduct of that little black-eyed girl, Alice Lee, whom all the family, with the exception of Claudius, the heir at law, endeavoured to injure; and whom they even now grudge the fair name, and the fair fame she has acquired by her own industry and exertions."

"I should like to hear you tell the tale, Sir Charles," replied Mr. Newton. "I have often heard sketches of the history; but the loss of property, owing to mismanagement, is unfortunately so common in our poor country, that many similar events may have confused my memory with reference to this particular instance."

"My old friend, Charles Barry," commenced the venerable baronet, "had the misfortune to inherit, with his estate, the charge of some five or six half brothers and sisters, who married, and had a greater number of 'blessings,' in form of children, than usually falls to the lot even of Irish gentry. The being he at that time loved most in the world, was his own sister, a young woman nothing differing from other girls of her age and rank, and who, in due time, married two thousand a year (it was called) and a fox-hunting 'Squire. Mr. Barry's health had for some months been on the decline, and he resolved to visit Bath, then esteemed the most fashionable and health-giving place on earth.

"A little scene which occurred at Barrybrooke the evening before his departure, will best illustrate the *menage* of an Irish bachelor's house in the year eighty-two. I was staying with him at the time, and we had agreed to travel together. I must, however, tell you, that he had determined upon not letting any of his numerous relatives, who came for 'sea air,' to Barrybrooke, with the intention of remaining, some for three, others for nine, and others again twelve months, know any thing of his movements. In the evening he summoned Jerry Keg—valet by inheritance—and whom I always remember the same stiff, upright, honest-looking fellow, with a grave air, a twinkling eye, and a twisted nose—into his study. Jerry entered, his high shoulders propping his ears, his head projecting like that of a tortoise, his hands folded behind his back, his old-fashioned, richly-laced livery sticking out on either side like the fins of a flat-fish.

"'Jerry,' said his master, 'I wish my valise filled with rather a better supply of things than I require when I visit my sister; I wish Black Nell saddled, and as you accompany me, you must take Padreen, I suppose; have all things ready by six o'clock to-morrow morning, and tell Meg we shall not return for a month.'

"'It's all clane impossibility, ye'r Honor,' replied Jerry, bowing; 'Black Nell, I heard the groom say, wanted shoes, and I made an oath never to cross Padreen since he flung me into the apple-tree over the fence. As to the valise, sir—honey! Mrs. Moony's little Jack cried for it to make a cart for Bran; indeed, it 'ud surprise y'er Honor to see the 'cuteness of that child—how he settled it car-fashion behind the dog's tail, and made the neatest little harness ye ever see, out o' one of the new traces o' ye'r Honor's gig.'

"'And how dare you, sir,' said my friend, incensed at this new proof of his not being master in his own house, 'how dare you suffer Mrs. Moony, or any body else, to destroy my property in that way?'

"'Sure, she's ye'r Honor's half-sister, and I hope I know manners too well to contradict a lady; much-less one of ye'r Honour's blood relations.'

"'Well, pack the things in a trunk, and we can all go into the carriage.'

"'O, boo-boo-boo!—the carriage, is it? Sure, ye'r Honor's own second cousin, Mr. Flinnerty, sint that off yesterday, to bring his nurse and the twins here, and his wife along wid 'em, to give ye an agreeable surprise, as he said, seeing ye'r Honor's so fond o' children; and it's my own opinion, that sorra a thrunk in the house 'ud hould thegither; they've been let to drop to pieces, because it's so long since they've been wanting.'

"'What am I to do, Stanley?' said my friend, looking at me despairingly.

"'Simply thus,' I replied; 'let us leave our

servants to follow, put a few things into my portmanteau—for I promise you, the outward man will need refitting when we arrive at our destination—and I will ride Dorton's horse.'

"'This was agreed upon, to Jerry's mortification, who muttered, 'He could ride the mule any way, tho' it was a stubborn devil, and it was no thing for a gintleman of family and fortune, like *his* master, to lave his own place without an *attindant*.'

"'What do you mean to do with the horde, at present in possession of the house?' I inquired, laughing; I always tried to laugh him out of his faults, for, like most of his countrymen, he was more proof against *reason* than *ridicule*.

"'What *can* I do with them?' he replied; 'they are my own kith and kin; and as I am the head of the family, and a bachelor—poor creatures!—ay, it is easy for you to laugh—you English folk know nothing, and care less, about long-tailed families; with you, the junior members of a family, both males and females, contribute to their own support; with us—'

"'The senior,' I said, 'is expected to provide for all, and is soon rendered by that means, incapable of providing for himself. In the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you must play almoner to such a tribe, do it in a rational way; pay them so much a year—say ten, twenty, or thirty pounds each—but I defy any income to stand the constant drains to which yours is exposed; men, women, and children—dogs, horses, and servants—make an eternal inn of your house. My life on't you never know, from one year's end to another, how many eat at your board.'

"'Meg does, and she is a faithful old creature.'

"'True; but she has so long been accustomed to this Castle-Rackrent system, that it is for you to commence the reform—you cannot expect *her* to do it.'

"'Faith, Charles, you are right,' he replied; 'but you cannot enter into my feelings. To tell you the simple truth, I could not afford to pay half the people I support ten pounds a year.'

"'Permit me to ask you, how much supporting them costs you?'

"'Eh?—oh! a mere trifle, I suppose; but, seriously, (and he fixed his fine blue eyes upon me as he spoke,) 'you do not suppose me capable of the meanness of calculating what people eat and drink?'

"'I would only wish you capable of the wisdom of considering whether, in justice to others, you can literally *give* more than you possess.'

"'Justice! what do you mean?'

"'Forgive me, my dear Barry, but have you paid off any of the embarrassments which hung over the estate when you came of age?'

"'I cannot say I have.'

"'If you have not paid off the principal, I trust the interest has been punctually discharged.'

"'I cannot say that it has. I am never pressed for it; and some how or other, the rents slip through my fingers before I have time to think of my debts.'

"'Of course you investigate the accounts of your agent and steward regularly?'

"'Strange beings you Englishmen are! My agent's a glorious fellow—exact as a dial, punctual as a dun. O, no! no necessity in the world to look after him; and as to my steward, faith! he's a clever fellow—so ingenious! cannot write much, but has a way of his own of keeping accounts—particular sort of crosses he makes—amazing curious, I assure you.'

"I smiled and sighed. Jerry knocked at the door.

"'I want to spake to ye'r Honor.'

"'Speak out then, at once.'

"'It's Mr. Maberly the grazier, called about the three fat bullock he sold ye'r Honor last Christmas, to kill for the poor; and if it 'ud be convanient, jist to let him have the money now.'

"'Tell him it is *not* convenient, and send him to Dennis; ; why should he pester me about his dead bullocks? I thought he was paid long ago —there, leave the room.'

"'The widdy Rooney is below, on account that her son is kilt entirely, and as good as dead, by the Spillogue boys; and she thought, may be, ye'd help her in her throuble.'

"'Poor thing!—there, give her that,' tossing a guinea on the table; 'tell her, I'll commit her son if he gets into any of these broils again.'

"'God bless you, sir! I'll tell him not to brile agen—if he can help it.'

"'What, is he below?'

"'As much as is left of him is, ye'r Honor;' and away went Jerry. The just creditor, therefore, was dismissed without even an apology—the rioting youth with a reward! I said this and more; I urged his remaining even for a day or two longer, for the purpose of arranging his accounts. It was useless; he laughed me off, and promised, that on his return, he would—'see about it.' Alas! how many of the bright and shining lights of this poor country have been extinguished by PROCRASTINATION!

"His easy manners, his good-nature, and really handsome person, made him an universal favourite at Bath, and many a lady of large fortune would readily have bestowed upon him hand and heart; but Charles was no fortune-hunter—he considered the lust of gold

> 'The last corruption of degenerate man,'

and fixed his affections upon a young and beautiful widow, whom he had accidentally met at the house of a mutual friend. Although his passion was violent, I saw good reason why it should be lasting. United to feminine loveliness, the lady possessed the rare endowments of judgment and gentleness: there was a steadiness, a sobriety about her, which made Barry often say, in the words of the poet,

> 'I have a heart for her that's kind,
> A lip for her that smiles;
> But if her mind be like the wind,
> I'd rather foot it twenty miles.'

"'She is so uniform,' he would add, 'that I

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almost think her too good for me, who am so volatile; yet I love her for her contrast the more.'

"It is exceedingly difficult to throw off the trammels that have grown with our growth; and when he was accepted by this interesting woman, he positively wanted courage to write and inform his sister of his intended marriage.

"'Poor thing,' said he to me, one morning, she will so grieve at my being married; for she has even now instilled into the mind of her only son, Claudius, who is about six years of age, that he is to be sole heir to my property.'

"'If,' I replied, 'she has been absurd enough to act in that way, she deserves punishment. In addition to supporting the cousin-clan, is it usual for the head of a family to remain in a state of single blessedness, to please his relations?'

"He smiled; but not until after they were united did he communicate his attachment to his sister. He went farther: he wrote to old Meg, to say, that grieved as he might feel, it was necessary that no visiters should remain at Barrybrooke, as Mrs. Barry disliked company. So far, so good; would that he had persevered in a course so decided! I forgot to tell you, that Mrs. Barry had one daughter by her former marriage—a proud and silent girl of about sixteen. His dread of family jealousy first urged him to request, that his wife would agree to a plan he had formed—namely, that to prevent the discord which the addition of another young person (who, in a degree, might be supposed to have some expectations from her step-father,) to the numerous persons who claimed kin with the Master of Barrybrooke might cause, she would introduce Harriette as a relative certainly, but not as her daughter. As a mother, Mrs. Barry should never have consented to such a proposal; but as a wife, she thought she owed obedience to her husband. She agreed to the deception—but was miserable.

"I could not repeat, if I would, the innumerable mortifications Mrs. Barry experienced on her visiting Ireland for the first time. The manners and habits of the people ill accorded with her English feelings. From being the admired and beloved of a circle of intellectual and accomplished persons, she found herself shut up in a castellated dilapidated house, with barefooted housemaids, (I write of what *was* forty years since,) and other servants, to whom the English language was totally unknown. Every thing, from the kitchens to the attics of the rambling building, wanted arrangement; and she was bewildered where first to commence the reformation. Out of two-and-twenty servants, to discharge ten appeared the most likely mode of getting any thing done properly; and this step immediately made her unpopular with the peasantry. Then she blundered dreadfully as to the management of her parties—asked Orangemen and their wives to meet the priest of the parish; and placed the rector's wife, at table, above a lady who was decidedly second-cousin to the great Earl of Ormond! These offences were not to be forgiven in a neighbourhood where every circumstance formed an event, and where, if truth must be told, the women envied her beauty—the men feared her intellect. Then the family! how was it to be expected that they could pardon Mr. Barry for marrying, in the first place, and for not consulting them, in the second? The thing was impossible, and they acted accordingly.

"The mystery that my friend had unfortunately adopted, was sure ground for their malevolence to erect a palpable structure on. Some who had known Mrs. Barry in England, declared that there Harriette had ever been considered her daughter; and the persons I have spoken of, sneered and whispered, and murmured, until they excited a report that Mrs. B. had been no better than she should be, and that Miss Hariette, although certainly her daughter, might be called Miss any body else. I have said, that Harriette was a proud and silent girl; but I have not mentioned what was equally true, that she was a girl of exquisite feeling. No one dared to allude in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Barry to the reports which family malignity had circulated; but there were not wanting those, who whispered in the young girl's ear words of staining import. She had felt most sensibly the injustice done to her in the first instance, but she loved her mother too tenderly to repeat or comment upon the blackening surmises she had heard. Poor girl! she pined, and wasted, and wept in secret; and, at last, as the only way left of escaping from a place where she felt every eye glared suspiciously on her, she clandestinely married a young relative of her step-father, who, to do him justice, was anxious to attain independence by his own exertions. The marriage, notwithstanding, promised nought but misery. And her mother, enraged and bewildered at the sacrifice her child had made, betrayed the absurd secret, and cursed in bitterness of heart the weakness that prompted her to consent to such a cruel and wicked artifice.

"Poor Barry grieved also, but to little purpose: the whisperers, it is true, were dragged forward, and exposed to the contempt they so richly merited; but the satisfaction experienced by Mrs. Barry and her friends, was doomed to be overclouded by an event of melancholy interest; Harriette, in less than twelve months after her marriage, gave birth to a female child, and died. Mr. Barry, with the pure kindliness of spirit which always characterized his impulses, gave the little orphan into his wife's arms, and bursting into tears, exclaimed—

"'It is your grandchild—it shall be also mine; I will be unto it a true parent.'

"You know that my friend had not been blessed with children; so that the feeling on his part towards the helpless innocent was natural. The person most displeased, when my little friend Alice Lee took up her abode at Barrybrooke, was Mr. Barry's sister; her son, Claude Barry, as he was always called, (his father, by the way, two years after his birth, broke his neck in a steeple-

chase,) was naturally considered heir to his uncle's property; and it was a sad thing, in her opinion, for a stranger to take even part of the good things she wished her son exclusively to possess. Claude himself was always a truly good-natured boy, with no particular enlargement of brain, and not very fond of reflecting.

"'I can't think why you all hate that little child,' he would say; 'she is a merry soul, and gets my uncle out of his nervous fits sooner than any one else, with her innocent prattle; she is quite a comfort to them both in the long winter evenings when the place is too dull for us to remain there.'

"'Innocent, indeed!' replied one of the family *coterie*, when the observation was finished. 'I wonder how *she* could be *innocent*, tutored as she is by her grandmother.'

"'I am astonished you have not more discernment, Claude, than not to see,' said his mother, 'that the little imp is brought up with mighty high notions; the very last time I was there, she cried because there was no sugar in her bread and milk.'

"'It's a comfort,' kindly added a third, 'that the child is indisputably ugly; a little bit of a thing, notwithstanding all the cramming she gets, with a monstrous forehead towering over her eyes, making her look as if she had water on the brain.'

"'She's as proud as Lucifer,' subscribed a fourth, and would stamp like a fury, if she hadn't a clean frock on twice a day: fine English airs, indeed!'

"'We may all be obliged to her yet, for all that,' said Claude, laughing, and making the remark more from a love of tormenting, than any thing else: 'poor thing! I shall be the only one amongst you, who never thought or said an unkind word of her!'

"'And more fool you!' and 'you'll repent it!' and that always safe and wise saying, 'Time will tell!' was echoed about, through the scandalous council, until poor Claude wished that the holidays were over, and he was fairly back at school. The following summer, many of the same party were staying at Barrybrook; for, disagreeable as they certainly were to Mrs. Barry, she bore their coarseness and insolence with praiseworthy forbearance: unfortunately, some words had arisen between her and Claude's mother, on a very unimportant matter, and the lady was anxious for an opportunity of mortifying her sister-in-law. Mr. Barry was from home; but after dinner, when the dessert was placed on the table, Mrs. Barry desired the servant to send in Miss Alice, who was then about six years old. The little girl came, as usual, to her grandmamma's knee, and at the moment Claude was helping himself to some currents.

"'Give a few of those to Alice, dear,' said Mrs. Barry.

"'Help yourself first, my darling,' observed his mother; adding, in a bitter under tone, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs.'

"'True,' replied the lady; 'yet the dogs do eat of the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table.'

"Mrs. Barry rose as she spoke; and I shall never forget the dignity with which she crossed the dining-hall, to leave the apartment in which she had suffered so gross an insult: those who felt justly, (I was one of the number,) followed. Alice perfectly understood what had passed; and the little thing stood where her grandmamma had sat, swelling with rage. Claude heaped the plate with currants, and called her affectionately to his side. Alice looked at him with an expression I shall never forget. At last, swallowing her passion, she shook her head, and turning to his mother, said, very quietly,

"'I am no dog; I am, as you have often called me, a little ugly girl; but the time may come, when those who hate me now, may be glad to pick crumbs from *my* table, and thank me for them too.'

"'This spirited reply, coming from one so young, drew forth many and various observations from the party. Claude was indignant at the insolent cruelty of his parent, and followed his aunt with apologies, and even tears. This was only one incident in a thousand of the dislike evinced to this hapless child, of whose father, I should have told you, nothing had been heard for a considerable period, as he went abroad on the death of his wife. In the meantime, the circumstances of my old friend were far from improving; his habitual neglect of money matters, and his eternal procrastination, were swiftly leading to a destruction, which, as Mrs. Barry was ignorant of its extent, she could not prevent. Indeed, the very exactness with which she conducted household matters, was attributed to her as a crime.

"'Where's the use of painting pailings, for the rain to batter against?' said one; 'such expense, indeed!'

"'Then,' said another, 'there was an enormous bill for building two pig-styes; even if the beasts *did* get into the garden, now and then, what great matter was it? where's the good of flowers?'

"'Couldn't she let the tenants go on as they used,' exclaimed a fourth, 'and take the spinning and duty fowls from their wives, as others did before her? What was the time of the poor to them? Talk of extravagance! wasn't it the heighth of extravagance to pay women for spinning, when it could be done for nothing?'

"Mrs. Barry's system, whatever might have been the prejudice entertained against her by the peasantry, as 'a fine lady from foreign parts, who was come to reign over them,' was productive of so much good to the poor, that they soon regarded her as their best friend, and their gratitude and affection was the greatest consolation she possessed, for I cannot deny that increasing difficulties pressed hard upon Mr. Barry, and that he wanted resolution to tear himself away from family and party feuds. These circumstances soured his temper, and made him at

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times capricious and severe. It is well known, that at home or abroad, whatever goes wrong with a married man, is revenged upon his wife. Perhaps I ought not to say *revenged*, but I can hardly find a term to express the ill temper which is too often shown at home, when adverse circumstances are encountered out of the domestic circle.

"Your own poet has expressed in language so chaste and beautiful, the peculiar feelings which this sort of thing generates, that I will repeat you the lines:—

> 'A something light as air—a look,
> A word unkind or wrongly taken—
> Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
> A breath, a touch, like this, has shaken.'

"'Are they not beautiful?' exclaimed the old gentleman again. Not that matters were so bad with them, either; but certainly, something was fast undermining Mrs. Barry's constitution. I would not have said that her chief happiness arose from the consolation afforded her in the affection of her tenants, had I remembered the devoted tenderness of her grandchild, and the delight she took in attending to her education. The development of the girl's mind was both rapid and powerful. Distant as they were from towns, no aid of masters could be obtained. Mrs. Barry knew enough of music to teach the child its rudiments; and Alice, gifted with a fine ear, and a genuine love for the charming science, made swift progress in the art she loved. French she had spoken with her grandmother from her earliest childhood. Many studies were resorted to, with the view of occupation, that would not have been thought of under other circumstances, or if the little maid had enjoyed the society of those of her own age. Her grandfather taught her Latin, and the priest of the parish instructed her in Italian. Of what are usually called children's books, she never possessed any; but could repeat, almost by heart, the Histories of Hume, and Rollin, with many of the ancient chronicles. Her light reading varied from the Arabian Nights to the History of the Robber Freany, with odd volumes of Irish History, and now and then a romance of the Radcliffe school. Shakspeare she loved; Milton she revered; but there was ONE book, that was invariably perused morning and evening, which laid the foundation of her good conduct and future prosperity. Her grandmother saw that her romantic and rambling mind needed a powerful corrective. Situated as she was, and feeling that the child was debarred from amusements suited to her age and sex—observing also the avidity with which she swallowed information, and unable, from the increasing delicacy of her health, to guide her as she wished—she wisely felt the necessity of strengthening her religious impression. The imagination of my young friend readily caught at the *beauties* of Scripture, but her grandmother wished her reason to be convinced of its *truths*: this she happily affected, and the silence and solitude of her sick room often echoed the pure doctrines of salvation, and the breathing prayers dictated by faithful hearts. Barry procured for his wife, at an immense expense, the best medical advice the country afforded. His affection had cooled, but never changed; and the prospect of losing one so dear, redoubled his attentions. It was, however, of no avail; and after a tedious illness of eleven months, I followed her to her grave. Alice had never left her sick bed: it was a touching sight, to see the expiring effort the pale but still beautiful woman made to place the hand of the weeping child within that of her husband; he fell on his knees, and solemnly swore to protect Alice Lee to the latest hour of his life, and to bestow upon her a handsome income at his death.

"'I do not want that last promise,' she said in a trembling voice, 'she can make riches for herself. Protect her, but let her be independent!'

"*Independent*, was the last word this excellent woman uttered, no wonder then that it was a hallowed feeling, and a hallowed sound to the heart and the ear of her grandchild.

"'I WILL be independent,' said the sweet girl, as she strewed the flowers in which her grandmother had delighted over the silent corpse, and placed to her cheek, the blooming roses which she had so loved to cultivate: and then she laid her own head on the same pillow, and read in the Book of Life, of eternity, and heaven, and worlds beyond the grave—and was comforted in her affliction!

"She had watched from her chamber window the slowly pacing funeral pass from the court-yard, the coffin supported by eight of the oldest tenants, who claimed the privilege of carrying it to its resting-place, and Claude Barry, in right of kin, and as his uncle's representative, (who was too ill to perform the melancholy duty,) following as chief mourner. She had seen the procession attended by a multitude of people wind round the hill-side, till it was concealed from her view by a dense wood that overshadowed the road, and drying her tears she entered the dark room where her grandfather was nurturing in secret, the bitterness of grief. She seated herself quietly by his side, and made a sign of silence to old Jerry, who had followed her into the apartment, and whose infirmities prevented his attending the funeral; surprised that he motioned her towards the window which looked out upon the avenue, she opened the shutter so as to peep forth and ascertain his meaning. The old porter at the second gate was engaged in evidently a fierce contention with some four or five men, who demanded free passage to the house. Poor Alice trembled all over, for she had heard of writs and executions, as calamities threatened against her grandfather; but as he had managed to keep them off, (alas! for such management,) she never thought they would really arrive at Barrybrooke. The appearance of the men, the agitation of the servant, and above all their suddenly pushing past the porter, while Jerry exclaimed so loud as to startle his master: 'I'll bar the doors,' confirmed her in the feeling, that

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they were sheriff's officers. And she flung herself on her protector's neck, exclaiming, 'What shall we do!'

"Poor Barry looked for a moment on the men as they wheeled round the house to approach the door. 'I see who they are,' he said in a quiet voice: 'Great God! and was not my heart sufficiently broken? and have I already lived to see the time when I return thanks to the Almighty for having taken from me the wife of my bosom—so that she has been spared this misery.'

"He walked to the hall, where his faithful servant, in the true spirit of Irish fidelity, had drawn the bolts, and established himself with a rusty musket on his shoulder, that had done the rooks and magpies much mischief, resolved to protect the dwelling from 'bailiff or sheriff.'

"'Open the door, Jerry,' said my friend.

"'What, ye'r Honor?'

"'Open the door.'

"'For what, plaze ye'r Honor, 'ud I do that same?'

"'To admit these men.'

"'Lord bless ye'r Honor, and keep ye' in ye'r right mind, which ye' are not in at this present time, or ye'd niver give way to the like o' them.'

"'Fool,' exclaimed Mr. Barry, as they thundered at the portal, 'do as I command you.'

"'Master, darlint!' replied the poor fellow, 'you may trample on me if ye' like, and call me what ye' plaze, but I'll niver be the means o' letting shame into the house, in shape o' the law—only the boys are all at the funeral, it's long till they'd suffer such sarpents to walk the country. Well, God help us! since ye'r determined on it, do it ye'r self, sir. I niver opened the door to a limb of the law, nor I niver will.'

"Jeremiah flung down his musket, and hastily left the hall, while Alice clung closely to her grandfather's arm.

"'Come in, gentlemen, come in,' said he, with a frightful calmness of manner; 'here I am, you see; be seated, and tell your business.'

"The business was soon told; a writ against his person at the suit of Benjamin Maberly, *Esquire*, for cattle furnished during a period of sixteen or eighteen years—a sort of running account, with now and then a nominal settlement; bills bearing interest, and sundry other expenses: this claim alone amounted to the enormous sum of two thousand pounds; for my friend had often taken it into his head to stock farms, and speculate in sheep, pigs, and oxen, which speculations always terminated badly, from the unfortunate habit he had got into of never attending to his own business, but leaving it to others to manage for him. Another of these men of law had an execution against his goods and effects, for the sum of three thousand pounds, he having bestowed upon a favourite step-nephew a bond for fifteen hundred pounds, upon his commencing professional man; the interest of this, of course, was never paid nor demanded, but on his refusing to lend the young hopeful two or three hundred pounds, which he thought proper to require, he placed the affair in an attorney's hands, who urged immediate proceedings on the bond, the interest of which had amounted to a sum equal to the principal. Mr. Barry was very unfit to think or act; but Alice prevailed on the officer who made the arrest, to wait until the arrival of his friends; the other proceeded calmly to take an inventory of the furniture; while the master of the mansion seemed perfectly torpid and absorbed. Claude and myself returned with three or four others from the melancholy funeral to the house of mourning. As to poor Claude, he had all the family taste for expenditure, and the property he inherited from his father was mortgaged to its full value. This did not prevent his living in style: he had a good stud, fine dogs, and a machine to drive in, that almost broke one's neck to look at it: he had given a ball on his coming of age, at the Rotunda, which cost almost as much as the fee-simple of his estate was really worth. And his mother, with her usual wisdom, observed that it was of little consequence, considering what her son's expectations were.

"Claude, therefore, could do little—except join me in bail, which was entered into immediately, and securities given for the payment of the demand; in less than an hour after our return, Jerry had the inexpressible satisfaction of banging the hall door after 'the *sarpints*,' and of drinking (a ceremony by the way the poor fellow never omitted) 'Destruction to the law,' in a bumper of pure whiskey. I remained at Barrybrooke, and endeavoured to unravel the difficulties with which my friend was encompassed. I confess they far exceeded what I anticipated. To enter into the detail would be useless. Suffice it to say, that on his marriage, to pacify his relations, he had granted annuities, which had never been regularly paid, and then had given security on his property for the various sums, that went on accumulating, he knew not how: he had a decided partiality for law-suits, which he generally lost; then none of the old incumbrances had been paid off; and the fine domain, which could have supported the establishment if properly farmed, was positively nothing more than a common for the neighbours' horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry to revel on. Mrs. Barry had retrenched most considerably the household expenses; but as my friend, Alice Lee, said, 'grandmamma was never suffered to know grandpapa's affairs; and what she saved, even from her own personal comforts, was expended out of doors.' Claude's difficulties were quite as perplexing. The advice I gave to both parties, were as follows:—Mr. Barry to sell off as much property as would discharge all pressing demands; (for when one creditor comes down on an estate, the rest are sure to follow) to let Barrybrooke, and go abroad for five or six years, live on a small allowance, and thus clear perfectly what was spared. Claude we recommended to marry a rich widow, who was known to look favourably on him, and pay off his debts

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with her fortune, providing an annuity for her from his estate.

"'Cousin Claude,' said Alice, quietly, 'take *my* advice; they say you have fine oratorical talents, go to the bar, and make a fortune for yourself.' It may be easily imagined, that the advice given was not relished by either. Barry's pride revolted at the idea of selling a single acre; and Claude did not like the widow, because he had chosen to fall in love with a girl without either character or fortune. Some accommodation was made with the creditors, and my friend resolved to go abroad. Lord Mountcashel offered to take the house, and reside there: but no! again family pride was up in arms; and although the certainty that Barrybrooke could not be kept in even decent order under an immense expense, was dwelt upon by his true friends, he disdained to let it; decided that three old servants should remain to take care of it, and as quickly as possible bade adieu to the halls of his ancestors, leaving the property at nurse for his creditors, and reserving only an income of three hundred a year for himself. All his relatives objected strongly to his being accompanied only by Alice Lee.—'She'll be sure to come round him,' they exclaimed one and all, 'and if only six pen'oth of property is left, it's only just that right should have it.' It was all in vain: Barry took a proud, cold leave of his 'dear relations' and 'particular friends;' his spirit had been bitterly *wounded* by his late misfortunes; but it was not by any means subdued.

"'Jerry,' said he, as the poor fellow held open the carriage door, 'see that the widow Murphy has her milk as usual, and the children at the school their clothing at Christmas; the agent will attend to it.' (I must tell you that I had used every exertion to prevail on him to appoint a new agent, but in vain;) and Barry was trying to conquer his emotion, when Alice, her face swollen with weeping, sprang into the carriage. The only living thing she possessed—a pet lamb, attempted to follow her, and looked up bleating in her face. 'Keep it, Jerry,' she said, 'it is all I have to give you, and I give it you as a remembrance.'

"The carriage drove on: at the gate, a concourse of tenantry, and the poor whom he had so often relieved, awaited him. They stopped the carriage; some of the men who had grown grey on the estate, came forward:—'We have lived and flourished under ye'r Honor, and them that's dead and gone, for many years; and ye've never distressed us, nor offered to do it. If ye'r Honor 'll stay among us, and keep from foreign parts, we'll make an advance on our rents, and pay up at once't to next half-year; don't lave us to the marcy o' strangers, and we'll work for ye', and fight for ye', and never let a writ or a sheriff come near the house.'

"'Och! don't go to leave us,' exclaimed a poor woman, laying her thin hand on the coach window. Oh! don't, agra! Miss, don't let him—and the mistress, God mark her soul to glory! not *could* in her grave yet! All this was too much for my poor friend; he could only reply, covering his face with his hands, 'God bless you all! I must go now; but I will return to you in happier times.'

"Mr. Barry proceeded to France; the idea of cheap living is connected, perhaps truly, with the continent. An Irish gentleman is sure of a kind reception abroad; and the intelligent and cheerful manners of my friend Alice, equally free from English stiffness and French levity, increased the feeling of kindness into esteem. Barry, however, could not long remain contented in the provinces, and determined on a visit to Paris. This certainly was not wise; but Alice Lee had the happy art of extracting sweets from poison. She was introduced to some persons of literary distinction there, who discovered that her powerful and clear mind was capable of great efforts, and much usefulness. They taught her to soar, and directed her flight with judgment and kindness. Her attempts were made without even the knowledge of her grandfather, who read and approved her first production without having an idea from whose pen it proceeded; his feelings can be better imagined than described, when he discovered that 'his little cherished child,'—the scorned, the despised one—had not only received, but merited the praise of some of the most celebrated persons in France; he was not slow in sending this intelligence over. I, indeed, heard it with far more of pleasure than surprise; but it threw every member of the long-tailed family into utter consternation. 'The thing was impossible—what! the little pugnosed girl, who had never been to school, to be praised in the newspapers, and thought much of by learned people—for *her* to write a book, a whole book, who had learnt to hold her pen from a village schoolmaster!' Fancy, my dear sir, all the exclamations of vulgar Irish astonishment, and even then you can hardly have an idea of the hubbub the news occasioned. Happily for Alice, she was not one of those morbid literary ladies, who mourn at their hard fate, and pretend to sorrow because their minds are superior to their neighbours—who sigh and sentimentalize over their being obliged to appear before the public, and yet use every justifiable and unjustifiable mode of forcing celebrity. Alice was in the purest sense of the word a Christian, and she felt the necessity of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She shrank not from the useful exercise of her abilities, and she had good sense enough to perceive that the odium, which at that time even more than now, attached to literary women, proceeded from the attention they exacted, and the airs of superiority they assumed, in society. She did not neglect the cultivation of simple flowers, because she was skilled in botany; she did not cease to charm by the exercise of her fine melodious voice, because she comprehended the nature of sound; nor did she delight less in the mazes of the dance, because she understood the laws of motion. Though she became an *author*, she had not ceased to be a *woman*: her motives were

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noble—her actions pure. So that she neither needed, nor wore a mask—this was the grand secret of her popularity.

"The creditors of Mr. Barry's estate had lately become clamorous, and declared that the sums stipulated for had not been regularly discharged. My friend found it necessary to go over to Ireland, and settle matters, the derangement of which he could not account for; even his stipend had not lately been remitted, and but for the exertions of Alice Lee, he would have suffered much pecuniary difficulty. He felt that he ought to clear himself from the imputation of connivance where evidently, on the agent's part, mismanagement, if not dishonesty, must have been practised: he came upon the man unexpectedly, and the fellow paled and trembled before him. Conscious and confused, he fixed the next morning for the explanation of his accounts, but that very night set off for America, taking with him a very considerable sum, which he had prevailed on the tenants to advance, in addition to their rents, under the idea of ministering to their landlord's necessities. This was a dreadful blow to my friend's feelings: Alice had suffered much from delicate health, and he would not subject her to the fatigue of a journey; but earnestly did he long for her presence, to support and cheer him. About three weeks after he had quitted Paris on this unfortunate business, Alice Lee received the following letter, sealed with dismal black; the first page was in the hand-writing of her beloved guardian and relative. She afterwards permitted me to copy it.

'*Barrybrooke, December*, 18—.

'My beloved Child:

'I ought not to have written you so gloomy an account; it was sadly selfish of me to disturb your mind, when I know how much depends on the work you are now engaged upon. You would gladly support your poor grandfather—would you not? even if he had not an acre left. No account of that villain since he sailed from Cork. Alice, pray for me, pray that my senses may be spared. The ingratitude I meet with, is the scorpion's sting that festers in my heart.—Pray for me, Alice Lee! I suppose it must come to a sale. Sell Barrybrooke! And the trees and flowers *she* planted! but I shall have one unfading flower left—you, Alice! Poor Claude is even worse off than myself. Oh! *the curse of property*, managed as it is in this unhappy country. Would that I had been bred a common tradesman, I should then have been *Independent*, and not afraid to look every man I meet in the face, lest he should ask me for money. Do you know that my sternest creditors are those of my own kin? I am sick at heart, my child, and you are not here: do you remember the evening you left that splendid conversazione at the Count de Leonard's to come home, that you might give me the medicine with your own hand? Yet I would not have you *here* now for the world. Jerry grows young again, and Sir Charles is as kind as ever. It is too late to wish now—but if I had taken his advice—good night, my child. You are the only being related to me who never gave me cause for anger. Good night—God bless you! to-morrow I will finish my letter.'

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Sir Charles, as he lifted his eyes from the painful record. "When the next sun rose, his spirit had met his God—his heart indeed was broken.—The remainder was written by his old servant."

'May it plaze ye, Miss, to put up with me to tell ye the sorrowful tidings—that nixt morning when I wint as usual into his Honor's room, he was clean gone and as *could* as a stone; they worried the soul out o' him, that they did; and my curse, and the curse o' the poor, 'll rest heavy on 'em to the day o' judgment for that same. I wish ye could see how beautiful he looks this minute; jist smiling in his coffin. So best; for he's beyant trouble now. God be praised! they couldn't keep his sowl from glory! Poor Master Claude is like one mad, and Sir Charles is forced to order the funeral: it 'ill be the thing to do honour to the name, and a grand berrin' as ever was seen in the country; priests and ministers, and all the heart's-blood o' the gentry—and it's my intention, now that the dear master's gone, to travel into foreign parts myself, and wait upon you, Miss, who must want some one to look after ye. Seeing (no offence I hope!) that ye are all as one as my own born child; and so keep up ye'r heart, and God's fresh blessin' be about ye, prays ye'r humble and faithful servant (till death) to command.

'Jeremiah Keg.'

"The funeral justified Jerry's expectations. It was feared that an attempt would have been made to arrest the body, but the tenants came prepared for such an event; they were armed, and would have sacrificed their lives, sooner than suffered a sheriff's officer to lay a finger on the coffin. The scene of confusion and abuse which ensued amongst those, who notwithstanding they knew the state of embarrassment the property was in, quarrelled over it, like starved jackals over mouldering bones, is sickening to think upon. In about six weeks, the estates of the *late* Charles Barry, Esq. were advertised to be sold by the sheriff, for the benefit of the creditors of the said estates. The sorrow of sweet Alice Lee was agonizing to witness or think upon; and even now she has not ceased regretting that she did not accompany her grandfather on his *last* journey. Agitation brought on a nervous fever; and her friends in Paris, for more than a month, dreaded what its final effects might be. She recovered slowly; and one day I was sitting with her in the drawing-room (when I found I could be of no service in Ireland, I went to see her) when the lady she was staying with, endeavouring to divert her mind, observed with the good humoured playfulness of her country, that Alice's last work had made a conquest of an old half-Indian gentleman, a Mr. Clifton, an Englishman she believed, who wished he were young enough to make love to her.

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" 'Clifton was my dear grandmother's name,' replied Alice; 'and she had a brother once, but he died, I believe.' A vague idea, which I could neither account for nor express, took possession of my mind. The next morning I waited on the old gentleman, and judge of my delight and astonishment, when I found, after much investigation, that Mr. Clifton was indeed the brother of her grandmother, who had gone abroad when his sister was too young to remember aught about him, and who had returned a husbandless and childless man; and the discovery of such a relative was a source of extraordinary happiness to him. He was a proud, stern man, very unlike the parent she had lost; yet he soon proved that he was anxious to bestow upon her, what the world calls substantial proofs of his affection. Being the avowed heiress of a rich Indian merchant could add nothing to the lustre of Alice Lee, but it increased her power of doing good; the idea of Barrybrooke being sold rendered her very miserable. 'Claude was always very kind to me,' she said, 'and I should like to prove that I am not ungrateful, by saving the house and domain for him.' Her uncle, who might well be proud of her, when I mentioned this wish to him, caught at the idea of gratifying her with avidity, and agreed to give money for the purpose, just as if he were bestowing upon her a splendid toy. He wished to visit Dublin, and we set out for that once splendid city with many and varied feelings. But I tire you—a moment more, and my tale is ended. We were grieved on our arrival there, to find that the sale had been hurried forward: by the desire of Alice Lee, I wrote to the sheriff, offering terms for the house, &c. of Barrybrooke. Through some precious mistake, which could not occur in any other country, my letter miscarried. We drove down to the town of Bannis, situated on the estate—and here you must let me mention an instance of the delicacy of my favourite's mind. She positively would not travel in her uncle's carriage, but rackcted the old gentleman all to pieces in an Irish post-chaise.

" 'It would insult their distress,' she said, 'to go in splendour, when the family of my benefactor is reduced almost to want.' The auction was going on when she drove into the town; we were ten minutes too late—the very house of Barrybrooke had been sold to the architect I spoke of! The kind and generous feelings of my young friend were thus thrown into another channel; she purchased an annuity for 'Cousin Claude,' and to the hour of his death he never knew from whom the income came, that enabled him to live with so much comfort during the five years he survived his uncle. She practised the revenge of a Christian: she did good to those who had despitefully used her; nor were they averse to partake of whatever *crumbs* she chose to bestow. You know the romance of her marriage, and we have often laughed at the grotesque figure Jerry exhibited at Paris. By the way—"

Mr. Newton looked at his watch:—the kind-hearted, garrulous old gentleman took the hint, only adding that the motto adopted by Alice, was INDEPENDENCE—the device, a little bark passing through a stormy sea, with Hope at the helm, and the haven in view.

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THE NATIVE AND THE ODD FISH.

Didn't it ever occur to you, that a man may be ruined by a bit of good luck as well as by bad? —I'm sure it must.—I had an uncle at Tralee, who was left seventy pounds by his wife's gossip, and he welcomed the gift so warmly, and caroused so heartily to the honour of the giver, that he never ceased drinking and losing his time—though he was a dacent man, and did business as he ought before—until the seventy pounds, and a little to the tail of it, had slipped through his fingers. But that wasn't the end of it: for he got such bad habits as he never could shake off again; so he lived a few years a sot, and died a beggar: all which wouldn't have happened, but for the seventy pounds his wife's gossip gave him. I knew a young woman, whose name I won't mention, for the sake of her family, who lost herself entirely through a love of fine clothes, which she had never cared more about than just a little, as all women do—and no blame to them—before her brother, who sailed for three years in the same ship with me, brought her home a little bag of silks and things above her station, which, when she'd worn them, made her despise her plain, honest, ould duds; and them that was about her couldn't give her better; so she grew sick of home, and did that she was sore at heart for when she came to a death-bed. Ah! then's the time, if we never did before, when we know right from wrong;—then's the time, when the brain balances things, and gives true weight to all our misdeeds; —then's the time, when a man, who could never before recollect what he did that day se'nnight, remembers all the evil he has done in his days, and all the good he might have done, but wouldn't. A dying man's memory, if he has been a bad one, is one of the most perfect and terrible things in the world: go see one yourself, and you'll own it. We may be 'cute enough to hide what we do from the world all our lives, but we can't do so from ourselves when death puts out his big bony paw to give us a grim welcome to his dark dominions. We may be 'cute enough to shut our own eyes to what we've done, when we're strong and able, and the world's going merrily round with us; and we may be fools enough to think that our sins are blotted out when we have forgotten them;—for I've found that men are just like the ostriches I've seen myself, in Africa, which, when they're hunted, poke their pates into a dark place, leaving their bodies intirely exposed, and fancy no one can see them if they can't see themselves:—but when we know that the last sands in our glass are running, and the dead sea is glimmering before us, we can't poke our heads into a corner—don't you see?— or tie a stone to the neck of each of our iniquities, and drown it;—or look another way, and think of to-morrow's dinner, when they're coming to meet us;—or silence their small but very terrible voices, by whistling the burthen of an old song: for—do you mark?—they won't be served so: they will be seen; they will speak; and, faith, its hear them we must, whether we will or no. We may have fancied them dead and gone, years ago; but their ghosts start up and surround our death-beds, and clamour so, that we can't but listen to them: and, what's most awful, they make a man his own judge: and no earthly judge is so impartial as a man is of himself, when his people are just wishing him good-b'ye for ever. For when we get on the brink of life and death, and know that it's ten to one we'll be dead by the morning, and it's just midnight already;—when we think that in a few hours our ears will be deaf, and our eyes blind, and we can't wag a finger, and our cold white corpse will be stretched out on a board—motionless, helpless, good for nothing, and lumber more than any thing else;—when we know, that, much as we thought of ourselves, the sun will rise, and the birds sing, and the flowers look beautiful, and the ox be yoked to the plough, and the chimneys smoke, and the pot be boiled, and the world go on without us, as well as if we'd never been in it; —then's the time, I say, we get our vanity cut up by the roots, and feel what atoms we've been in it:—and then's the time, too, that the soul—just

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before pluming her wings, and having half shaken off the dross of humanity—becomes strong as the body gets weak, and won't be bamboozled, but calls up all our sins past, and places them stedfastly before our eyes; and if we've done wrong—that is, much of it--a big black bird stretches out her great wings and flutters, brooding like a weight of cold lead on our hearts: and conscience, though we've contrived to keep her down all our lives, then starts up, taking advantage of our helplessness, and reigns in full power. But what's all this to Mick Maguire? you'll say. —Faith! then, not much: I began with an idea of getting to him in a few words, but was led astray, by noticing the death of the young woman I mentioned as being ruined by the gift of a brother, who meant it for her good. And you'll think it odd, may be, that the likes o' me casts over things so sariously: but I do, and there's nothing plazes me more than so doing, when I'm left alone here by myself, for hours and hours together, while all that's near and dear to me is out upon the waves, the mighty roar of which, as they break upon the rocks about me, I hear night and day; and the sound o' them and solitude, begets sarious thoughts; and so they should, in one that's gone sixty. There's never a day but I think o' death, so that I'm sure I'll be able to meet him firmly when he knocks at the gates of life for me, and bids me come. If I could go about, I'd not have such oceans of odd out o' the way thoughts, consarning various things; but here I am, fettered by my infirmities to an ould chair, and I've nothing to do half my time, but think. Don't imagine, though, that I'm laid up in a harbour of peace, or that the other half of my time is calm and pleasant: it's no such thing; the woes and the wickedness of the world—good luck to it, though, for all that—reaches me here in this corner, though it's harm me they can't much. I'm like an old buoy, fast moored to an anchor on a bad coast, over which the waves dashes and splashes all day long, but they can neither move it nor damage it. But what's all this to Mick Maguire? you'll say again. Faith! then, little or nothing—but now I've done, and we'll get on.

Mick, like my uncle at Tralee, has been ruined by a gift. He was once a hard-working man, and did well, until young Pierce Veogh, just after he came into possession of the house that's called "The Beg," on the hill yonder—which he did at his father's death—gave Mick an ould gun once, for something I forget; and that gun has been the ruin of him. He works one day in the week to buy powder and shot; and half starves himself, and goes in rags the other six, prowling about the rocks, and firing at sea-gulls and so forth, but seldom shooting one.

Mick's an oddity, as I tould you before; and why *so?* you'll say. Why, then, not for his face, for he's good looking; nor for his figure, for he's straight and well built; nor for his jokes, for he never makes one; nor for any one thing in the world, but his always telling the plain naked truth; good or bad, no matter if it harms him, he don't mind, but always speaks the thing that is, and won't tell even a white lie for himself, much more for any one else;—and if that's not an oddity, I don't know what is. Mick was never known to tell a story in his whole life, but he's sworn to so many out o' the way things, that he's often been suspected to be a big liar: for I need scarce say to you, that nothing can look more like a lie sometimes than the plain truth. But whatever Mick says, always at last and in the long run, turns out to be fact: so that we don't know what to think of the story he has of the fairy he saw on the rocks long ago. It seems as much like a lie as any thing ever I heard; but if it is one, it's the first Mick tould; and if so, troth then, it's a thumper. And why shouldn't it?—A good man, when he does wrong, commits a big sin; while you and I only does dozens of little ones: and them that sticks by the truth in general, if they happens to tell a lie, faith! then it's a wonderful big one; and, may be, so is Mick's story;—but you'll judge for yourself, when you hear it. But don't forget the honesty of Mick's tongue; and bear in mind, too, that we shouldn't disbelieve any thing, simply because it's out of the way to us, and we never saw the likes of it ourselves; for there's so many strange things in the world, that one don't know what to disbelieve: and of all the wonderful things I ever heard of, there's none seems to me so very wonderful as this, namely:—I exist, and I know it. Now for Mick's story:—

"One day," says he, "as I was out shooting on the black rocks, I clambered up to a place where I never was before; and I don't think man had set foot upon it till then: it was higher than you'd think, looking up from the sea, which washed the foot of it; for the great crag itself, which none of us can climb—I mane that one where the eagle's nist is—seemed to be below it. Well, thinks I, when I got to the top, I'll have a good pelt at the birds from this, I'm sure; but no, I couldn't; for, though they were flying round and round it, divil a one would come within gunshot, but kipt going about, and going about, until the head o' me wint round wid looking at them, and I began to feel sick, for I'd come out before breakfast, not intinding to stay long; but somehow, I wint further and further, and, at last, the sun was going down, and me there, where I tould you I was, a-top of the big crag. 'Michael,' says I to meeself, 'it's time for you to be going too, for the birds won't come near you; and you're hungry, boy—so you are Mick; you can't deny that.' And it's true thin I couldn't; for I never was hungrier in my life, than I was that time, and sorrow the thing in my pocket softer than a flint. Well, thin I began to go down, but before I'd got twinty steps, what do you think I saw there, upon the bare rock, where nobody seemed to have been before me, near upon half a days journey higher than the sea—what, I say, do you think I saw, lying before me there?—you wouldn't guess in a year. Why thin it was an oysther!—I started, as though a ghost had come across me:—and why wouldn't I?—for I'd no

right to expect to see such a thing as an oysther there, you know; had I? Thinks I, after a while, 'here's a fine mouthful for you, Mick, if it's only fresh; but, may be, it's been here these thousand years.—Eh, thin, Mick! but you're lucky, so you are, if it should be ateable.'

"Sitting down on the rock, I put out my hand to get a hould of it, whin what does it do, but lifts up its shell of its ownself?—and there was something inside it, just like an oysther, you'd think; but whin you looked closer, what was it thin but a small dwarf of a man, wid a beard, and a little broad belly, and two short, fat, little darlings of legs, and his both hands in his breeches pockets, quite at home, and as aisy as you or I'd be in our arm chair, if we had one.

"'I'm glad to see you, Mick,' says he; 'it's long I've been expecting you.'

"Now, there's many that would have run away and broke their necks down the rock, at hearing the crature call them by their names, and say this; but I'm one that never feared Banshee, Lepreghaun, or any one of the little people, good, bad, or indifferent;—why should I?—So I pulled off my hat, and making a leg to him, 'sir, says I, 'if I'd known as-much, I'd have come before.'

"'Thank you kindly, Mick Maguire, says he. 'No thanks to me thin at all, at all,' thinks I, 'if you knew what I know:' for I was determined to devour him, if he was ateable. 'And it's by my own name you call me, sir,' says I, 'is it?'

"'To be sure it is,' says he; 'you wouldn't have me call you out of your name—would you?' And thin he fell laughing, as though his little face would have tumbled to pieces; and, faith! of all the faces I ever set eyes on, I never saw the likes of his for a roguish look. 'You wouldn't have me call you out of your name, would you, Mick?' says he again.

"'Why thin no I wouldn't, and that's truth,' says I; 'but what's your own name? I'd like to know, so I would,' says I.

"'I dare say you would,' says he.

"'And after that,' says I, 'I'd be glad if you'd tell me a small trifle about yourself, and how you live in your little house there, whin you shut down the roof of it; and thin—'

"'Bad manners to you, Mick,' says he; 'don't be prying into a person's domestic arrangements.'—Them were his words. 'Mind your own business,' says he; 'and ax me no questions about meeself; for, may be, I won't answer them.'

"'But, sir,' says I, thinking to get all I could out of him, before I ate him; 'sir,' says I, 'it isn't every day one sees, betuxt a pair of oysther shells—'

"'Oh! Mick!' says he, 'there's more out o' the way things than meeself in the sea.'

"'I shouldn't wonder, sir,' says I.

"'There is, Mick,' says he; 'take my word for it.'

"'I'm sure of it, sir,' says I; 'and yet people says there's no mermaids even: now meeself saw one once, and she'd a fish's tail, and big fins below; and above, she was as like a man as one brogue is like another. Now, sir, I'd like to know your opinion.'

"'Mick,' says he, 'was it in the bay yourself saw the mermaid?'

"'Faith! and it was,' says I.

"'Just four years ago,' says he, 'Mick?'

"'Just,' says I, 'come St. Breedien's day; for it was the very week Jimmy Gorman was drowned, so it was: his wife married Tim Carroll tin months after his wake—for we waked Jimmy, though he wasn't at home, and drank long life to our absent friend, in the pitcher o' pothien he left in the cupboard—so we did:—and she has now three children by Tim; and Maurien, the little one, is two months ould, barring a week or thereaway; and three nines is twinty-siven, and tin is tin more—that's thirty-siven, and three months betuxt and betune each o' the the children, makes nine more, that's forty-six; thin there's Maurien, she's two month's ould, as I said; so that, taking them together, there's forty-eight months, one up or one down, and that many months is four years:—so that, by the rules of multiplication and population, Jimmy's dead four years—don't you see?

"'Arrah! don't be preaching,' says he; 'sure meeself knew Jimmy well.'

"'Ah! and is it yourself?' says I; 'and was he on visiting terms wid ye?'

"'I knew him better than ever you did in your life, Mick,' says he.

"'Not a bit of it,' says I; 'did you ever spend your money wid him, like meeself, at the shebeen house?—or at the pattarn there above, with the penny-whiff woman? Did you ever once trate him to a glass o' whiskey, sir?' says I;—'Not yourself, in starch.'

"'Mick!' says he, 'Jimmy and I lay in one bed for seven months.'

"'In one bed!'

"'Yes.'

"'In a bed of oysthers, may be!'

"'It was,' says he.

"'Oh! thin well and good, sir,' says I; 'but what has Jimmy to do with the mermaid?'

"'Mick,' says he, 'the mermaid yourself saw below in the bay was him.'

"'Is it, Jim?—And now I recollect—what's as true as that my daddy Jack's a corpse—the mermaid, sure enough, had a carrotty pole, and two whiskers, and a big jacket, to say nothing of the bradien, though they wouldn't believe me—so they wouldn't; but betuxt ourselves, sir, by this pipe in my fist, she was dacently clothed as meeself, barring the breeches. Oh! thin, divil a saw saw I of breeches about her; and her legs—sure, and wasn't her legs a fish? and didn't meeself say so?'

"Very well, Mick,' says he; 'I'll explain it to you:—a big blackguard of a shark, that was on a travelling tour, happened to be going that way when Jim's boat was upset, and gobbled him up, just as he got into the water: but, lo and behould! whin he'd got Jim's legs down his throat, and came to his bradien and big belly, divil a swallow could the shark swallow him:—and there Jim

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stuck so fast, that if the shark had taken fifty emetics before-hand, he couldn't have cast him up.—With that, Jim, finding his situation unpleasant, began to kick; and the shark, with that, tickled Jim's ribs with his teeth; but he couldn't bite clane through his big coat—and the more Jim kicked, the more the shark tickled him; and up they wint, and down they wint; and my belief is, that Jim would have bate him, but the fish got suffocated, and sunk, just as Jim was gitting a pull at the whiskey-bottle, which he carried in his side-pouch; and down they wint together, so sudden, that Jim, taken up as he was with the taste of the crature, didn't know he was drowned till they were both at the bottom.'

"'Was Jimmy and the shark the mermaid meeself saw thin?' says I.

"'They was, Mick.'

"'Thin bad luck to the pair o' them,' says I, 'for two impostors!—And how did your honour know this?'

"'Wasn't I in the shark's belly all the time?' says he. 'Didn't he gobble me up with a salmon, that tried to take refuge in the place where meeself and a few friends laid, tin days before?—A lobster lived in Jim's pocket for a month; and he and all his family used to go out three days a week to pull Jim's nose, for fishing up two of their cousins once—so they did.—I'd thank ye for a pinch of snuff.'

"'And welcome, sir,' says I, houlding over the snisheen; 'meeself likes to hear news of my friends, sir,' says I; 'would your honour plaze to take a shaugh o' the doothien too?' And politeness, you know, made me offer him the pipe.

"'Mick,' says he, 'is it meeself, or the likes o' me, that smokes?—I never took a goll o' the peepa in all my life:—and over and above that, Mick, I'd feel mighty obliged to you, if you'd blow your smoke higher, or be just genteel and agreeable enough to sit the other side o' me: if you don't, you're a dirty blackguard, and bad luck to you, sir,' says he, 'for I've no chimney to my house.' With that, I just knocked out the backy from the pipe, and tould him I didn't mind meeself, and I'd put away smoking at once.

"'Mick,' says he, 'you'd nothing but ashes in your doothien; so the divil's thanks to you!'

"'Sir,' says I, not noticing what he said, 'that's a mighty nate little house you have of your own; I'd like to know who built it.'

"'Faith! thin I did meeself, Mick;' says he, 'but I'd like your big finger the better, if it was outside my door.'

"'Sir,' says I, 'if I'd such a nate little cabin, I'd marry Molly Malony at once.—Doesn't your honour ever think of getting a wife?—or, may be, you're a widower?'

"'Mick,' says he, 'oysthers don't marry.'

"'Ye live mighty like a hermit, in your cell there,' says I.

"'Mighty like,' says he.

"'I suppose, you have your beads too, and you count them,' says I.

"'I suppose I don't,' says he, 'for I've but one.'

"'Troth, and that's a thumper thin,' says I, peeping into his little parlour; and there, sure enough, was a pearl big enough to be the making of me, and all the seed and breed of me, past, present, and to come, hanging by a bit of seaweed round his neck.

"'Do you know what, Mick?' says he, 'I'm sick o' the world, Mick; and I'm half inclined to give you lave to ate me.'

"'Sir,' says I, taking off my hat, 'I'm much obliged to you for nothing at all. It's meeself manes to ate your honour, with or without lave—so I do.'

"'Is it yourself, Mick?'

"'Faith! and it is thin—though I say it;—for I'm hungry: and, after that, I mane to take the big pearl, I see there about your neck.'

"'Mick, you're a reprobate!—Sure, you wouldn't be so ungenteel, as to ate a gentleman against his own inclination, would you?'

"'Meeself would thin, and think it no sin, in case the gentleman was a plump little oysther, like your honour.'

"'Then, Mick, I wish you good evening!'

"'Oh, joy!' says I, seeing how he was going to shut himself in; 'it's of no use, sir, to do so:—I've a knife in my pocket, and it's not burglary in this country to break into the house of an oysther.'

"'Mick,' says he, 'an oysther's house is his castle.'

"'Castle!' says I, 'is it a castle?—two shells, with a little face in the middle o' them a castle?—thin what's my cabin below but a palace?'

"'A pig's palace, it is, Mick,' says he.

"'Musha! bad luck thin,' says I, 'to every bit of you!—'

"'Ah! Mick,' says he, interrupting me, 'if I was half your size, I'd bate you blue, so I would.—You're a dirty cur, and so was your father before you.'

"'Say that again,' says I, 'say my father was a cur, sir, again, and I'd be obliged to you;—just say it now, and see how soon I'll break every bone in your skin.'

"'Bone!' says he, 'sorrow the bit of bone is in me at all,' says he.—'Do you know any thing of anatomy, Mick?'

"'An atomy!—that's a thing smaller than a mite, isn't it?'

"'Arrah! no, man; don't you know what nerves and muscles manes?'

"'Nerves meeself knows little about; but is it muscles? Och! thin, didn't I get a bag full below on the beach, this day se'nnight? Tell me, sir, if you plaze, is a muscle any relation to your honour, sir?'

"'Ah! Mick,' says he, 'would you insult me?—sure, we trace our pedigree up to the days of King Fergus, and the muscles wasn't known for whole ages after: they're fishes of yesterday—mushrooms o' the ocean:—d—n the one o' thim knows whether or no he ever had a great-grandmother!—Mick, this is a bad upstart world we live in.'

"'It is,' says I, 'people thinks o' nobody but just their own selves; and doesn't mind what in-

convaniency they puts their fellow-cratures to, so as they an't harried thimselves.'

"'True,' says he, 'Mick:—did you ever rade o' the Romans?'

"'I'm a Roman meeself, sir.'

"'Phugh!' says he, 'it's of rulligion ye're a spaking!—I mane the ould Romans—Romulus and Rebus—Brutus and Brian Boru—that sacrificed thimselves for the good of their country:—them's the examples we ought to follow, Mick; we should help our fellow cratures too, in necessity, if it lies in our power, and not stand, shilly-shally, thinking and turning it over whether it will be to our advantage or not.'

"'Sir,' says I, 'your honour spakes my own sintimints; and sure never could a finer time come up for practising what you preach than now.—Luck up, your honour—luck up, and see meeself, a poor fellow-crature, in distress for a mouthful;—I'm a part o' my country, and you're an Irishman born, I'll be sworn.'

"'Mick,' says he, 'that's a different sort of a thing, intirely.'

"'Not at all,' says I; 'it's a case in point.'

"'Well, Mick,' says he, 'thin I will—I will sacrifice meeself.'

"'And no thanks to you, sir,' says I, 'you know you'd be sacrificed by me, whether you sacrificed yourself or no. Ah! ah!'

"'Ha—ha!' says he, 'that's true; and it's the way o' the world, Mick.'

"'And may be, sir,' says I, 'thim Romans yourself spoke about—'

"'Blarney and humbug, Mick!—blarney and humbug!—They did just what Shawn O'Shaugnessy did, while ago;—jump overboard to show his bravery, when he knew the ship was sinking. —But don't be in a hurry, Mick,' says he, seeing me licking my lips, and getting nearer him;—'although, Mick, I have no wish to live; for an oysther's live is a sad one, Mick.'

"'Ah! sir,' says I, 'and so is Mick Maguire's.'

"'I've every wish in the world to travel into all foreign parts.'

"'And so have I, sir.'

"'But a snail's better off than I am.—Can't he take a trip with his house on his back, and look about him whin he likes?'

"'That's just my own case,' says I, 'there's John Carroll, the pedlar, takes his pack on his shoulder, and travels from Clonmell to Carrick —from Carrick to Stradbally, and all over the rest of the world, two or three times a week.'

"'Oh! musha! Mick,' says he, 'don't grumble; you're not half so bad off as I am;—it's tied by the back I am, to the floor of my house, and I can't stir a foot.'

"'It isn't much money yourself spinds in brogues and stockings, then,' says I.—'Ah! thim brogues ates a man out of house and home, intirely!—Does your honour know one Darby Walsh, a brogue-maker?'

"No, I don't.'

"'Then, mark this, sir,' says I, 'if ever you shake the fist of him, you'll have a rogue in your gripe.'

"'I knew one Jack Walsh,' says he, 'at Calcutta.'

"'And was your honour ever at Calcutta,' says I.

"'I was once, Mick,' says he, 'I wint out in a porpus, who very politely gave me an inside place for nothing: but, arrah! Mick, I was obliged to work my way home.'

"'Did you know one Tiddy Maguire, in the East Indies?' says I.

"'No; but I heard talk of him.'

"'He was a brother of mine, sir, and though I've axed every body that ever come from thim parts, if they knew one Tiddy Maguire in the East Indies, divil a ha'p'orth o' news could ever I get about him before.—Will I till your honour a story about Tiddy?—Sure, I will then:—Tiddy was a boy that used to be given to walking in his sleep;—he'd go miles about, and bring home people's little pigs and poultry; and be all the while innocent of theft—quite intirely—so he said, any how. Well! to make a long story short, one night Tiddy was awoke by a great knock on the head, abroad there in Morty Flynn's backyard, with a sucker from the ould sow's side, in his hand; how it came there, Tiddy never could give any satisfactory account.—Whin he got home—'Arrah! Tid,' says I, 'what happened you, man? and who's been braking the face of you?' And sure enough the blood was streaming through his hair like a brook among underwood. 'Morty Flynn,' says he, 'struck me while ago.' Arrah! man, and had you nothing in your hand to defind yourself wid?' says I. 'Troth! and I had thin,' says he, 'but what's a sucking-pig in a man's fist to a shovel?'

"'But, sir,' says I to the oysther, 'it's high time we should be better acquainted:—by your lave, sir,' says I, taking out my skean dubh, and a fine knife it was;—'by your lave, sir—'

"'Luck up, luck up, Mick!' says he.

"Meeself lucked up, as he bid me, and the curse of Cromwell on the crow that was flying over my head just thin;—the bird was bastely enough to dirt the face o' me;—down fell something, just thin as I lucked up, exactly betuxt my two eyes. I was in a terrible rage, you may guess; but hark to what a fool I was:—instid of getting my gun, and shooting the blackguard, what did meeself do, in the heat of the moment, but pick up the oysther, and away wid it at him, thinking to knock a hole in his black coat!

"'Caw!' says he, sailing off; 'caw-aw!' grinning at me.

"'Caw-aw!' says the oysther, says he to me too, from a ledge o' the rock below me, where he fell; 'caw-aw, Mick!—more sinse and bad luck to ye, Mick!'

"'Ah! sir,' says I, putting a good face on the matter, and thinking whether or no I could get at him;—'ah! sir,' says I, 'did you think I'd be bad enough to devour you?'

"'Faith! you would, Mick,' says he.

"'Wasn't I polite?'

"'Mighty; and may you break your neck going home, Mick! Your brother Tiddy was

transported in the East Indies; your father wouldn't fight for his faction; your aunt had a pledge that was sent to the foundling, at Dublin; your cousin Jim is a tithe-proctor:—you're a bad set, egg and bird:—your sister's husband is a swaddler; and your own father's mother-in-law's first cousin hung a priest, Mick: moreover—'

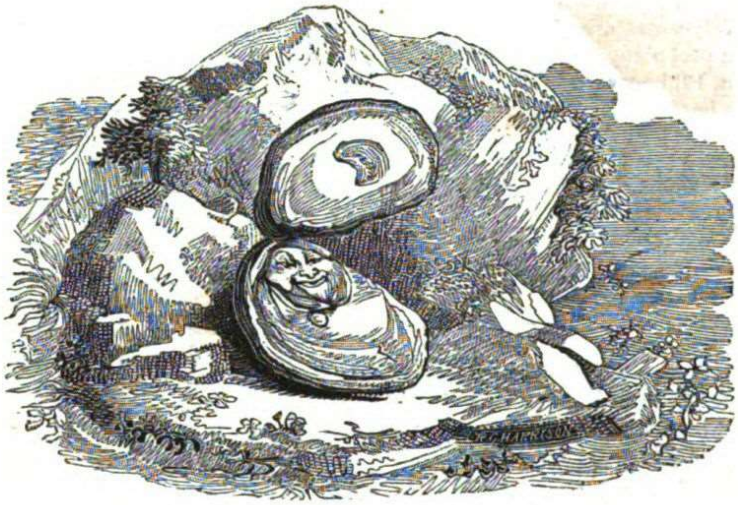
"'Hould your tongue, you villain!' says I, levelling my gun at him. 'Hould your tongue, or I'll blow you to atoms!'

"'Who cares for you?' says he. 'Didn't you steal the shot your gun is loaded wid?—Answer me that.'

"'I will,' says I, pulling the trigger, and knocking his house from the ledge, plump into the sea.

"'I've done for you now, ould gentleman, I think,' says I.

"'No you haven't, Mick,' says he, peeping out of his shell, as he was falling; 'you've done just what I wanted: a grate big bird carried me up where you found me; he couldn't open me, though, and left me there where I was: and instid of having done for me, you've sint me home, Mick,' says he, 'to my own bed, you blackguard, for which I'm mighty obliged—and bad luck to you, Mick!' says he, as he sunk in the sea:—and from that day to this, meeself never set eyes on the little man in the oysther-shells—though it's often I drame about him, and of what he said to me above on the crag there."



From the London Literary Souvenir.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

THE forests of North America are now unceasingly groaning under the axe of the backwoodsman; and it is no uncommon spectacle to behold a village smiling on the spot which a few months before was an almost impracticable forest, or the haunt alone of the wild beast and the savage.

"Great changes!" I exclaimed, as I alighted at the door of a log building, in front of which hung a rude sign to arrest the steps of the traveller. "A few years ago, there was scarcely the trace of a white man to be seen, where I now behold a flourishing town and a numerous colony of inhabitants—a large tract of forest land enclosed, and corn shooting up amid the dying trunks of its aboriginal trees."

"Our village thrives," was the laconic remark of a tall slender personage, who was lounging against the sign post of the village inn, around which half a dozen idlers were assembled.

"True; civilization has made rapid strides, but the red men, I perceive, have not yet disappeared from among you." (Four or five Indians were lying stretched upon a bank at a short distance from the inn door, basking in the rays of the setting sun.)

"Not yet," was the reply. "They come into the village to sell their peltries; but at present they are not very well satisfied with the intercourse we have had together."

"How so; do you take advantage of their ignorance of the value of their merchandise?"

"Possibly we do; but that is not their chief cause of dissatisfaction. They still prefer their council grove and summary punishment, to our court-house and prison."

"Court-house and prison! Cannot so small a community as this be kept together without the aid of such establishments?"

"I know not; but few communities, however small, are willing to try the experiment. As yet our prison has had but one tenant, and to his fate may be attributed the surly deportment of yonder savages. They belong to the same tribe."

I expressed a curiosity to hear the particulars of his story. My communicative friend led the way into the tavern, where, as soon as we were seated, he commenced his account in nearly the following words:—

"Tangoras was the chief of a neighbouring tribe of Indians. He is now advanced in years, but still retains much of the vigour of youth. Brave, expert in the chase, patient of fatigue, and beloved by his people; his voice is a law, for he is looked upon as the sole remaining example of what the tribe was before the whites appeared among them.

"He seems to have beheld the progress of civilization with the same feelings as the shipwrecked mariner watches the approach of the wave that is to wash him from the rock on which he has attained a foothold. The land of his fathers had been wrested from him. He defended it bravely until resistance was found to be fruitless; and when he became subject to the laws of the pale faces, he viewed their proceedings as tyrannical, and himself as little better than a slave.

"They told him that his condition would be ameliorated, but they would not suffer him to be happy in his own way; and, unluckily, for the old chief, no one can define happiness in such a manner as will accord with the conception of another. All imagine they comprehend its meaning, and all differ. From the cradle to the grave we are struggling to grasp it; but, like the delusive vessel formed of mists, it vanishes when considered nearest, and leaves us hopeless and alone in the midst of a turbulent sea.

"When he complained of the injustice done him, they urged that the earth was given to man to cultivate, and that he who refuses to fulfil the condition, loses his title to it. In vain did the old Indian argue from the same authority, that the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field were also given to man's use, and that he therefore preserved his hunting grounds inviolate; that he cultivated as much as his wants required; and that he who does more, brings a curse rather than a blessing upon his fellows, by introducing among them luxury and its attendant evils.

"They also told him that the Christian religion confers upon its professors, who are the immediate heirs of heaven, a right to the soil paramount to any human claim. The old chief, as he bowed to this decision, calmly replied—'While you who profess superior knowledge, are taught to pursue a line of action as perfect as can come within the comprehension of human intellect, wherever the cross has appeared, instead of awakening the best feelings of your nature, the demon of destruction seems to have been roused within you, and death and desolation have followed. Though you tell me it is the emblem of peace to all mankind, to us, at least, it has been the signal of war, of exterminating and merciless war.'

"But to proceed with my story:

"Tangorus seldom entered the villages of the whites, and refused to make use of our manufactures. He dressed himself in skins instead of the blankets, which his people had adopted; for he said, he would live as his fathers had lived, and die as they had died. About a year ago, at the head of a dozen of his tribe, he descended yonder hill by the narrow path which winds over it. His

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followers were laden with peltries; but the old chief marched erect, with his tomax only in his hand, and his hunting-knife stuck in his girdle, for he scorned to be a pack-horse for the pale faces.

"As he entered the village, his countenance was stamped with more than usual austerity. I spoke to him, but he made no reply. He refused to enter our cabins, and turned away from food when it was proffered him. He stretched himself beneath the shade of the cypress tree at the big spring, while his followers proceeded to dispose of their merchandize.

"It so happened that four or five Indians belonging to a tribe inhabiting a tract of country somewhat lower down the river, were in the village at the same time. They had made their sales and purchases, and were about to depart as Tangoras and his people appeared. They soon mingled together, and a low gutteral conversation ensued. From the violence of their gesticulations, we concluded that the subject was of deep interest. A tall handsome savage of about five and twenty years of age, active and athletic, kept aloof from the crowd, and appeared to be the subject of conversation, from the ferocious glances cast at him by the tribe of Tangoras. He was evidently uneasy; and as he slowly receded, as if intending to leave the village, he kept his dark eye lowering suspiciously upon the crowd. He had already passed the furthermost house, and drew nigh to the spot where Tangoras lay, too much wrapped in his own reflections to attend to what was going forward.

"The sound of footsteps awakened his attention: he slowly turned his Herculean frame, and appearing to recognise the young savage, sprung in an instant upon his feet. A fierce yell succeeded, which the distant hills re-echoed, and the next instant we beheld the stranger flying like the affrighted deer from the famished wolf, towards the mountains. Tangoras followed close behind. They crossed the plain with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow, and at intervals the fiend-like yell of the old chief, startled the eagle as he enjoyed his circling flight in the upper air.

"While crossing the plain, the youthful activity of the fugitive Indian enabled him to exceed the speed of his pursuer; but in ascending the opposite ridge, it was evident that he was losing ground sensibly. A shout of triumph which the evening breeze carried from mountain to mountain, proclaimed that Tangoras was aware of his advantage. The rest of the savages watched the chase with intense interest, and preserved a dead silence. They scarcely breathed as they leaned forward with their eyes fixed upon the parties ascending the rugged and winding path. The young Indian now stood upon a bare rock on the brow of the ridge. He paused for a moment to breathe. The motion of his body did not escape us as he drew a deep inspiration. He cast a look downwards upon his pursuer, who followed close after him. It was but a momentary glance, and the young man disappeared on the opposite side of the mountain. Tangoras sprang upon the rock, sent forth a yell, and the next moment was out of sight also. He did not pause to breathe, nor did he slacken his pace as he ascended the ridge; he could have kept on from the rising to the setting of the sun without fatigue or without abating his speed, for he united with the strength of the rugged bear the activity of the deer; nor did he fear to wrestle with the one without a weapon, or to hunt down the other without a dog to keep him on the trail.

"They were no sooner out of sight, than the savages in the village started in pursuit of them. As they sprang over the plain, they yelled and leaped like a herd of famished wolves on the scent of their prey. It was indeed a wild sight to behold them rushing along the narrow path over the mountain.

"The fugitive pursued his course down the western declivity with increased swiftness. It was the race of a maniac. He leaped from rock to rock at the hazard of his life, and had gained considerably upon Tangoras, who followed with his eye fixed upon his victim, and without slackening his speed. At intervals he sent forth the piercing war whoop, and the fearful sound increased the speed of the fugitive.

"At the base of the mountain was a river deep and rapid. The fugitive came rushing down with the ungoverned velocity of a thing inanimate. He reached the green bank of the river, and without pausing sprang into its waves. The current bore him rapidly along, and the cool water refreshed his burning body. He had not swam far before Tangoras stood upon the bank, and immediately with a heavy plunge dashed into the river: he beat aside the waves with his sinewy arms; his head was elevated, and his broad chest parted the water, even as the prow of a vessel. He glided upon the surface as though he had been a creature of the element, and the small waves leaped about his brawny neck in playful wantonness. By this time the rest of the savages appeared on the brow of the mountain, and they rushed down the rugged path like fiends at their sport, leaping from crag to crag, as reckless of danger as though they had been immortal. As they threw their reeking bodies into the water, the fugitive was about ascending the bank on the opposite side. Tangoras was close behind him, for he had gained considerably upon him in the passage of the river. The race was now resumed. The fugitive darted off with renewed vigour, and the old chief followed at a steady pace across the verdant plain through which the river pursues its way.

"The Indian once more outstripped his pursuer; but as they entered upon the high lands, his speed diminished. The old chief perceived it, and as he kept on his even course, sent forth the war whoop as if in derision. The race continued over ridges and plains and through streams, until they arrived at the foot of the next spur of the mountain. As they entered upon the steep ascent, the pursued strained every nerve

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to keep up his speed, while Tangoras followed with as much ease in his motions, as if it had been but a race of amusement.

"The fugitive now deviated from the narrow path, and entered upon the most dangerous and rugged ground, in hopes that his pursuer through fatigue would desist from the chase; but the hope was vain, for he still followed with the same fixedness of purpose as at the outset. They soon found themselves in the depth of the wilderness. Higher and higher they clambered up in silence, assisting their ascent by clinging to stunted shrubs and the jutting pieces of rock. The other savages followed at a distance, yelling like fiends, and were guided by the echoes occasioned by the fragments of rocks, which yielding to the tread, rolled down the side of the mountain. The young Indian had been hunted to desperation, when an ascent almost inaccessible presented itself. He braced every nerve, and leaping up, seized hold of the branch of a tree that grew from the declivity. Fortunately it sustained his weight, and he drew himself beyond the obstruction. He sprang from the tree to a jutting rock, which yielded beneath the pressure, and as he felt it moving, he threw himself forward flat upon the earth as the only means of preservation. The stone rolled from under him down the mountain, and a fearful yell was mingled with the crashing that it made in its passage. He turned and beheld Tangoras prostrate on the ground. A second look disclosed that he was bleeding. A laugh of joy and derision burst from the lips of the fugitive, who was still stretched upon the earth, but his triumph was of short duration. Tangoras soon sprang upon his feet again; his rage augmented by the smarting of his wounds, and leaping up with the elasticity of the panther, he readily achieved the ascent which had nearly exhausted the remaining strength of his victim, who slowly arose and again exerted himself to escape his determined pursuer.

"They had now almost reached the summit of the mountain. Tangoras pressed closely upon the young Indian, who with difficulty dragged along his wounded and exhausted frame. At length he attained the highest point, and as he cast a look down the western declivity he started back, for it was too precipitous for mortal to descend and live. His deadly foe was within a few paces, and a savage smile of triumph was on his countenance. The fugitive was unarmed, and hope forsook him when he beheld the other draw his hunting knife as he leisurely ascended, confident that his victim could not now escape. The young man stood erect, and facing his foe, tore off the slight covering from his broad bosom, which heaved as he drew his shortened breath. They were now face to face on the same rock—a pause ensued—their eyes glared upon each other—Tangoras raised his arm. 'Strike!' cried the fugitive, and the next moment was heard the sound of his colossal body as it fell from rock to rock down the deep chasm, startling the birds of prey from their eyries. Tangoras stood alone on the rock, and the rays of the setting sun shone full upon him. The affrighted birds were screaming and flying in a circle over the spot where the body had fallen. When the rest of the savages had ascended the mountain, the old chief was still standing on the same spot, with the bloody knife in his hand, his mind absorbed by his feelings. They asked for the fugitive; he made no reply, but held up the blood-stained weapon, smiled, and pointed down the abyss. The friends of the deceased silently withdrew to search for the body, while Tangoras and his people returned to their village."

"And what cause had he for the perpetration of so merciless a deed?"

"The young Indian had a short time before assassinated his only son; and as his tribe refused to deliver up the murderer to punishment, the father in conformity to their custom took justice into his own hands, not dreaming that the whites would pronounce that a capital offence, which both the laws of the red men and their religious creed imperatively called upon him to perform. He was, however, apprehended, tried and convicted of murder. He did not speak during his trial, but looked in scorn upon our grave deliberations; and sat in the prisoners' bar with the dignity of a hero rather than the compunctuous bearing of a criminal. He heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him without moving a muscle; and as he was led forth from the court-house to the prison, he moved on with a firm step and haughty demeanour, which showed that though he had been condemned by others, he was not self-condemned. The miserable remnant of his tribe had assembled to await the issue of his trial. They fell back as he appeared, and he moved through them in silence, without bestowing even a look upon them, and they followed him to prison, gazing at him in stupid wonder."

"Did they witness his incarceration without an attempt to set him free?"

"Certainly; what else could you expect from those who have taken no more than the first step towards civilization? There is no condition in life so abject as theirs. They view the laws of society as being at constant variance with natural privilege; and while they dread and groan beneath the former, they have not the hardihood to assert the latter. They look upon the restrictions as intended for their abasement, and not to elevate them to an equality; and while you strive to teach them the superiority of their nature, you only convince them that they were born free, and that the social compact has made them slaves."

"And what was the fate of old Tangoras?"

"That will be decided to-morrow. Look out of the window towards the prison, and you may see the gallows tree prepared for his execution."

I did so, and beheld that the limb of a stout oak tree near the prison had been trimmed for the purpose: a ladder was reared against it, and three Indians were lounging beneath it. At this moment two Indian women passed the window;

their countenances denoted deep affliction, and their heads were bent downwards."

"Those women," continued my informant, "are the wives of Tangoras. They have been remarkably attentive to him during his imprisonment, and are now going, doubtless, to take their leave final of him."

We could distinctly see what was passing from the tavern window. They approached the prison, knocked at the door, and the jailer permitted them to enter. I expressed a desire to see the unfortunate old chief; and my communicative friend, who by the way was the village schoolmaster, promised to gain me admittance to his cell on the following morning, as it was then near the hour of closing the doors for the night. In a few minutes the Indian women again appeared. They looked towards the gallows tree, and spoke to each other. As they passed beneath the window of the inn, I perceived that their countenances were much more placid than they were before they entered the prison."

The stillness of the evening was now broken by the sound of a distant drum, which gradually became more distinct. In an instant the whole of the villagers were in the street gazing anxiously in the direction whence the sound proceeded; and even the sluggish savage felt sufficient interest, to arise from his recumbent posture. While expectation was on tip-toe, a corps of military appeared winding around the base of the mountain that terminated the prospect on the eastern side of the village. A troop of ragged urchins ran delighted to meet them. The soldiers had been sent for to a neighbouring town, to intimidate the savages from interfering with the execution of the laws.

I arose at day-break the following morning, and on descending to the bar-room, found the schoolmaster already there, waiting to conduct me to the prison. It was a delightful morning in spring. As we walked forth, the birds were singing joyously, the green grass sparkled with dew, the morning air was refreshing, and laden with fragrance from the foliage of the surrounding forest. A number of Indians were standing beneath the gallows tree, with their faces towards the east; their heads were bent in sorrow, and they preserved unbroken silence as we passed by them. The wives of Tangoras were among the number. The sun had not yet appeared above the eastern horizon as we entered the prison.

We were conducted by the jailor to the apartment in which the old chief was confined. We found him standing in the centre of the cell, with his eyes raised to a small grated window through which the grey light of morning was stealing. His mind was too deeply engaged with its own reflections to notice us as we entered. The jailor accosted him, but he made no reply, and still kept his eyes fixed on the same object. The schoolmaster also spoke to him, but still he appeared unconscious of our presence. A solitary sunbeam now stole through the grating, which falling on the face of the old Indian, relaxed its austerity. Still he moved not. My companions looked at him, and then upon each other in astonishment, which was increased by the low sound of a number of voices joined in song. The music was varied by occasionul bursts of passion and passages of deep pathos. Tangoras joined the strain in a low gutteral tone, scarcely audible; he closed his eyes as he sang, and listened to the voices apparently with deep interest.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I enquired.

"It is the Indian death song," replied the schoolmaster; "and they relate in their rude strains the most daring exploits of their favourite chief."

Tangoras stood motionless for about a quarter of an hour, during which the song continued. His eyes remained closed, and his countenance underwent various changes. The expression indicated pain, and finally it became so completely distorted as to prove that he was labouring under intense torture, though he still continued to mutter the death song. It was now with the utmost difficulty that he sustained himself: he staggered, his knees bent under him, and the next moment he fell to the floor, and shouted the war whoop as he fell. They heard the signal from without, and immediately the death song was changed to a wild burst of exultation. We approached to support the old chief, who was struggling in the agonies of death, but he waved his hand and forbade us to touch him. We inquired into the cause of his sudden illness, and he replied with a smile of triumph, 'that nature impelled him to die as a man, while the Christians would have taught him to die as a dog.'

"The old Roman virtue—consistent to the last!" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

The dying Indian writhed on the floor, and suddenly turning on his back, threw out his gigantic limbs, and lay stretched at full length. His broad chest heaved, his teeth were clenched, his hands closed, his eyes turned upwards, and a slight quivering ran through his whole frame. The song of exultation still continued without. There was now a gentle knock at the outer door, and the jailor left us to attend to it. In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by the wives of Tangoras. They looked upon him as he lay upon the floor, and then exchanged glances with each other. The struggle was over; the body was now motionless. They bent down beside it, covered their faces, and having remained in this posture a few moments, arose and left the prison in silence. The song of exultation ceased as the jailer closed the door after them. As I returned to the Inn, I expressed astonishment at the cause of his sudden death.

"The cause is plain enough," replied the schoolmaster. "The women who visited him last evening, left a dose of poison with him. It is evident that the plan was preconcerted."

About an hour afterwards, we beheld the dejected Indians slowly ascending the mountain, bearing the remains of the old chief to a spot where they might repose without longer being trampled on by the justice of the pale faces."

From the Pearl.

THE MOTHER—A SKETCH.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

EARLY in one of those beautiful mornings of last May, that called forth from the city so much of its youth, beauty, and even its decrepitude, to inhale health and gratify a refined taste, I was riding leisurely along the narrow road that skirts the Schuylkill, about a mile above the princely and hospitable mansion of Mr. Pratt. Solitude and the darkening foliage of the surrounding trees, gave a solemnity to the scene, that those whom grief and habits of reflection render fond of retirement, so dearly love. Not a breath of air disturbed the leaves of the branches that stretched across the path-way. It was the true silence of nature in her secret places, and the mind, undisturbed by outward objects, grew busy in the solitude. An opening in the bushes on the left, showed the summit of the hills on the opposite banks of the river, just touched with the yellow tints of the rising sun; and the dew-gems upon its luxuriant grass glanced its beams in all their prismatic beauty; but below and between, the mist of the night, settling upon the bosom of the river, hid the placid stream, or rolled heavily off toward the opening of a distant interval. And such, thought I, as I checked my horse to contemplate the scene, such is my course—darkened now and solitary, but beyond me, and beyond this life, are scenes of happiness lit up, like that hill, with the rays of hope and promise; yet, between me and those enjoyments lies a fearful passage, darkened by the mists which the night of ignorance has caused to settle upon it, and deep and dangerons as my errings have made it. A train of reflections was following—reflections such as one who had sat for months in the contemplation of near approaching death, may be supposed to indulge, when my eye, dropping from the sun-lit eminence above, rested upon an object at the distance of a few yards from us, between the road and the river. A slight breeze dissipated the mist from the spot, and I discovered a female, apparently lifeless, stretched along the ground.

Alighting from my horse, I approached within a few feet of the woman, when she raised her head suddenly from the little eminence upon which it had rested, and showed a face that had once been beautiful, now marred by continued sorrow, and inflamed by recent indulgence of grief.

With a hasty apology for what might appear an impertinent intrusion, and proffering what aid I could bestow, if any should be needed, I withdrew a few yards; but, whether the lady felt that there was something in her appearance and situation that required explanation, or whether my wasted, consumptive form, and hollowed, sallow cheek, forbad a thought of intrusion, and invited confidence, I cannot tell—she hastily adjusted her hair and dress, and beckoned me with the solemnity of grief to approach. With those feelings that affliction ever excites, I complied with the intimation, and soon discovered that I was in the company of one for whom education and affection had done much, but deep and lasting sorrow more. I respectfully tendered anew to the female, whatever assistance her circumstances might demand, and mine would allow. "I am alone," she said, "in the world, and the little that nature requires is easily obtained. All that life had valuable, has been taken from me; and death, which to some is a dreadful consideration, I contemplate with pleasing satisfaction, while I await it with resigned patience. Not my afflictions, but their consequences, have prepared me for that event; and I look with pleasure to the rapidly approaching time when I shall lie *beneath* the hillock from which I have now risen, and none shall be able to call me back to the bitterness of my earthly lot. All that was dear to me in life is there, and where my earthly treasures are deposited, there my heart is also."

I learned from the lady, that her husband had left England with a view of establishing himself in this country; and, after residing in Philadelphia a few months, he sent to her a letter, acquainting her with his prospects of business, directing her to dispose of whatever property she had, and to come with the children to him. She complied with his request, and arrived in America ten days after the death of her husband.

A stranger and a widow, unused to depend upon herself, she at first almost sunk beneath the afflictive stroke of Providence; but the claims of five children called a mother to a sense of her duties. She exerted herself, but still found that the little which remained of her limited store was daily wasting—" and," said she, " I knew not the power that would give the prolific blessing to the last measure of meal in my barrel, or that could bid me still pour out abundance from the widow's exhausted cruse. To protract life then, scarcely to save it, I left the city, and took yonder miserable hut, that had been deserted by a family of blacks. Here, with rigid economy and unsparing labour, I might have raised my children, imparting to them the rudiments of an useful education, but your climate, at best unfriendly to health, and rendered still more deleterious by our contiguity to the river, and exposure to the morning and evening moisture, proved too powerful for my children. The eldest wasted away with rackig chills, or almost shrivelled by burning fevers, expired in my arms, with a blessing upon me mingling with his last accents. We laid him here, in this grave, and when the earth was heaped over him, I returned to renew my watchings with the next.

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"Death was busy with my household: in three months, four of my children were brought to this spot. And perhaps the last would have been with them, but for the change of atmosphere that checked the progress of disease. How strong is a mother's love! All the affection which had diffused itself over my four children, had centred with deep intensity upon him that had been spared;—my youngest boy. Let a mother indulge her fondness. He was beautiful; poverty had not crushed his spirits; and, knowing little of other joys, he had moulded even his childish sports to my wishes. How often, as I threw back the clustering curls, to impress upon his polished forehead a mother's kiss, has my heart ached at the thought that we must separate; that before long I must be with those dear ones that had gone, and then who would watch over my Albert. The cold charities of public provision, meted out to him among a squalid race, cradled in misery, and nurtured to crime; what were these to one—poor, poor indeed, but endowed with an appetency for good, and taught to love virtue, not for its reward, but for its excellence?

"It is now three weeks since, finding some necessity to visit the seat of our opulent neighbour, I left my Albert in care of the house, with especial charge to guard the little enclosure.—My errand was unusually fortunate; and, as I hastened home, I thought of the delight which my child would evince in contemplating an acquisition which, by the kindness of a lady, I had made. I thought of the smile that was to play over his features, as he should come bounding along the path-way to greet my return, and aid me in carrying my well-stored bundle.

"I approached the house, but Albert did not appear. I looked when he should spring from behind a tree to surprise me, and even conned the little monition which I should give him for the rudeness that yet could not offend. He was perhaps studying his lesson, and did not think of my return; for children forget often, very often, when a parent's heart yearns most for them.—Agitated with undefinable fears, I hastened forward, and when within a few paces of the house, I discovered my lamb sitting and leaning against the trunk of a large tree. For a moment the blood curdled at my heart, and thoughts, thick coming and fearful, passed my mind with a rapidity that none but a parent, an afflicted and suffering parent, can know."———The woman paused, and laying her hand on my arm, said, inquiringly—"You are a father?"———

I bowed assent.

"And have mourned the loss of a child," again she asked.

The tear that smote her hand, as it still rested on my arm, told her that I could sympathise with her.

"I may then proceed, for only to a parent may a parent tell her woes. But still you cannot know it *all*.—No, a mother only, only a mother may drink of *that* cup!—Oh! how a mother loves her boy—and that one, one spared from all—I have held him to my bosom in moments of deep feeling, when sorrow, poverty and despair, have chilled every current from the heart. I have pressed my Albert there, and, one by one, the remembrance of woes fled away, a smile lighted up my countenance, and the blood gushed through my veins with the elastic play of youth.

"But let me not weary you———I stepped towards the child—he was asleep. I gazed with a mother's fondness, and with a mother's pride.—The sun was pouring his setting beams upon his face, and the wind scattered the curls of hair that lay in profusion on his shoulders. I kneeled to kiss and bless the boy, and thanked God that *he* was spared me.

"That night Albert awoke with a hoarseness, and other indications of a cold—caught probably while sleeping in the open air. I resorted to the usual applications, but in vain. The next day saw him worse, and the medical adviser who visited him the third day, expressed serious apprehensions. Let me hasten to the close. The night succeeding, as I sat with my Albert on my knees, I noticed that the filmy whiteness which had rested on his eyes during the day, had passed off; they were brilliant beyond the brightness of health. I knew the approaches of death too well to be deceived; yet I gazed with agonizing intensity. The lamp poured a pale light upon his visage, over which a hectic flush was passing: 'Mother, dear mother,' died away half articulated by the angel;—a slight convulsion distorted his lip—and—and—I was left alone.———When the physician came the next morning, he found me sitting in my chair and Albert on my knees.

"They buried him here—here with all my flock—all in one grave—over which I kneel so often, that not one blade of grass springs above them—nor must it—the earth will soon be removed for me; and when I sleep with my babes, the grass will then grow over us, for there will be none—no, not one, to shed a tear upon our resting place—for I am alone—all, all alone."———

When the paroxysm of passion had passed off, I asked whether she had not relations in England. She replied in the negative. A brother and her oldest son left that country for India, more than twelve years since, and though certain intelligence of their death had not been received, still there was not a doubt that they had fallen victims to the disease incident to the interior of Hindostan.

When I turned to leave the scene of affliction that I had witnessed, the mists of the morning had passed away from the river; and the whole width of the stream lay before me, glistening in silvery whiteness with the rays of the risen sun. Half an hour before, absorbed in my feelings, I had likened the river and its dark folds of mist to death. Does not sympathy in the woes of others diminish the burthen of our own affliction, and tend to chase even darkness and fears from that passage which all must tread?

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A few days subsequent to the interview which I have described, an advertisement in the public papers called for information relative to a family, the description of which answered in many particulars to that of the afflicted mother. I called at the "Mansion House" for the advertiser, and found, in a young and interesting stranger, the son who was supposed to have died in India. I acquainted him, in haste, with the situation of his family, and could scarcely restrain him from setting out immediately to find his parent. I knew too well the state of her health to allow such rashness, but promised him that I would accompany him the following morning.

As he approached the abode of his mother, I proposed alighting first, and preparing her, in some measure, for the interview. When we arrived at the opening in the bushes, through which I had first discovered her, I perceived her kneeling beside the unsodded grave. I urged my companion to pass on. The noise of our horses had disturbed her; she raised her head, and a smile of recognition rested upon her face as she rose to meet me.

"Still," said she, "still, like Rachel, mourning for my children, refusing to be comforted."

"Yet, madam," said I, "there may be comfort; the survivors may, by kindness and sympathy, teach you, if not to mourn less for the dead, at least to live for the living."

"There is no such hope," said she, "I can say with the afflicted one of old—'Lover and friend thou hast put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.'"

"But you mentioned a son in India."

"I mentioned him as dead," said she.

"But, madam," I replied, "I have reason to believe, nay to know, that he did not die at the time to which you refer."

"Does he live *now?* Is he alive?"—asked the mother with haste.

"The young man who accompanied me has seen your son, and can give certain information of his welfare. Shall I call him hither, or will you see him at the house?

"Here, even here; my home is on the grave of my children." I stepped to the road, and beckoned to the young man. He approached the grave in some haste.

——"You have seen my son—you know him—you can tell me—me, his mother—of his welfare."—

The youth lifted his dark eye, swimming in tears, and vainly endeavoured to reply. He scarcely articulated his name, and the mother and the son rushed into each other's arms, and knelt down in a convulsive embrace upon the grave, the altar of her morning sacrifice.

When the son attempted to rise, his mother fell from his arms, pale and lifeless. The gush of pleasure had been too strong; she had breathed her last blessings upon the bosom of her son; and now lay unconscious of joys or sorrows.

The son, in a few weeks, returned to India.

The mother is buried with her children, upon the banks of the Schuylkill; and my young readers will perhaps lengthen their morning walk, in the coming summer, to see whether there is a rose upon the bush that I have placed at the head of the grave.

THE MAURITIUS.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A LADY.

A LADY residing at the Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward. Being in affluent circumstances, she gave him, with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business; and being very industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family. Years passed away, and whilst he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty: misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common comforts of life. This man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town and sought her out in her humble abode: with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honoured lady in so reduced a state, and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future comforts. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant, but declined his offer: he could not, however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design. "My good mistress," said he, "oblige me by accepting my services: when you were rich, you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which, through God's blessing, I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life, and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my prosperity when you are in need." His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed, in his palanquin, to the comfortable and well furnished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care: his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always showed, by their conduct, that they considered themselves her servants. Deserted by those who had professed themselves her friends, whilst she was in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amid those who had once been her dependants.

There are few, we believe, to whom the modern languages are familiar, who do not know that the Mauritius embraces the scene of the melancholy story of Paul and Virginia. To the French and English, who remain any time in the island, the spot where the tombs of those lovers are said to lie, is a shrine of frequent and devout pilgrimage; but as it too often happens, the romance is destroyed in the unfolding of it. The writer says:—

"In December, 1825, we quitted Port Louis, to spend the warm season in that district of the island which is named Pamplemonesses, a part of the country to which a romantic interest has been given by the tale of Paul and Virginia. Strangers are generally eager to hasten to the spot where they are told they will behold the tombs of those unfortunate Creoles, whose mutual affection and unhappy fate are described so pathetically by St. Pierre.

Junior lieutenants and midshipmen, and others of the age of romance, always make it a point to visit these tombs as soon as possible after their arrival: if they can only get on shore for a few hours, they hire or borrow horses, and proceed with all haste to the interesting scene. On reaching the spot to which they are directed, they enter a pretty garden, laid out with great care, and are conducted along a walk, bordered with bushes, bearing a profusion of roses, and having a stream of the clearest water flowing on each side: at the end of this walk the visitor sees a red, glaring monument, which he is told is the tomb of Virginia: at the termination of a similar avenue, on the opposite side of the garden, appears another monument, exactly resembling the first, which is designated the tomb of Paul; a grove of bamboos surrounds each. The traveller feels disappointed on beholding these tasteless red masses, instead of elegant monuments of Parian marble, which would seem alone worthy of such a purpose and such a situation; but that is not the only disappointment destined to be experienced by him: after having allowed his imagination to depict the shades of Paul and Virginia hovering about the spot where their remains repose—after having pleased himself with the idea that he had seen those celebrated tombs, and given a sigh to the memory of those faithful lovers, separated in life, but in death united—after all this waste of sympathy, he learns, at last, that he has been under a delusion the whole time—that no Virginia was there interred—and that it is a matter of doubt whether there ever existed such a person as Paul! What a pleasing illusion is then dispelled! how many romantic dreams, inspired by the perusal of St. Pierre's tale, are doomed to vanish when the truth is ascertained! The fact is, that these tombs have been built to gratify the eager desire which the English have always evinced to behold such interesting mementos. Formerly only *one* was erected, but the proprietor of the place, finding that all the English visitors, on being conducted to this, as the tomb of Virginia, always asked to see that of Paul also, determined on building a similar one, to which he gave that appellation. Many have been the visitors who have been gratified; consequently, by the conviction that they had looked on the actual burial-place of that unfortunate pair. These "tombs" are scribbled over with the names of the various persons who have visited them, together with verses and pathetic ejaculations and sentimental remarks. St. Pierre's story of the lovers is prettily written, and his descriptions of the scenic beauties of the island are correct, although not even *his* pen can

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do full justice to them; but there is little truth in the tale. It is said, that there was indeed a young lady sent from the Mauritius to France, for education, during the time Monsieur de la Bourdonnais was governor of the colony—that her name was Virginia, and that she was shipwrecked in the St. Geran. I heard something of a young man, being attached to her, and dying of grief for her loss; but that part of the story is very doubtful. The "Bay of the Tomb," the "Point of Endeavour," the "Isle of Amber," and the "Cape of Misfortune," still bear the same names, and are pointed out as the memorable spots mentioned by St. Pierre. The bay tree, said to be planted by Petrarch, at the grave of Virgil, could not have been held in greater veneration than the bamboos which flourish round these "tombs," are honoured with: some persons have received commissions from their friends in England, to send them slips from those trees. The plant that grows near the remains of the Latian bard, is now said to be destroyed by the incessant spoilation it received from English visitors; but the bamboo groves are not likely to share the same fate, since they are private property, and will, no doubt, long continue to overshade the spot, and to form an agreeable abode for the beautiful birds that sport among their branches. But although the romance of the story is soon dispelled to those who reside at the Mauritius, the country about Pamplemonesses is worth taking a journey to see: it is not so striking in picturesque and grand scenery as some other parts of the island, but it displays a well-cultivated, smiling aspect, very much resembling the general appearance of English landscapes; it is well wooded, but not mountainous, and there is less to remind one of being in a tropical region than might be expected. The village is pretty and populous, and has a Catholic church. There is also a botanical garden in that neighbourhood, which, although not affording a great display of flowers, is well stocked with valuable and curious trees from different parts of the east: it is kept in good order, and is an agreeable promenade."

MADAME COTTIN'S PELISSE.

"My good woman, I fear you will be weary in the midst of so many people."

"I, ma'am!" replied the unknown, "I am never weary." "If you will go into the next room, you will find somebody to amuse you; my mother's waiting-woman is a very pleasant person, about your own age; and I am sure the change must be agreeable to you." "I would go willingly, my dear," replied Madame Cottin, smiling, and guessing the intention of the thoughtless young lady, "but I find myself so comfortable here, that any change must be for the worse."

"However, the constant immobility in which I have observed you for some time past must have fatigued you." "It does not, I assure you, prevent me from remarking every thing that passes before me." "Indeed, *la bonne*, you are then an observer, are you? in that case, you have perceived, no doubt, that your dead-leaf coloured pelisse——" "Is the only livery that becomes me," replied the unknown; "I am dead to youth and beauty, as well as to the art of pleasing."

"What! have you ever been able to please?" "I have not been so beautiful as you are at present; few are—but, perhaps, was as much sought after, and as much courted, so that the remembrance of it is still dear to me." "What! shall *I* ever be neglected?" said the young lady, struck at the answers of the stranger, and changing her tone; "I am sure I distinctly heard the young ladies say, that the person who conducted them here was called their *bonne*." "This title is too dear to me," answered Madame Cottin, quickly, "for me to make a mystery of it—yes, ma'am, I am their *bonne*."

"Oh! madam, I see; at present that is only the surname of friendship, you are, I am sure, their governess, their Mentor." "They are not in want of a Mentor, they are naturally so good and so modest; but of that you yourself must be aware: candour in a woman doubles the attraction with which nature has endowed her."

The astonishment and curiosity of the young lady were at their height, and the conversation would have been serious and explicit, had not a young gentleman come up, and taking her hand, conducted her to an English dance, where she exhibited her graceful figure to great advantage. She still, however, kept her eyes fixed on the dead-leaf coloured pelisse, and at the same time calling to mind with what dignity and charm the unknown had given her so severe a lesson: she began to feel that she had done wrong, and was thinking of the means of making reparation for her fault. As soon as the dance was over, the company withdrew into another room, ornamented with flowers and plants, where supper was set out in a superior style of elegance and splendour. The ladies alone placed themselves at table; Madame Cottin seated her adopted children, and recommending them to the care of the ladies beside them, retired to her favourite corner. There, forsaken and neglected as it were by all the world, she was interrupted from her reverie by her hostess, who came to offer her refreshments: the three young friends also came in turns to pay their attentions, which they did in such an ardent and expressive manner, that those who perceived the circumstance, began to fear they should be censured, if they again attempted to ridicule the dead-leaf coloured pelisse. There were some who could not help throwing out sly hints, at the expense of the unknown, while others began to talk of the new publications, and the conversation naturally fell on a work of Madame Cottin's that had just been published, entitled "Mathilde." Some criticised it; others praised it in rapturous terms; but the most sensible part of the company agreed that it was the author's *chef d'œuvre*. "How much I admire the pure and timid virgin, placed in the midst of a camp, and agitated by such different passions!" said a celebrated character, turning his back at the same time on Madame Cottin. "It is noble and touching," cried a second, treading on the pelisse in his eagerness to be heard. "Oh! how venerable is the Archbishop of Tyre; he does not fear to lay down his life for those who belong to the Infidel Chief. It is in this manner that true piety should be drawn; it is this that makes religion cherished and respected. Who but must applaud the conduct of the gallant Montmorency? Who but must admire the variety of the work, its morality, and its denouement."

During the debate, the supper was ended. The lady of the mansion returned with her company into the drawing-room, took an active part in the conversation, and gave proofs of possessing taste and judgment. All the different works of Madame Cottin were discussed; each gave his opinion, and his motive for preference; but all agreed to class the author among the beings who did honour to their country and the age in which they lived.

The ladies, above all, did not fail to praise, and some among them repeated several passages from "Mathilde," and cited this work as if it had been the most profound study of the human heart, and the effusions of a mind possessed of the greatest sensibility. There were a few whose education had been very superficial, and who, therefore, could not appreciate the talents of this celebrated writer. "I do not like learned women," cried an affected youth, one of those who had been most severe in his observations on the poor despised pelisse, "however, Madame Cottin has subdued *me*." "And me also," cried another, "on my honour, she has filled my eyes with tears a hundred times; I would give all I am worth to see her." "And to know her," said another, turning himself round on his heel; "but she is never any where to be seen; she is like

the brightest stars which are always covered with clouds." "How is it possible that any one can refrain from appearing in society, of which she is the greatest ornament?" "The constant intercourse of such a woman must be instructing, and her friendship must be very dear to those who possess it," observed the lady hostess. "Oh! yes, indeed, madam, it is," involuntarily exclaimed the youngest of the sisters, who surrounded at that moment their modest benefactress.

"What, do you say, my dear? do you, indeed, enjoy the rare advantage of being personally acquainted with her?" The young person was going to speak again; but a look from her eldest sister, stopped her, and above all, a quick look from Madame Cottin closed her mouth. "What a suspicion," cried the lady, addressing the unknown; "can it be possible, that in this humble dress———I am not now surprised at the irresistible accents which struck me when you presented the young people—may I flatter myself that I have the honour of receiving Madame Cottin at my own house?—it must be she!" "Oh! *ma bonne!*" exclaimed the young orphan, throwing herself into her arms, "pardon me, if I have betrayed your secret, if I have broken my promise; but the sudden transition from bitter railleries to such well-merited praise delighted me so much, that I did not know what I was saying."

"Yes," answered the eldest sister, with as much emotion as dignity, "yes, it is the celebrated Madame Cottin; it is our *bonne*, our *bien bonne!* you have all been praising her talents, but it is we who can best appreciate the goodness of her heart." In spite of all Madame Cottin's efforts, by signs and broken sentences, to prevent their speaking, the three sisters could not resist the temptation of being revenged on those who had endeavoured to overwhelm her with contempt; and in consequence divulged every thing that she had done for their family. When the company were made acquainted with the true signification of the surname *bonne*, and the honourable cause of her simple dress, they were transported with joy, surprise and admiration. She was soon surrounded; the ladies took her hands, and covered them with kisses; the men even saluted the hem of that pelisse which had before appeared to them so contemptible. It was in this manner that they expressed their regret, and to make honourable amends, each was eager for a word or either a look from the woman who a few moments before they had considered so much beneath them, that they would not have deigned to address her in any way, and whom they had only considered a fit subject for ridicule; she seemed now in an instant to have been transformed into a tutelar deity, surrounded with homage, and was supplicated on all sides for pity and pardon. But there was one in the crowd who appeared more penitent than the rest—this was the daughter of the hostess; she was on her knees before Madame Cottin, beseeching her with tears in her eyes to forgive her for daring to insult her. "I am the most culpable," said she, "and did not think you worthy even to remain in this room; I proposed to you——— oh! madam, if your indulgence does not equal your celebrity, I shall forfeit what it is my greatest ambition to obtain—your friendship and esteem." Madame Cottin, anxious to console the young lady, pressed her to her bosom, and soon convinced her, by the most affectionate expressions, that she felt no resentment; and even went so far as to request her to become the friend of her adopted children, pardoning freely the rudeness that had for a time cost her so much, but which had terminated by a pleasure that could not be too dearly purchased. The young lady's mother took this opportunity of admonishing her daughter to correct for ever a propensity to satire, which might hurt her reputation, and call in question the goodness of her heart; she desired her to be more circumspect in future, and never to judge from appearances, but always to remember, that true merit is often hid under the greatest simplicity, as in the present instance; adding, also, in the most affectionate tone, "you see, my dear, that we may find, even under a *dead leaf*, the most beautiful flower, or the most delicious fruit."

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

About three years since, after a short residence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil, in order to visit from thence the celebrated mountains of Quito. On arriving at Guayaquil, I found there two travellers, who were preparing to take the same route. These were Captain Wharton, an English naval officer; and a young midshipman, named Lincoln. The frigate which Wharton commanded, had suffered considerably in her voyage through the South Seas; and as it was now undergoing the necessary repairs, Wharton resolved to devote some of his leisure time to visiting the forests and mountains of Quito. It was quickly agreed that we should make the journey together. I found Wharton a frank and open-hearted man; and his young favourite, Lincoln, a youth of eighteen, had a handsome sun-burnt countenance, with an expression of determined bravery.

We set out on a fine clear morning, attended by my huntsman, Frank, and two Indians, as guides. On beginning to ascend the mountain, the scenery became more enchanting at every step. The mighty Andes, like a vast ampitheatre, covered to their summits with gigantic forests, towered aloft; the snow-crested Chimborazo reared its proud front; the terrific Cotopaxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame; and innumerable other mountains, branching from the far-spreading Cordilleras, faded away in the distance. With an involuntary shudder, I entered the narrow path that leads into the magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from branch to branch; the paroquets chattered incessantly; and the eagles, from amidst the tall cypresses where they had built their nests, sent down a wild cry. The farther we advanced, new objects presented themselves on every side: the stately palms, with their broad sword-like leaves; the singular soap tree; the splendid mongolia; the tall wax-tree, and the evergreen oak, reared themselves proudly over the orange-groves, with whose fragrance was blended the aromatic perfume of the vanilla.

Towards evening, our guides began to quicken their pace, and we hastened after them. In a short time, they uttered a shout of joy, of which we quickly discovered the cause. By the light of a large fire, which was kindled in an open space of the forest, we descried a little Indian village, consisting of several huts erected on trunks of trees, and to which were appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who was employed in replenishing the fire, answered the cry of

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our guides in a similar tone; and after a short conference, we were conducted into one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning, we again resumed our way through the deep shade of the forest, and in due time stopped to enjoy a repast under a broad-leaved palm. Suddenly, one of the Indians motioned us to be silent, and bending his ear to the ground, appeared to be listening to some sound, which, however, was unheard by us. We paused, and attentively watched his motions. In a few minutes he arose, and beckoned us to follow him into the forest: he stopped often, and laid his ear to the ground, and shortly after we heard a female voice shrieking for help. We hurried on; with difficulty restraining our young midshipman from advancing before the rest of the party; and had proceeded but a short way, when the shriek was repeated close beside us. We stopped, on a motion from our guides, who, parting gently the intervening boughs, gave to view a scene which caused us hastily to grasp our arms.

In an open space blazed a large fire, round which were seated several men in tattered uniforms: they were armed, and appeared to be holding a consultation regarding a beautiful Indian girl, who was bound with cords to a tree. The Indians prepared their bows and arrows; but we beckoned them to desist, until we gave the signal for attack. On the termination of the conference, one of the men approached the girl, and said, "So, you will not conduct us to your village?" "No," answered the young Indian, firmly, but sobbing. "Good child!" he replied, with a scornful laugh, "so you will not be persuaded to lead us to your hut?" "No," she again replied. "We shall see how long the bird will sing to this tune;" and, with these words, the ruffian snatched a brand from the fire, and again approached her. We hastened to get ready our guns, but the impetuosity of Lincoln could not be restrained, and casting his from him, he sprung forward just as the brand had touched the shoulder of the girl, and struck the villain lifeless to the earth. At the same instant, the Indian arrows whistled through the air, and wounded two of the others, but not, it appeared, dangerously, as they fled with their terrified comrades.

Our midshipman, meanwhile, had unbound the girl, who, the instant she was free, knelt before him, and poured out her gratitude in the most impassioned language. We learned that her name was Yanna, and that her parents dwelt in a village in one of the deepest recesses of the forest—that she had left home early in the morning to gather cocoa—and that, having strayed too far, she had suddenly found herself surrounded by the ruffians from whom we had just rescued her, and who had endeavoured, by threats and violence, to force her to guide them to the village. We could not withstand her prayers to accompany her home. There we were quickly surrounded by the Indians, whom we found to possess an almost European fairness of complexion. Yanna immediately ran up to her parents, who were chiefs of the tribe, and spoke to them with animation, using all the while the most expressive gestures. As soon as she had finished her narrative, her parents hastened forward, and kneeling before us, kissed our hands with expressions of the deepest gratitude; and the whole of the tribe knelt along with them, pouring forth mingled thanks and blessings—then on a sudden they started up, and seizing us, they bore us in triumph to the hut of the chief, where we were treated with the utmost hospitality. Wharton smiled to me as he remarked, that our young midshipman and Yanna had disappeared together. Shortly after, Yanna returned, holding Lincoln with one hand, and carrying in the other a chaplet of flowers, which she immediately placed on his head. On the following morning we again set out; and as we parted, the beautiful eyes of Yanna were filled with tears.

On leaving the village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snowy head no longer shone above us in a clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gradually gathering round it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel-work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopt. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents, along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and so violently, that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes. Then came the lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath—every where a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned; he had discovered a spacious cavern. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain-stream. When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so ex-

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tremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of ——" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar-tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession, and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him!" said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang, growling, from the entrance; but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they, therefore, proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton; "we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close behind the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning; and the tiger, who heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree and tore it with his claws. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. He had strangled the two cubs; and before we were aware of his intention, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I censured my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of the action, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers that he also had lost all hope of rescue,

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and with it all sense of the ties between master and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of birds in the neighbouring forest, and the sun was steaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard, at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other, said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look round, as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head. "Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge: the hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for that the tigers had gone round the height, possibly to seek another inlet to the cave. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it: he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance, and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots of branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprung up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance—she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion, he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hopes had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Maddened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance;

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but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of his blow: he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it, to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror—then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's bed, and listened to his deep breathings. It became more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some branches together, and formed a bridge to repass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination; and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief, when they learnt poor Lincoln's fate. Yanna burst into tears; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body. I remained with my wounded friend; he still lay insensible to every thing around him. Sleep at length overpowered me. Towards morning, a song of lamentation and mourning aroused me—it was from the Indians, who were returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was weeping beside it. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tigers' skins, which they had strewed with green boughs; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe. Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long black hair—an offering upon the grave of him who, it is possible, had first awakened the feelings of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved: he raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner; it was deadly pale, and seemed to be turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him. "All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued fixed upon the same spot; "there it stands!"—and he fell back and expired.

THE BRAINTREES.

It was the boast of old Samuel Gough, who, during a period of thirty-two years, had been landlord of the Chough and Stump—a little old fashioned house, with carved oaken angels supporting the roof of its porch—that, notwithstanding the largest road-side farm-house in the village had been licensed and beautified; though tiles had been substituted for its old thatch; a blue sign, with yellow letters, fixed over its entrance; and a finger-post erected at the top of the lane, about the middle of which his own tenement stood, directing travellers to the New Inn—the Chough and Stump still "bore the bell." "Richard Cockle," he would often say, "being twenty years butler to old 'Squire Borfield, ha' made friends among the gentlefolks. The petty sessions is held in his best parlour, now and then; he hath a' got a pair of post-horses, and tidy tits they be, I must say; his house is made post-office; and excise-office, to the tail o' that—for this and the five nearest parishes; he pays for a wine license, and hath two or three gentlevolks, may be, once a month, for an hour or two; but not much oftener, as there be few do travel our cross-country road; and he do call one room in his house a tap;—but for all that, and his powdered head to boot, gi' me the Chough and Stump still."

Gough's boast was not altogether without warranty: his comfortable, old-fashioned kitchen, with its bacon-rack, broad hearth, dingy walls, and rude mantel-slab, enriched with strange hieroglyphical scratches, in which his neighbours traced, or affected to trace the names of their grandfathers, was endeared to the inhabitants of the village;—there were old feelings and pleasant associations connected with it. Sam Gough was a jolly host, who regaled himself, among his guests, from morning till night; habitual drinking, for a long time, having rendered him, as Abel Harris, the schoolmaster of the village, said, "invulnerable to intoxication:" he not only could, but often did, sing a good old song, and tell a good old story;—never repeating the one or the other on the same day; for he was orderly in his entertainment, and had his Monday's songs and his Tuesday's songs, as well as his morning stories and his evening jokes: he never sponged upon a customer, but paid his share of the reckoning to his wife, who officiated as mistress, while he appeared to be only a constant guest. His ale was generally "clear as amber, sweet as milk, and strong as brandy." In the tap of the New Inn, which was the name of the rival house, the company generally consisted of the postilion and ostler of the establishment, a few out-door servants from some of the neighbouring gentlemen's houses, and three or four of the gayest, youthful, village bucks: but the elderly and middle-aged men—"the substantials," as Abel Harris called them, usually congregated, to smoke their evening pipes, round the oak in front of the Chough and Stump, when the weather would permit, or in the kitchen settle, before a blazing fire of logs and turf, when the rustics sat up three or four hours after sunset.

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Schoolmaster Abel, although he was one of the pair of parish constables, patronized the Chough and Stump, and grumbled mightily at being obliged to pay five shillings for a dinner, once a year, at the New Inn, with the churchwardens, and other official persons of the parish; which dinner had been instituted solely for the benefit of Richard Cockle, and much against the inclination of several of those, who were almost compelled, on account of their connection with his wealthy supporters, to attend it. It was at the Chough and Stump that all the village news was to be heard; and if one of its customers were not found at his post, on the settle, at the usual hour, old Gough concluded, that he was either bad, busy, or gone to the rival tap, to glean gossip about the great families, from the servants, in order to retail it, the next night, to the grateful crew at the Chough and Stump.

One winter's evening, although it was neither a Saturday, a holiday, nor a fast day, the settle was not only completely occupied, but several occasional visitors to the old kitchen were closely packed along a narrow bench that ran across the back wall. Many of the poorer inhabitants of the place were lurking about the porch, and several women, with their check aprons thrown over their red and almost frost-bitten elbows, stood peeping in at the window, and eagerly listening to an old dame, who had placed her ear to a little corner from which the glass had been broken, and occasionally repeated what she heard passing within.

"I do pity the mother o' the lad, troth do I," said a woman about twenty-five years of age;—"her hath a got but one zon—no more have I—and truth to speak, I do pity her."

"And well thou may'st, Tabby Mudford," said the old dame, "for constable Abel hath just a' told thy husband, that the boy's taken off in a cart, wi' 'Squire Stapleton's coachman a one side o' un, and constable Tucker o' t'other, handcuffed and leg-fast, to the county gaol."

"Poor Meg Braintree! poor soul!" cried several of the women, on hearing this, and one or two of them actually began to sob aloud.

"Poor Meg Braintree, forsooth!" exclaimed a little sharp-nosed female, with a high-cauled cap and leathern stomacher; "I don't zay no zuch ztuff, not I," added she, in a shrill, disagreeable voice, "it hath a' come home to her now; and I said it would, two-and-twenty years agone come Candlemas, when she scoffed and vlouted poor Phil Govier, and took up wi' Zaul Braintree, a'ter she'd a' most a' promised, as I have heard tell, to marry Phil. In my mind, he loved her better, worse luck vor un, poor vellow, than ever this Zaul Braintree did, and took on zo for two or dree year a'ter, that there was some that thought he'd never ha' got over 't."

"Vor shame, Aunt Dolly," said Tabby Mudford, "Meg Braintree never done you wrong."

"I don't know that," replied Dolly.

"It be true, I ha' heard mother zay, you cocked your cap at Zaul, yourself, as you did to many more, though you never could trap any body to have 'ee, aunt, but I never could believe it."

"The vellow did, once upon a time, look up to me," said Dolly, lifting her chin, and curling her thin and slighty bearded lip; "but I scorned 'un. I wouldn't ha' had un if his skin were stuffed wi' gold."

"And yet you do blame Meg vor scorning Phil Govier! Vor my part—I were a child to be zure—but by what I do recollect of 'em I'd rather ha' had Zaul, wi'out a zhoe to 's voot, than Philip Govier, if every hair on the head o' un were strung wi' pearls."

"Don't talk to me, Tab," cried her now incensed aunt, flouncing off, "it don't become thee. I do zay it ha' come home to her—her zon be zent to the county gaol, vor murdering the man whose heart she a'most broke more than twenty year agone:—get over that if you can. It ha' came home to her, and I'll bide by it;—wi' her blue clocked ztockings, and putting up her chit of a daughter to smirk wi' the young squire!—I ha'n't a' got patience wi' such pride."

The supervisor, who was going his rounds, and intended to sleep that night at the Chough and Stump, now rode up, on his sturdy little grey cob; and before he could alight, some of the loiterers about the porch, had, in part, acquainted him with the cause of their being assembled round the inn-door. The old man, however, as he said, could make "neither head nor tail" of what he heard; and hastened, as well as his infirmities would allow, into the kitchen. The landlord rose on his appearance, and conducted the spare and paralytic old man, to the post of honour, in the settle, between his own seat and that of the exciseman—a cunning-looking, thick-set, fat, or, to use an expressive West Country adjective, podgy, little man, between forty and fifty; with a round, sallow, bloated face, begemmed here and there with pimply excrescences, resembling the warts that are occasionally seen on the cheek that is turned to the sun of a wounded pumpkin. One of the exciseman's eyes glared at his beholder, dull and void of expression, while the other was almost concealed beneath its lids;—a circumstance occasioned by an inveterate habit of winking, all his life, at every tenth word, with the latter; which operation he was totally unable to perform with the former.

"Here hath been a sad to-do, sir," said Gough, addressing the supervisor, as soon as the latter was comfortably seated; "a sad to-do, indeed."

"Ah! so I hear, Gough—so I hear;—but what is it?—No affray with the excise, I hope."

"No—fear of—that, sir," replied the exciseman, winking, and puffing the smoke from his lips thrice as he spoke, "we've no enemies here. I'll tell you all—about it—sir, when—I have wetted—my lips." He now raised the jug to his mouth, but before he had finished his draught, little Tailor Mudford, who sat by his side, taking advantage of the moment, placed his right elbow on his knee, and still keeping his pipe between his teeth, leaned forward, and bore away the glory of the announcement from the excise-

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man, by stating that Philip Govier, 'Squire Stapleton's gamekeeper, had been killed; and young Robert Braintree committed for trial, as the perpetrator of the crime.

"Robert Braintree! Robert Braintree!" calmly repeated the old man—"preserve us from evil! Haven't I seen him?"

"To be sure you have, sir," replied Gough, "a tall, straight-limbed chap, between eighteen and twenty, and as fine a young fellow as ever stood in shoe-leather. I shouldn't ha' thought it of him."

"I should," said the exciseman, "a down-looking—"

"Ah! I be zorry vor the lad," said Mudford, again interrupting the exciseman, in the brief interval occupied by a puff and a-wink; "nobody could zay harm o' un, except that his vather made un go out a poaching wi' un, and so vorth: but a zung in the choir o' Zindays; and though he never were asked so to do, often joined in, wi' the rest o' th' neighbours, to reap a little varmer's bit o' wheat, or mow a tradesman's whoats;—he ha' done zo by me, many's the time, wi'out any thing but thanks, and a bit o' dinner and a drop o' drink, which he never wanted at home. He'd ha' been the last I should ha' zuspected."

"But the evidence," said constable and schoolmaster Abel, "the circumstantial evidence, doth leave no doubt, either in the mind of me, or the magistrate, of his guilt."

"You be hanged, Yeabel!" cried a bluff old fellow in a corner, "who be you, I should like know?—Marry come up, then! times be come to a vine pass, I trow, when a pig-vaced bit of a constable, two yards long, and as thin as a hurdle, do zet hi'zelf up cheek-by-jowl wi' the 'squire!—Who cares vor thy opinion, dost think?"

"Farmer Salter," responded Abel, with affected humility, "I am educating your son and heir:—you are a freeholder, and ha' got a vote for the county—"

"I know that well enough, stupid! and so had my vather avore me, and so shall my zon a'ter me:—Poor buoay! you ha' often licked un, Yeabel:—may be you be right—may be you bean't; but this I do know, tho' I ha'n't a told un zo, that I do vind, upon casting things over, whenzoever I do gie you a bit ov a clumzy wipe here, at the Chough and Stump, over night, Jack's zure and zartin to get breached in your schoolroom the next day: now that be odd, bean't it, Gough?"

"Farmer Salter," pursued Abel, as Gough nodded in acquiescence, and Salter chuckled at what he had said, "I repeat, you are a freeholder:—you've a slip of land between the two 'squires' estates, upon which you and your forefathers ha' grazed a cow, raised a crop of wheat, hay and potatoes, to last 'ee for the year; and built a small edifice for yourselves, and a sty for your pigs: you do wear a looped hat at all times, and, on Sundays, a blue coat, wi' a red collar and cuffs, and crown pieces of the reign of King Jacobus, for buttons; a flowered and flapped waistcoat; leather breeches, wi' seven-shilling pieces and silver buckles at the knees; and half a pack o' cards figured wi' colours in each o' your stockings: you do strut up to church, just as a 'squire would, and your father did—whose finery you ha' saved for such service—half a century ago:—but you know nothing either of law or good breeding, for all that, farmer Salter."

The freeholder was about to bristle up indignantly when Abel concluded, but Zachary Tickel, the hereditary herbalist, or, as he denominated himself, apothecary of the village, whose nickname was "Bitter-Aloes"—and there were few of his neighbours who were not as well known by some equally appropriate baptismal of the laity—took him by the collar, and endeavoured to tranquillize, while he forcibly held him on his seat:—meantime, the supervisor inquired what had induced the constable to suspect Robert Braintree of the murder.

"Why, zir," said Mudford, cutting in, as a coachman would express it, before Abel and the exciseman—each of whom intended to reply—while the asthmatic constable was cleansing his throat by two or three hems, and the exciseman was puffing out a magazine of smoke, which, at that moment he had drawn into his mouth, to be retailed and divided into a dozen or twenty whiffs;—"the vact, zir, is this," said Mudford, "the body were vound, dead and stiff, this morning, in the copse, t'other zide o' the hill;—there was a nail or more of znow on the ground, and vootsteps ov a dog and a man were traced vrom the body to Braintree's cottage:—the dog's vootsteps were, likely enough, the vootsteps ov Ponto, a dog belonging to the Braintrees; a zort ov a cross-bred pointer, az ztrong as a bull, and wi' more sense in his tail-end, as the zaying is, than many men ha' got in their whole bodies, head and all."

"The shoe-marks, permit me to observe," said Abel, "were decidedly made by the shoes of Bob Braintree:—I've sworn to't, because I compared 'em; and I apprehended him wi' those identical shoes on his feet."

"Now, d'ye hear, volks?—d'ye hear?" exclaimed farmer Salter, "how Yeabel do belabour us wi' vine dixonary words? 'Apprehended,' and 'identical,' quotha!—Why, I should be ashamed to talk zo-vashion. 'Those identical zhoes' says he;—'those!'—Bless us, how vine we be!—'Those,' vorsooth!—Why doan't the vool zay 'they there zhoes,' like a man?"

Abel cast a glance of contempt on the freeholder, but did not condescend to reply. A brief silence ensued, which was broken by the herbalist; who observed, after throwing himself back in the settle, "bad bird, bad egg—that's all I've to zay. I bean't zo compassionate, and all that, as zome volk. How hath Zaul Braintree ha' got his living vor eighteen years past, but by zmuggling and poaching, and, may be, worse, vor what I know? Why were he discharged by 'Zquire Ztapleton, but vor doing what he should not do? Didn't poor Phil Govier, that's lying

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dead, when he were under Zaul, detect and prove to the 'zquire, that instead o' Zaul's doing his duty, as game-keeper, he were killing hares upon the zly, and zending 'em to market? And when Phil got Zaul's place, have they ever met without looking at one another like a couple o' dogs that was longing vor a vight, and yet stood off, as though they were afeard to pitch into one another? What d'ye think Braintree hath instilled into Bob, but hatred and malice against Govier?"

"You may talk and talk, old Bitter-Aloes," said Salter, "but vor my part, though the 'zquire believed Govier's story, and turned away Zaul, in a way enough to nettle a parson, I didn't think it quite as it should be. I ha' zeen things o' Phil, what I won't tell ov, now he's gone, as I didn't while he were alive; but if I had to choose, vor all Phil's quiet tongue and humble looks—which were all zlyness, in my mind—gi'e me Zaul, I zay."

"Well," quoth Gough, "I say nothing—why should I? But Bob was a good boy; and though he'd noose a hare, or decoy a vlock o' wild ducks, or stalk a covey, I don't think he'd any harm in him. He'd do what Zaul bid him, to be zure, but I don't think Zaul would ever tell him to commit murder; and if I must speak my mind, I don't agree wi' Abel Harris."

"Abel—I must say,"—muttered the exciseman, "the constable, I mean;—he—he's no conjuror."

"I can't make out," growled Salter, "how he came to be made constable, zeeing az he's the most uncapable man in the parish. I ha' zeed un run, as if 'twere vor his life, when he thought nobody were nigh, vrom my gander!—Poor Jack! thou'lt zuffer, may be, vor this to-morrow;—but I can't help speaking the truth. Yea-bel, don't thee baste un, or dang me if I doan't drash thee!"

"There is one thing," remarked a spare, but hale-looking man, who sat next the herbalist, "one thing, or, may be, a thing or two, I'll make bold to observe, which is, namely, this:—though Zaul Braintree were never over and above friendly to I—that be nothing—the man's a man, and I do zay, the 'zquire were a bit too hard upon Zaul, to turn un off wi'out more nor an hour's notice, and not gi'e un a good character:—and what vor, I wonder?—Because this here Phil Govier, a demure, down-looking twoad, zaid a' poached a bit! A'ter this, what were Zaul to do? Wi'out a character, he couldn't get a zarvice, and a poor man bean't to starve: zo a' poached, and that in downright earnest;—and it ztrikes I, no blame to un neither."

"O! fie! fie!" exclaimed the supervisor, "you should not preach so, friend; the practice of poaching is highly illegal."

"Highly illegal—indeed—John—that is—James Cobb," said the exciseman, in his usual manner, "we must not hear—this sort of a—thing; must we—constable?"

"Why, it bean't treason, master exciseman, be it?" asked a tall old fellow, who stood at the end of the settle.

"Do you hear—that?" said the exciseman, turning to his superior, "do you hear that?—and he an earth-stopper—and gets his bread by—the game laws."

The supervisor looked aside toward the bottom of the narrow table, and while the ensuing conversation went on, took a deliberate view of the earth-stopper's person, apparel, and accoutrements. He was a squalid-looking figure, with half a week's growth of grey beard on his chin and cheeks; the edge of a red woollen night-cap, which he wore under a weather-beaten dog's-hair hat, was strained across his pale, wrinkled brow; his legs were thin, puny, and bent outward in such a manner, that they seemed to have been moulded on the carcase of a horse.

"Well," quoth the earth-stopper, in reply to the exciseman's observation, shouldering his pick-axe and shovel, and lighting the candle in his lanthorn, as he spoke, "I zuppose a man may move his tongue, if a' be a yearth-stopper—or else what be the use o't to un?—I were one o' the virst to lay hands on young Braintree, and always ha' ztood vorward on zuch like 'casions; but what o' that? I'd help to take up thee, or thy betters by the zide o' thee there, if thee wert zuzpected and accused; but vor all that, I'd speak up my own mind, and zay I thought thee wert innocent, iv zo be as I did think thee zo—mind me:—and now you ha' put me up, I'll go vurther, and ask 'ee, what business had Phil Govier a' got in the copse that time o' night?"

"Ay, that's true," observed the landlord, "for it be well known the 'squire's strict orders was, that the keepers shouldn't go out o' nights. 'Let the poachers have a little o' their own way,' I have a' heard un say—'I'd rather lose a few head o' game, than ha' blood shed upon the manor; and meetings by night, betwixt poachers and keepers, often do end worse than either one or t'other a' looked for.'"

"It's true az I be here zitting," said Mudford, "that the game keeper—I mean Phil Govier, of course—had a' got a hare in one pocket, and a cock pheasant in t'other;—I zeed 'em myself."

"Come, come;—no ill o' the dead, pr'ythee, now," quoth the herbalist.

"No ill o' the dead!" cried the man who sat next to him; "I do zay yea, iv it be truth; and moorauver, in my mind, it be better to zay vorty *lies*, even of them that be gone, than to tell one that may do harm to them that be living. Them wer'n't the virst Phil pocketed, by night or by day, vor his own profit, as I do think. 'T'ant clear to I, that a' didn't play voul wi' Zaul, long ago;—I wouldn't lie down upon my back, and zwear that a' didn't kill the game what he 'cuzed Zaul o' poaching, and zo got Braintree out of his place, and popped into't hi'zelf."

"This is going too far, landlord," said the supervisor.

"Do 'ee think so, sir?" asked Gough, with a knowing look, accompanied by a shake of the

head, which finished in an acquiescent nod to the man who sat next to the herbalist.

Mudford asked the constable if Saul had seen his son after the committal of the latter. Abel replied, that an interview had been permitted by the magistrate, just previously to Robert's removal; "which interview," added he, "took place in the presence of myself and colleague."

"And what did 'em zay?" eagerly inquired three or four of the persons present.

The constable replied, that it would be highly improper for him to divulge all that took place, even if he were capable of so doing; but there was much that he did not hear, and more that he had forgotten. One part of the brief dialogue he perfectly well remembered:—after having whispered for a short time, the youth said aloud, "but I be innocent, vather; you be zure I be." "Well, well!" replied Braintree, in a low, but nevertheless, audible tone, "zuppose things should go against thee, woul't thee die like a man, Bob?" "I doan't know, vather—I be but a boy! I'll try, iv it do come to that; I hope it won't, though; vor I be aveard I can't bear it—I can't, truly, vather." "Zo, thee dost call thyself a buoy, dost?" said Saul, "a vellow here within a head as high as I be, and gone eighteen these zix weeks!" "You always tells me I be but a boy." "Well, and zo I do—thee'rt *my* boy; but a boy to nobody else. But I zay, Bob, woul't thee mind now, and speak up to the lord judge just what I told thee?" "Yeas, doan't be aveard." "Ah! but woul't tell't cool and zober vashion, Bob?" "Never you vear," replied Robert—"bless'ee, I shall tell't out to un, just as iv I were telling out zixpenn'orth o' ha'pence." "And Bob—" But here Braintree's voice subsided into a whisper again, and Abel heard no more of that part of the conversation.

The parties in the Chough and Stump kitchen now ceased the regular sort of discussion which had hitherto been supported, and talked in couples. The earth-stopper and Abel Harris, by their looks and gestures, seemed to be maintaining a warm debate; the herbalist crossed over and took a place next the supervisor, which tailor Mudford relinquished in his favour, and sat down by the side of farmer Salter. So many persons speaking together, had not, for some time, been heard in the Chough and Stump; but though his customers made a great noise, as Gough observed to the exciseman, they drank but little. This was, indeed, the case; for the interest created by the subject of their discourse, made them almost forget their cups. Each of the speakers grew louder in his tone, in order to make himself heard and understood amid the "hubbub," by his listening neighbour; and thus the general noise was increased to such a degree, that the exciseman had already taken up his empty mug to strike the table, and call "order," when, in an instant, every tongue was motionless, and every eye turned toward the door. A man on the autumnal side of the prime of life, exceeding the middle stature, with rather handsome features, had just entered. He was dressed in a round, grey, frock coat, a deer-skin waistcoat, corduroy small-clothes, and jean gaiters. His frame was athletic, but by no means clumsy; he looked calmly about him, or, perhaps, rather affected to do so: for, as the herbalist afterwards remarked, his lips appeared as if they had just been blanched with boiling water. A very large, stout-built, liver-coloured dog, stood before him, wagging his tail, and looking up in his master's face, as the latter remained, for a moment, motionless, and with his eyes seeking for a vacant place on the settle. Every seat had its tenant, and no one moved for the newly-arrived guest, or spoke either to him or to any other person present.

"Why, volks! you do all zeem dazed ov a zudden!" said the man, ironically; and then, immediately assuming an angry expression of countenance, he turned to the landlady, who had just entered the kitchen, and, in a sharp, surly tone, called for "a pint o' drink."

"I ha' been trying to squeeze room for thee, Zaul," said the landlord, addressing his new guest, "but I can't."

"Don't trouble thyself, Gough," said farmer Salter, from the opposite side of the settle, "I be vor home, and Braintree can take my corner in a minute."

"Thankye, master Zalter," replied Saul, "but Abel Harris ha' just stepped out, and, may be, won't come back; zo I'll zit down in his place; and iv a' do return, I can but gie't up to un again; and by that time, you can vinish your pipe wi' comfort."

So saying, Braintree took possession of a nook in the settle, which Abel had quitted, in consequence of the landlady having beckoned him out, while Gough was speaking to Saul. Two or three of the guests attempted to strike out new subjects for conversation, but their efforts were ineffectual; and when Dame Gough came in with Saul's ale, she found her customers, who had lately been so clamorous, silent as statues. Braintree lifted the cup to his lips, but immediately placed it on the table again, without swallowing a spoonful.

"Why, what's the matter, Zaul?" said Gough, "have a mad dog bit 'ee, that you do gasp and heave at the liquor so?"

"There were a bit o' hop got in my mouth," replied Saul, "and your yeale bean't zo good to-night, I think, as 'twere;—ha'nt it got a strawberry smack?"

"No, no, Zaul; your mouth be out o' taste wi' trouble—that be it;—there's no fault in the ale. You do want comfort in a closer compass; and if you'll ha' a drop o' Hollands, my wife will give 'ee some and welcome. Though I don't sell spirits, I can't help Dame Gough's keeping a bottle in her bureau;—it stops her tooth-ache."

"You be cruel good, master Gough," replied Saul, "and I do thank 'ee vor't; but I don't like to drink in a public-house, wi'out paying my penny for a landlord's penn'orth."

"Oh! that be folly," said Gough, "but come, gi'e me your pint o' drink, and I'll treat you wi'

a glass o' Hollands.—Dame, bring in a thimble full."

Dame Gough bustled out, and soon returned with a small old-fashioned tea-cup, full of the liquor. Saul took the cup, and so far forgot his manners, as to swallow the spirits it contained, without a word, or even a nod, to Gough or any of his guests. A dead silence succeeded.

"Sharpish weather for the young wheats," at length observed Salter.

"Main and Sharp!" was the reply of the herbalist; and another pause took place.

"I ha'n't a' zeed Jacob Wall lately," was the next observation made: it came from the lips of tailor Mudford, but no one honoured it with a reply.

Braintree now began to feel that he was in an unpleasant situation; and guessing on what subject the minds of those about him were brooding, he observed, with a sigh, "a bad job this, o' mine, neighbours!"

"Bad, indeed, Braintree!" replied Gough, "but I hope your son may get over it!"

"Hope, did 'ee zay, landlord? why, d'ye think there be any vear on't, then?"

"Excuse me, friend," observed the supervisor, "I am a stranger to you; but, in my opinion, that is—speaking candidly—I'm sorry to say—remember I've no ill will toward your son—nor, understand me, do I wish to bear on a bruised reed, but its folly to buoy up a man with false hopes; the case is, if what I've heard be true, most decisive against the young man."

"And what have 'ee heard, old gentleman?—what have 'ee heard, zir?"

"That, Saul,"—said the exciseman, "that, it is—needless to repeat;—but the shoe-marks—Saul—"

"Well, and what o' them?" interrupted Braintree, "mightn't my zon ha' gone that way avore Govier were killed? or mightn't he ha' vound un dead, and come whoam straight, intending to tell the news az zoon az he axed I how a' should act?"

"True, Zaul, true," replied Salter, who had not yet departed, "it do zeem ztrange that no vootsteps were vound in the znow 'proaching towards the zpot."

"I can easily account for that, I think," said the supervisor, with a smile of self-complacency, "the snow—"

"But hark to this," cried Saul, again interrupting the old man, "hark to this:—how be we to know, that they what zaid they vound the body wer'n't the criminals, eh?"

"Lord bless us and zave us, Zaul!" exclaimed the little tailor, starting up; "bless us, Zaul! why, 'twere I, good now, what raised the hue and cry. I were coming vrom varmer Butt's, vive mile off, where I a' been dree days at work, making a coat; I'd a' started avore 'twere day, zo as to get to work about Jack Blake's new suit, what he's a going to be married in o' Zinday;—and zharp doings it will be to vinish it as 'tis:—zo I took the path through the copse, because it zaves a mile, you do know; and anan my little dog rin into the hazels and back again in a minute, barking as iv he'd a' zeen a ghost. I were a bit vrightened, you may judge, vor I'd a' got my zilver watch, and half-a-crown—my dree days wages—wi' ten shillings bezides, what the varmer had paid me vor a pig he bought o' me last Zinday vortnight, when he comed over to church. Well, and anan, my little dog rin into the copse again, and come back growling worse nor avore. Thirdly and lastly, I patted the back o' un, and away he rin again, and when he overtook me—d'ye mind?—by the light o' the moon, I zeed there were blood upon the nose o' un!—Wi' that, I and the dog rin vit to break our necks, 'till we got whoam. Zo then I raised the hue and cry, and Phil's body were vound:—but I had no more hand in the death o' un than you, Zaul. I can handle a reap-hook, or a needle, wi' one here and there, but I never vired a gun off in my life—wish I may die if I did!"

"Well, well, Mudford," said Braintree, advancing toward the tailor, "I didn't know 'twere thee; gi'e us thy hand;—there—we be vriends, bean't us?"

"I do hope zo, Zaul Braintree," replied the still terrified tailor, "but you shouldn't—"

"There, do 'ee hold your tongue and zit down," interrupted Saul, "I were wrong; but—d'ye mind?—Bob be my zon; and if counzel can zave un, he shan't lack; vor I'll zell my zhirt to zee un righted."

Braintree had scarcely reached his seat again, when constable Abel, pale, almost breathless, looking very important, and bearing his staff of office in his hand, strode into the kitchen, and immediately laid hands on Saul. "Braintree, thou'rt my prisoner," said he, "aid and assist, if need be—every body—but especially you—earth-stopper—in the King's name."

Saul was paralyzed; he stared vacantly at Abel, and before he could recover his self-possession, the dexterous constable had handcuffed, and almost completed the task of tying his right wrist to the left arm of the earth-stopper.

"Thy prisoner, Yeabel!" at length uttered Braintree, "thou bee'st joking, zure!—Dowl ha' me if I can make out—"

"You'll make it out well enough by-and-by, Saul," interrupted Abel, as he pursued his task of knitting the earth-stopper fast to Saul, "I ha' been sent for by the 'squire, and I've got his warrant. Master Cockle, of the New Inn, churchwarden of the present year, ha' been making inquiries; and things ha' come out, Saul, that do look black against thee."

"What be 'em, Yeabel?—What be 'em pr'ythee?"

"Why, *imprimis*," replied the constable, pompously, "it is well known, Ponto never followed any body but thee—nothing could make him do so: and he and Bob never were friends. Surgeon Castle saith, that the shot went horizontally into Phil Govier's forehead; and as he was not above five feet six, the gun that killed him must have been fired from the shoulder of a man

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as tall as you be:—if Bob had done it, seeing that he's shorter than Phil were, the shot would ha' gone almost upward; but no, they didn't:—lastly and most formidably, Saul, as the magistrate saith, the marks in the snow were printed there by shoes made right-and-left fashion; and the right foot shoe being marked o' the left foot side, and the left o' t'other—it don't seem likely they could ha' been worn by the feet they were made for.—So now you do know what you've a' got to answer, come along quietly."

In a few minutes the Chough and Stump kitchen was utterly deserted; even Gough himself followed his customers, who, without exception, accompanied the constable and his prisoner to Stapleton Hall, the magistrate's residence. After a brief examination, Saul was ushered into an apartment, three stories above the ground floor, called "the Wainscot-room;"—which on account of its peculiar situation and construction, although it had once been used for better purposes, was then appropriated to the reception of those who happened to be under the ban of the law, previously to their discharge on finding "good and sufficient mainpernors" for their appearance at the ensuing assizes or sessions, or their removal to the county gaol, according to the nature of the offence. For the honour of the village it is proper to remark, that "the Wainscot-room" was but seldom occupied. It was there Saul had, only an hour before, taken leave of Robert, who was now far on his road to an accused felon's cell. Braintree had just been told by the magistrate that, early on the ensuing morning, he must follow his son; but he suffered a strong rope to be fastened round his waist, by a slip-knot, and tied to an iron bar in the chimney, not only without murmuring or resisting, but actually joking with those who performed the operation. Although Mr. Stapleton considered that it was impossible for the prisoner to escape from his temporary prison, yet, for better security, on account of the crime with which Saul was charged, he ordered the constable to keep watch, either in, or at the door of the room, during the night.

Before the earth-stopper quitted "the Wainscot-room," to go on his solitary task, Saul had made him promise to acquaint Martin Stapleton, the 'squire's only son, that he, Braintree, earnestly desired to see the young gentleman before he went to bed. The old man so well performed his promise, and urged Braintree's request to young Stapleton with such warmth, that in less than an hour Martin entered the room.

"Abel," said he to the constable, as he came in, "you may go down stairs; I'll remain with Braintree while you get something for supper."

Abel, 'nothing loath,' tripped down to the hall, and Martin, who was a fine young man, just verging on manhood, walked up, with a sorrowful countenance and a heart full of grief toward the man, under whose humble roof he had passed some of his happiest hours. Martin's mother died in giving him birth, and Saul's wife had been his nurse. Although disgraced by 'Squire Stapleton, Saul Braintree had ever been a favourite companion of young Martin, not only on account of his intimate acquaintance with those sports in which Martin delighted, but because Saul had always testified a fondness for him from his boyhood upward; and, besides these attractions, the poacher's cottage contained a magnet, in the person of his pretty daughter, Peggy, which often drew Martin beneath its roof, when his father thought he was otherwise occupied.

"Well, Master Martin," said Saul, as the young 'squire approached, "here you be at last! I were vool enow to think, I shouldn't ha' been here vive minutes avore you'd ha' come, if it was only to zay 'how are 'ee Zaul?'—But there, why should I grumble? Hit a deer in the shoulder, and then put the dogs on his scent, and what will the herd do?—Why, vly vrom un, to be zure, and no vools, neither;—but come, vine preaching doan't cure corns:—virst and voremost—will 'ee get me a drop o' brandy, Master Martin?—I be zo low az the grave, az you may guess; get me a thimble-vull, and then we'll talk a bit."

"I have brought my shooting-flask, Saul," replied Martin, "there is not much left in it."

"Ah! this be kind!—this be good of 'ee, Master Martin. What, you thought how it would be with me? You knowed me long enough to be zure that I should want summat to cheer me up, did 'ee? Never mind the cork, Master Martin," continued Saul, as Martin, with a trembling hand, fruitlessly endeavoured to extract the cork, "put it betwixt my teeth, and pull; I'll warrant I do hould vast enow; or knock off the neck o' un against my handcuffs. What, it bean't your leather vlask, be it? Odd! cut un open wi' a knife.—I be a choaking for it, Master Martin;—I be truly."

By this time, Martin had pulled out part of the cork, and thrust the remainder of it through the neck. He handed the flask to Saul, who gulped down one half of its contents in a few seconds.

"There is not enough to divide," observed Martin, "you may as well finish it."

"No, thank'ee, Master Martin," replied Braintree, returning the flask, "you'll want a drop for yourself, presently."

"I, Saul!"

"Ay! you, Martin!—Look thee, lad—there be times when the best ov us would be glad ov it. Brandy be a God-send; but we don't use it—that is, zuch as I be, doan't—as we should. There be times, I tell 'ee, when it be needed."

"That's true enough," said Martin, endeavouring to force a smile, "I have often been glad of it, after a three hours' tramp through the stubble and turnips, on a cold day, under a heavy double-barrelled gun, with a belt brimful of shot, and no birds in my pocket."

"That were vor thy body, lad; but thou'lt want it, anan, for thy soul. I be gwain to vright—to terrify thee!—Thou'st a tightish heart, and thou'st need ov it now. Mind me, Martin, I bean't romancing. It ha' been smooth roads and

no turnpikes wi' thee all thy life; there's a bit o' rough coming, thee doesn't dream of."

"Good God! Braintree! your manner alarms me!—What do you mean?"

"Martin!—I zuppose thee thinks, I ought to be obliged to thee, vor coming to me;—vor bringing a man accused as I be brandy—but I bean't. If thee had'st not a' come, I'd ha' brought thee, though a wagon and zix horses were pulling thee t'other way. There's my hand; I ha' put it to thee through a hole in the window at whoam, a'ter thou'st a' wished me good night, and the door were vast;—I do put it out to thee now through a velon's wristband—wou'st take it?"

"Excuse me, Braintree!—I would do all I could;—I have even gone beyond the line that a sense of propriety dictates: but you must not take such advantage of the familiarity which commenced when I was a child, and has since, through peculiar circumstances, continued;—you must not, I say, presume upon that, to ask me, to shake hands with a man—"

"Accused ov murder! that's what thee means, yean't it?" asked Saul, and his brows were knit, and his lips slightly quivered, as he spoke. Martin stood silent.

"Then I'll tell thee what, lad," pursued Saul, vehemently, "that stomach o' thine shall come down:—I'll *make* thee!"

"Braintree," said the young man, seriously, but in considerable agitation, "what do you mean by this?—Are you mad?"

"Noa, noa;—not yet, not yet;—but handy to it.—Not mad!" exclaimed Saul, striking the iron, which bound his wrists, against his head, "but don't trouble about I, lad: look to thy own wits, young chap."

"Really, Saul, I cannot put up with a continuance of this:—You are not drunk, I know it by your manner. I have never seen you thus before. I pity you; and pray to God that you may obtain a deliverance, by the verdict of a jury."

"I'll never be tried!" exclaimed Saul, in a loud whisper.—"I'll never be tried! Zaul Braintree ha'n't kept his wits brooding all these years, to be caught like a quail, and ha' his neck twisted!—No, no; they ha' brought me to the wrong gaol for that; it's like putting a rat in a fishing-net."

"I don't think, Saul, there is any probability of your escaping," said young Stapleton, "and I advise you not to make the attempt."

"Don't talk to I.—Ha'n't I, when you was a buoy, no bigger round than my thigh—ha'n't I heard you read, when you zat a-top o' my knee, about the mouse gnawing the lion out o' the snare:—ha'n't I?—Ah! you do recollect, do 'ee?"

"I do, I do, too well, Saul," replied Martin, as a tear trickled down his cheek, "and I am sorry—I am grieved—I feel more than you can imagine to see you here. But what has the fable to do with you?"

"Every thing—I shall get out—strength can't do it for me, but—"

"Saul Braintree, I now see what you are driving at," said Martin, "but do not flatter yourself with so vain a hope. You are accused of a crime, of which, I hope—nay, I think—you will prove yourself guiltless: but though I am but young, I feel that I ought not, dare not, cannot interfere between you and the laws of your country. My father—"

"Now, doan't 'ee preach; doan't 'ee make a zimpleton o' yourzelf, I tell 'ee:—but, can any body hear us?—be the constable nigh?" eagerly inquired Saul, dropping his voice to a low tone.

"No," said Martin, "you may be sure of that, or I would not have remained, thus long, exposed to the madness or insolence of your remarks; I know not which to call it."

"Why, thou jackanapes!" said Saul, sneeringly, though his eye, at the same time, glared with an expression of the utmost fury on young Stapleton, "thou young jackanapes! dost thee tell I about insolence?—Thee shalt down on thy knees for this."

"Braintree, good night," said Martin, moving toward the door: "I did not expect this conduct."

"What, thee'rt gwain to leave me, then? Zurely, thee bean't in earnest? Martin had, by this time, reached the door, and was evidently determined on quitting the room. The prisoner, perceiving his intention, immediately assumed a tone of supplication. "Now, doan't thee go, Master Stapleton," said he, "doan't thee!—do come back—do hear me, if it be but vor a minute. I were wrong, I were, indeed. Doan't thee leave me yet—doan't thee—doan't thee—doan't thee! Come back, Master Martin;—on my knees I do beg of thee:—do come back—for Peggy's zake."

Martin withdrew his hand from the door and returned. "Saul," said he, as he approached, "I never felt till now, the truth of what you have often told me, namely—that if I encouraged an affection for your daughter, I should rue it. I *do* now, most bitterly. Poor—poor Peggy!"

"Ah! poor girl!—Come nearer, Master Martin—poor Peggy."

"Now, Saul, I'll hear you for one minute only; and this must—this shall be our last interview—unless—"

"Vor one minute, didst say?" exclaimed Saul, triumphantly, as he clutched the wrist of Martin in his powerful grasp, "thou shalt hear me vor an hour;—thou sha' not quit me till thou and I do leave this place, hand-in-hand, together. Ah! thou mayst struggle, but thou knowest the old zaying, 'a Braintree's grip is as zafe as a zmith's vice:'—if thee wast a horse I'd hold thee."

"Scoundrel, villain!" exclaimed Martin, endeavouring, with all his might, to release himself, "let go your hold, or I'll—"

"Ah! do—hit me now, do—now I ha' got the handcuffs on; any child might gi'e Zaul Braintree a zlap o' the face now. Hit me—why doan't 'ee—wi' your t'other hand? There's no danger o' my drashing 'ee vor't. Hit me—doan't 'ee unclench your vist—here's my head—hit me, Master Martin."

"For heaven's sake, Saul!" exclaimed young

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Stapleton, "if you ever esteemed me, let me go! If you do not, I must alarm the house."

"Oh! if you did, Martin!" replied Saul, "you'd ruin us both. I wouldn't have 'ee do so, vor the hope I've a' got of living a week over the next zpring assize. If you did 'larm the house, Martin, you'd drop from a young 'zquire into a poacher's zon, and hang your own vather, to boot."

"Hang my father!"

"Ah! doan't 'ee look round the room that vashion:—you be zure there be no one listening?"

"Positive!"

"Then turn your eyes here, lad:—Meg Braintree was more than your nurse. She's your own mother! Now I'll let go thy wrist; for I've got a grip at thy heart. There, thee bee'st vree! Why doesn't go?—I doan't hold thee: go if thee canst."

"Saul, you surely are not in your senses!"

"May be I bean't, for trouble turns a man's brain;—but you be, bean't 'ee? You can't ha' vorgot how often I ha' pushed Bob off my knee to put you upon it. Why did I do so?—'cause thee wert my zon, and he were 'Zquire Ztapleton's. Haven't I hugged thee up to my breast, until thee'st a' squalled wi' the squeeze, when nobody was by?—I'd a grudge against the 'zquire;—why, thee know'st well enough;—zo I made Meg, who nursed 'ee both, change buoy for buoy. I thought to ha' made a vine vellow o' my zon at the 'zquire's expense, little thinking I should ever want un to zave my life. I thought, when you was a man, to ha' comed up to 'ee and zaid, 'Zquire, I be your vather—zo and zo were the case—make me comvortable, or I'll be a tell-tale.' That were my project; to zay nothing of having a bit of revenge upon the 'zquire!—Lord, Lord! how I ha' chuckled to myzelf thinking on't. Can any man zay I ever used Bob like my zon? Answer me that. D—n un! I always hated un, vor his vather's zake: though the lad's a good lad, and, if he were mine, I should love un;—and I do, zometimes, I dunno' why:—but I ha' drashed un—and while I were drashing un, I've a'most thought, I were drashing the vather o' un. But I ha' done un a good turn when he didn't know it. I ha' kissed un when he were asleep—a'most upon the zly, like, even to myzelf. And when he broke his leg, I tended upon un, as you do know; and he's a loved me zo, ever zince, that I ha' scores and scores o' times been zorry for it, for I do hate un, because he's the zon of his vather; but what be the matter wi' 'ee? What's amiss? Why d'ye stare and glower zo?"

"Saul Braintree," said Martin, "whether your words are true or not—and what you mention, I have observed—you have made me the most wretched being on earth; for whatever comes to pass, I must still suspect—Margaret, my heart tells me, may be—oh! that horrid *may*, which is worse than certainty—may be—nay, I cannot pronounce it! Oh! Saul! if I could but believe you; if I could but make up my mind, even to the worst, it would be a comfort."

"Martin Braintree—for that be your name," said Saul, "didn't I warn 'ee about Peggy? Didn't I—when I saw you were getting vond of her—didn't I try to offend 'ee, zo az to keep 'ee from coming to our cottage? Didn't I insult 'ee?—but you wouldn't take it."

"You did, Saul, grossly insult me; but my love—perhaps, my accursed love—made me overlook it. What a gulph of horror is opened before me! Peggy my sister! and you—you my father!—It cannot—it is not so, Saul. Unsay what you have said, and I will save you."

"I won't unsay it; it's out now, and I can't help it. If thou still doubt'st, Martin, go down and ask my wife—ask Meg, if thou still doubt'st, lad—ask thy own heart—young as thee bee'st—if a vather could let a zon be hung for a crime of which thic zon bean't guilty!"

"And is Robert innocent, then?"

"Ay, lad, as thou art."

"But you—surely, you—"

"Take a drop of brandy, and I'll tell thee all, buoy: thee'rt my own vlesh and blood, and I'll talk to thee as I would to my own heart. Now, do 'ee take the flask; halve it, and gi'e me the rest;—or take it all if thee dost vcel qualmish. I be zad enough, but don't stint thyself, Martin."

The youth swallowed a mouthful of the liquor, and returned it to Saul, who, after draining the contents, resumed the conversation. "Martin," said he, "Robert, poor lad, is az innocent az a lamb; and I know it."

"And will you—can you, then, permit him to—"

"Hold thy tongue, buoy, and let me speak. Rob is innocent, but he's James Ztapleton's son; and if I were to take his head out of the halter, and put my own into it, it wouldn't be many miles off self-murder. Rob is innocent; for he never harmed a worm, except I made un do 't; and he can go up to his God without a blush:—I can't—may be, he couldn't, if he came to my years; for there's no one do know what may happen to the best ov us. I be zure I little thought, a score of years ago, when I were tip-top man here, and had az good a character az any body in the country, and there wer'n't a bad wish against mortal in my heart, that I should ever be tied up here, where I be, accused of any crime whatzoever—much less murder: but you zee I be, and there's no knowing, as I zaid avore, what any ov us may come to. Bob's zure of peace hereafter; and it will be well vor un. I'd be hung willingly, to-morrow, if I were in the like case; but I bean't. Oh! Martin, my buoy! I ha' much to answer vor. I be brave, people zays, and zo I be; but there bean't a man within a days' ride, zo aveard of death as I be; and I'll tell'ee why:—it's because I ha' been such a viend—zuch a wretch, ov late years. I wouldn't die vor all the world. I do want time vor repentance! and I must ha' it at any price! Therefore Bob must die vor me;—and, may be, I does un a good turn; at least I do think zo—by zending un to his grave avore he hath had temptation to be zinful."

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"Your doctrine is most atrocious!" exclaimed Martin. "Oh! why—why was I reserved for this? From what you say, Saul, I fear—"

"That I killed Phil Govier?"

"I hope not."

"Hoping's no good:—he hit I over the head with the butt-end of his gun;—zee, here's the mark;—and when I came to myzelf, he was gwain to do't again; zo I ztepped back three paces, lifted my piece, and blew out his brains—bang!—Ay, Martin, it were your vather did it; and Zquire Ztapleton's zon must zuffer vor it. I thought I had managed capitally; but things ha' come out I didn't dream of. Iv I be tried, I may be vound guilty, and that won't do. Bob's zure to zuffer, poor lad!—But I must not be tried."

"But how do you make it appear that Robert is guiltless, when the proofs are so strong against him."

"Ah! that be my deepness! I hope I shall be pardoned vor't. I'll tell 'ee just how 'twere. Bob were getting to bed, and he knowed I were gwain through the village, up the hill toward the copse t'other zide o' the Nine Acres:—I'd a' promised a brace o' pheasants to Long Tom, the mail coachman, the day bevore—he'd got an order vor 'em—and in the copse I were zure o' vinding 'em, but nowhere else: zo Bob zays to I, 'Vather,' zays he, 'I wish you'd take my t'other pair o' zhoes and leave 'em at Dick Blake's, as you do go along, and get he to heel-tap 'em for me.' Zo I zaid I would; and zure enough, I took 'em; but Dick were a-bed when I come by, and I went on, with the zhoes in my pocket, to the copse. When I got there, I looked about, and Ponto—you know Ponto—he'll point up—ay, if 'twere a-top of a elm, as well as under his nose in a stubble—Ponto stood; and just above my head on the lowest branch of a beech, there were perched a cock pheasant wi' two hens—one on each side o' un—all dree within reach. I hit the cock and one o' the hens down wi' the barrel o' my gun, and just as I were pouching 'em, up come the keeper. Phil and I, as every one knows, hadn't been good vriends vor twenty long years. Zummat occurred betwixt us, and Phil was zoon on the ground under me. I wasn't as cool as I should be over a rasher of bacon—you may guess; but up he got again, and laid the butt-end of his piece over my head. I were stunned for a second, but when I came to, he'd a' got his gun by the muzzle, wi' the butt up over his head, and aiming at me again. If he'd a hit me, I shouldn't ha' been talking to you here now: zo I ztepped back, and to zave my own life, did as I told 'ee. When I zeed un draw up his legs, and then quiver all over just avore a' died, all the blood in my body were turned into cold water. I thought I should ha' shivered to death; and there I stood, staring at Phil where a' laid, as if I were 'mazed! Just avore this, it begun to znow, and while I were looking at Phil, it thickened zo, that I were a'most zole-deep in it; so then I begun to cast about how I should act, to zave myzelf vrom zuspicion. While I were thinking, the znow stopped valling; and, thinks I, they'll vind out who 'twere by the vootmarks; and if there were no vootmarks to zuspect any one else, they'd guess 'twere I, vor vifty reasons: zo I took Bob's zhoes out o' my pocket, put mine in their place, squeezed my veet into the lad's zhoes as well as I could, walked straight whoam, and went to bed without a zoul hearing me. I were wicked enough to put Bob's zhoes close under his bed avore I went to my own; but I hope even that will be vorgiven me:—zo Bob were taken up, and most likely will be vound guilty, upon the evidence o' the zhoes. But vor vear of accidents, Martin, you must contrive to let me out; vor I won't be tried, d'ye mind? therefore you must manage zo as I may 'scape, lad; and once out, I'll war'nt they don't catch I again."

Martin Stapleton stood, with his eyes earnestly fixed on Saul, for nearly a minute after the latter had finished his story of the death of Philip Govier; his faculties were benumbed by what he had heard; and he probably would have remained much longer motionless and speechless, had not Saul seized him with both hands, and given him two or three violent shakes. "Come, come," said he, "doan't go to sleep like a horse, standing up!—This bean't a time for dozing!—Odd! if I'd a' got poor Bob here, I should ha' been vree half an hour ago. He'd ha' zet vire to the house, and come and ha' pulled me out o' the vlames, by this time, if he couldn't gi'e me my liberty any other way."

"And yet, *you*, Saul," said Martin, reproachfully, "you scruple not to sacrifice him to save yourself."

"What be that to thee? He'd do as I tell 'ee, because I be his vather—that is, he thinks zo. I ha' done what I did do, because he yean't my zon; but *thee* bee'st Martin—*thee* bee'st—and thee knows it; thy heart tells thee I ha'n't been lying to thee: thee'rt my zon, and I do expect that thou'lt do thy duty; thou can'st do't, and no harm come to thee. Bob would risk all vor me, though I ha'n't been the best o' vathers to un."

"What would you have me do?" asked Martin, rather petulently. "How shall I act?—What do you wish of me?"

"Just let I get t'other zide o' these walls," replied Saul; "I doan't care how—I leave that to you; choose your own way, it doan't much matter to I—doan't 'ee zee? zo as I gets out. Why, you'd a married Peggy, if zo be as I'd ha' let 'ee—wouldn't ee, now?—in spite ov old Ztapleton, and the whole vlock of your ztiff-backed aunts—wouldn't 'ee, now? answer me that."

"I should—I should!—but mention it no more—you make my blood curdle."

"Well, then," pursued Saul, heedless of the passionate request of Martin; "you zee, I'd no vear ov your seducing the girl; and you can't think I should ha' put up a gate against my daughter's being a young 'zquire's wife—if that young 'zquire weren't what he were."

"Talk to me no more on this subject: I will—

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I do believe all you have said; only, I beseech you, don't—don't dwell on this," exclaimed Martin, wiping large drops of "the dew of mental anguish" from his brow.

"Well, well, Martin! cheer up, lad," said Saul, fondling the youth; "cheer up, and I won't:—but, I zay, how shall we act?"

"Oh! I know not. In assisting you to escape, I become an accessary to Robert's death; and if I refuse—"

"You do hang your vather," interrupted Braintree: "an awkward place vor a body to stand in, Martin; but blood's thicker than water—I be your vather, and he yean't even one o' your kin. I won't dreaten 'ee wi' blabbing and telling who you be, on my trial."

"I care not, Saul, if you did."

"I know—I know; but I doan't dreaten 'ee wi't, doan't 'ee mind?—Keep znug, and be a 'zquire."

"Indeed, I shall not. I will tell the whole story to-morrow; and if I can save poor Robert—"

"If 't'an't at my expense, do save un, and I'll thank 'ee; but I think it yean't possible. As to your up and telling old Ztapleton who you be, that will be zilly ov 'ee; but it be your business: I've put 'ee into a good nest, and if you do throw yourzelf out on't, 't'ean't my fault—my intention were good. Howsomever, Martin, gi'e me dree hours' law; and doan't give tongue, and zo get a hue and cry a'ter me, avore I can get clear.

At this moment a loud tapping was heard at the door; Martin started, and exclaimed—"If that should be my vather!"

"Vather, indeed!" said Saul; "you do vorget yourself; you must ha' lost your wits, to be vrighted zo-vashion; you ha'n't a' vastened the door, have 'ee? and your vather, as you do call un, would hardly be polite enough to knock. There yean't much ceremony used wi' a prisoner. Why doan't 'ee zay, 'come in?'"

Before Martin could utter the words, the door was opened, and a fair, curly-headed youth, who was Martin's immediate attendant and frequent companion, peeped in, and said, in a loud whisper, "Master Martin! the 'squire is inquiring for you: where will you please to be?—in the fen, setting night-lines for eels, or up at Gorbury, seeing the earths well stopped? The foxhounds throw off at Budford Copse, to-morrow, you know; or shall I say you're here, or where?"

"You need not tell any lies about the matter, Sam, thank you," said Martin; "I shall be in the parlour almost directly."

"Very well, sir," replied Sam. "I wish you'd been down in the hall just now, though. Constable Abel has been making a speech about drink being the beginning of every thing bad; and, if he says true, Abel must be ripe for mischief, for he got three parts gone before he had done; and he's coming up stairs with the brass top of his long staff downward. Eh! Why, this can't be he, surely, coming at this rate?"

A series of sounds had struck Sam's ear, which resembled those of three or four persons running up stairs in a hurry, and then galloping along the passage toward the place where he stood. A moment had scarcely elapsed, from the time he had done speaking, when the door was burst wide open, and Ponto, the prisoner's dog, dashed into the room. He had been howling round the house for a considerable time; and probably watched for an opportunity of stealing in to join his master. He flew toward Saul; gambolled round him, leaped up to his face, and exhibited, by his looks, his low barks, and his actions, the joy he felt at being again in the presence of his master.

As soon as Sam, by the order of Martin, had retired from the door, Saul pointed to the dog, and, without uttering a word, gazed reproachfully at young Stapleton.

"I understand you," said Martin; "but you don't know what I may do yet; therefore, pray, spare me those looks."

"Wou'lt do't, then—wou'lt do't?" eagerly asked Saul: "Ah! I knew thee would'st. Ponto yean't my zon, and yet—but, odd! there bean't a minute to lose. Abel will be here directly. Ponto, my dog, thou'lt zave us a mort o' trouble. Tell 'ee what, Martin—only cut the rope, and go to bed. Never mind the cuffs; cut the rope vor me, and I be zafe: cut wi' your pocket-knife—make haste," continued Saul, in a hurried tone, as Martin searched his pockets with a tremulous hand—"here, lad, let I veel vor un—here a' is—now cut—cut through: gi'e me dree hours' law, as I told 'ee, and then do as you like. Why, lad, thee'lt be a month; I'd ha' cut down an oak by this time."

"What have I done?" exclaimed Martin, as he, at length, separated the rope.

"Done! why, done your duty," was Saul's reply; "kneel down there, Martin, and take a vather's blessing vor't; a vather's blessing, lad, let un be ever zo bad a man, won't do thee hurt." Martin, almost unconsciously, knelt, and the murderer, placing his hand on the young man's head, solemnly and most affectionately blessed him.

When Abel entered, Martin had nearly reached the door; he pushed the constable aside, and rushed out of the room, in a manner that perfectly amazed the old man. "Well!" said he, as he endeavoured to strut, but in fact, staggered in rather a ludicrous manner, towards the prisoner, "if that's behaviour to a parochial functionary—if any jury will say it is—I'll resign my staff of office. What do you think, Saul?"

"Bad manners, Yeabel—bad manners, in my mind," replied Braintree; "but he be vexed like, and I'll tell 'ee why—I ha' been trying to coax un over to help me out o' the house."

"You ha'n't, surely, Saul!"

"I tell 'ee I have, then—why not? Wouldn't you? answer me that: but the young dog revuzed; zo then I abuzed un, and a' left me in a pet. But, I zay, Yeabel, you be drunk, or handy to't, bean't 'ee? You shouldn't do that: it's wrong ov 'ee, Yeabel; every man, in my mind, should do his duty, and you beant doing yours to

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get voggy wi' stout October, when you've a-got a prisoner in hand."

"None of your sneering, Saul; I am *compos* and capable," said Abel.

"You bean't, Yeabel! upon my life, you bean't!" replied Saul; "you shouldn't do so—no, truly. Why, now, suppose I were to 'scape."

"Escape!" exclaimed Abel, cocking his hat, "elude my vigilance!—come, that's capital!"

"Why, you'll vall asleep avore half the night be over."

"What! sleep upon my post!—never, Saul—never."

"You'll prance up and down there all night, I'll war'nt, then, and zo keep me from getting a bit of rest: you be aveard to lie down, ay, or zit."

"I am afraid of nothing and nobody," replied Abel, indignantly, "and you know it, neighbour Braintree; but no sneering of yours will tempt me—I'm up to thee, Saul, so be quiet, or say your prayers. I'm never so fit to serve my king and country, or the parochial authorities, as when my wits are sharpened by an extra cup or two."

"Or dree, I z'pose?" added Saul. "Poor zoul! thee wants a little spirit put into thee."

"I want spirit! when did I lack it?" exclaimed Abel. "Not a man in the parish ever attempts to raise a hand against me."

"No, truly, Yeabel, I'll zay this vor thee—thou'rt such a weak, harmless old body, that a man would as zoon think of wopping his grandmother as wopping thee."

Abel's wrath was now roused, and he began to speechify and swagger: Saul said no more, but stretched himself upon the mattrass which the 'squire had humanely ordered to be placed on the floor, within reach of his tether, holding the rope under him, so that, without turning him over, it was impossible to discover that it had been severed. Just previously to the constable's entrance, Ponto, in obedience to the command of Saul, had retreated beneath a large oak table, the flap of which altogether concealed him from observation; and there lay the well-trained animal, with his head resting on his fore-paws, and his eyes fixed on Saul, perfectly motionless, and watching for further commands.

About an hour after midnight, when all seemed quiet below stairs, Saul turned on the mattrass, and beheld Abel still tottering to and fro, like an invalid grenadier upon guard. He waited for an opportunity, when the constable's back was toward him, to start up, seize Abel by the throat, and lay him flat upon the floor. "Yeabel," said he, in a low tone, "I hope I ha'n't hurt thee much. I be zorry to harm thee at all, old buoy; but needs must. I be gwain off, Yeabel; I doan't mean to put the county to the expense o' prosecuting me—zo I be gwain. Doan't be aveard, I won't choke thee: there," added he, relaxing his powerful gripe, "I'll let thee breathe; but if thee speaks, remember, Yeabel, I be a desperate man, and I must silence thee: one knock o' the head 'ud do't; zo keep thy peace, and do as I tells thee quietly; I won't have a word, mind me. Take thic thingumbob out o' thy waistcoat pocket, and unvasten these bracelets thou'st put about my wrists. Iv thy conscience to thy king and country won't let thee do't wi'out being put in bodily vear, I'll trouble thee wi' another grip o' the droat. But, I doant wish any thing o' the zort myself, unless needs must.—Ponto, dog!"

Ponto started up, and was by his master's side in a moment.

"That infernal dog here too!" ejaculated Abel.

"Ay, zure! but zilence! It yean't wise vor I to let thee open thy lips; zo go to work like a dummy. Make haste, and dost hear, Yeabel? put down the handcuffs quietly. Now doan't tempt me to hurt thee, by making a vool o' thyzelf. Be ruled, that's a good vellow. I can get off, doan't 'ee see, spite o' the cuffs? but it will be more convenient and agreeable to leave 'em behind." By this time, Abel had set Braintree's arms completely at liberty.

"Now, Yeabel," continued Saul, still kneeling over the constable—"now, old blade, I'll leave thee wi' Ponto; but doan't thee move or call out if thee values thy old droat. He'll worry thee like a wolf 'ud a wether, if thee moves or makes as much noise as a mouse; but be quiet—be still, and he'll ztand over thee and not harm thee vor hours. Thee knowest the dog; and thee know'st me well enough to be zertain I wouldn't leave thee vit to make a 'larm, if I wern't zure o' the dog. I doan't want to hurt thee, zo I leaves thee wi' un: but, mind, he'll hold thy droat a little tighter than I did, if thee wags a hair.—Ponto!" added Saul, turning to the fine animal, who seemed to be listening to what he had said; "mind un, Ponto!—Steady, good dog!—Soho! and steady! but mind un!"

To use a sporting phrase, Ponto immediately "stood:" he threw himself into an attitude that even Saul, as he departed, pronounced to be beautiful. His eye was keenly fixed upon Abel; the roots of his ears were elevated and brought forward; one of his fore-legs was held up, and curved so that the claws nearly touched his body; his tail no longer curled, but stood out straight on a level with his back; every muscle in his frame seemed, as it were, to be upon the alert; he appeared on the point of making a spring forward; but no statue ever stood more motionless on its pedestal, than Ponto did over the prostrate and terrified constable.

Braintree lost no time after he left the room which had been his temporary prison: he descended cautiously to the ground-floor, and versed as he had been in his boyhood, and for several years after time had written man upon his brow, in the topography of the old Hall, he easily found an outlet, and escaped without creating any alarm.

In a paddock adjoining the pleasure-grounds of the Hall, he caught a horse, which had been turned out on account of a sand-crack—twisted a hazel, from the hedge, into a halter and mouthpiece, leaped the fence, and, in less than half an

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hour, by dint of hard galloping across the country, clearing every thing as though he was riding a steeple-chase, Saul reached his own cottage. Meg and her daughter were still up—the wife weeping, and the child praying for Saul's safe deliverance. He beat at the door, and Meg clasped the girl to her breast, and exclaimed, "Oh! what now?—what now? They're surely coming for thee, Peggy! they'll leave me to murder myself—childless!"

"Open the door, Meg—my own Meg!" said Saul, without; "'tis I Meg—thy poor Zaul."

Braintree was soon by his own hearth, with his wife and daughter weeping and hanging round his neck.

"Well, and how is it, Saul?" inquired Meg, as soon as she could find utterance.

"Art discharged, father," said Peggy.

"No, child," replied Saul; "I be 'scaped! I shouldn't ha' zeen thee, wench, nor thy mother neither, but whoam laid in my road. I be zafe yet till day-light, if Ponto's as true as I've a' zeen un avore now; but I shouldn't zay, *if*, vor I be zure ov un."

In reply to the inquiries of his wife, Saul briefly related the result of his conversation with Martin, the manner of his escape from old Abel, and his intention to fly the country for ever, if he could. "Not," added he, "that I think they could bring aught whoam to me, upon trial, though I did'nt think zo, when I were tied up by a rope to a chimney-bar, in the Hall; but now it ztrikes I, there wouldn't be much danger ov my getting acquitted—and vor why? It's clear the man were killed by *one*—not *two*. Now, if Bob's vound guilty, I must be turned out innocent; and guilty a' will be vound, or else I've blundered blessedly."

"Heavens above us, Saul! what d'ye mean?" cried Meg.

Braintree now frankly told his wife the circumstances relative to Robert's shoes; and concluded, with a forced smile, sighing deeply as he spoke—"And zo, the young un be nicked for noman's-land, wi'out a bit of a doubt—that be certain, I reckon."

"Oh! Saul!" cried Meg, "Saul Braintree, what hast thee done?—thou hast murdered thy son!"

"Murdered my viddlestick! He's the 'zquire's—Jemmy Ztapleton's buoy—Martin be mine."

"Martin Stapleton, father!" almost shrieked Peggy.

"Ay, wench, and he cut the cord vor me, like a Briton."

"Saul! Saul!" replied Meg, "doan't thee smile; my poor heart be bursting. I never thought I should see this night!"

"Woe's me, mother; I was almost killed wi' trouble before, and now such news as this!" sobbed Peggy, pressing her hands to her eyes.

"What be the matter, missus?—All's right;—doan't be dashed."

"If thou didst kill Govier, Saul," said Meg, "thou bee'st a vather vor all that; and I do pity thee:—thou hast laid a trap vor thy own son. When thou wen'st away a smuggling that time, just after the squire had discharged thee, and when we knowed he was looking out for another nurse—"

"Well, what then?" interrupted Saul.

"Why, Saul, thou didst tempt me to change the children. I promised thee I would:—I tried, and I couldn't! Thee thought'st to deceive 'Squire Stapleton, but I deceived thee, Saul. I couldn't send away my own boy—my virst-born—my darling. If thee wert a mother, thee wouldst vorgive me. Oh! that I had done as thee told me! Saul, Saul, thee hast murdered thy child! Bob's thy own vlesh and blood—and Martin Stapleton be no kin to thee."

"Oh! mother!" said Peggy, dropping on her knees, "I am almost ashamed to say how I thank you for those words; they have a'most saved my life;--but then, my brother—my poor, poor brother!"

"Bob my own vlesh and blood!" said Saul, turning pale as a dying man while he spoke, "Bob my zon, a'ter all!—Tell'ee he ant! I won't believe thee:—dost hear?"

"As I hope to be vorgiven for all I've done here below, he is," replied his wife.

"Meg, Meg!" said Saul, dropping on a bench, and throwing himself back against the wall, "you ha' turned me zick as a dog."

Margaret and her daughter now threw themselves about Braintree's neck again, and began to weep and wail in the most violent and passionate manner. Saul remained motionless only for a few moments. "Gi'e me air," said he, suddenly pushing them aside and leaping up, "I be choking! I'd gi'e the world now, if I had it, that instead o' zhooting Phil, Phil had zhot I!—Deceived! bevooled! in thic vashion!—Meg, doan't thee bide near me, or I shall lay hands on thee presently, I do know I shall."

"I don't vear thee, Saul," said Meg, "thee never didst lay a vinger in wrath on me yet. If thee'rt a' minded to kill me, do't!—I won't vly vrom the blow. My Bobby in gaol, accused of murder, and my husband guilty of doing it!"

"You lie, you vool!" vociferated Saul, "'twere no murder! We vought, hand to hand, vor life or vor death, and I got the best o't. If I hadn't a' killed he, he'd ha' killed I; zo how can 'ee make it murder?"

"The lord judge will make it out so, I fear," said Peggy, "won't he, think you, mother?"

"No doubt on't; and Saul knows it," replied Meg. "Oh! Bob, my child—my dear, dear boy!"

"Good night, Meg!" interrupted Saul. "I be off;—you do know I can't abide to hear a woman howl."

"But where art gwain, Saul?"

"No matter;—thou'lt hear time enough o' me:—good night!"

"Nay, but what'll thee do!—Peggy, down on thy knees wi' me girl, and beg him to tell us, what we be to do!—Oh! Saul—bide a bit; I won't let thee see a tear—look, they be all scorched up. I won't vex thee, any way, if thou'lt but bide and comfort us."

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"Doan't cling to me zo," said Saul, struggling to rid himself of the embraces of his wife and daughter, who clung about his knees—"it be no use; let go, or I'll hurt 'ee! There now," continued he, as he freed himself, "once vor all, good night. It won't do vor I to bide here another minute."

Braintree now rushed out of the cottage, leaving his wife and daughter on their knees: each of them clasped the other to her breast, and listened, without a sob, until the receding footsteps of Saul were no longer audible. They then attempted alternately to solace each other; but the comforter of the moment was so violent in her own sorrow as to increase that of her whose grief she tried to allay; and thus the hours passed on with them till dawn. They felt the misery of seeing the sun rise and chace away the morning mists as usual; the autumnal song-bird—the robin—much loved of men, chirrupped merrily on their cottage-roof as he did a week before, when they were comparatively happy; and the sleek old cat, brushed his glossy sides against their garments, as if nothing was the matter. There are few persons in existence, whose lot it has been to pass a night of such extreme mental agony, as that was with Margaret Braintree and her daughter; and yet, strange to say, at six o'clock in the morning, Meg was raking together the embers of the turf fire, and piling fresh fuel on the hearth;—the kettle was, soon after, singing merrily above the blaze; and before the church bells had chimed seven, Meg and her pretty daughter, miserable as they were, with swollen eyes and aching hearts, sat down to that womanly comfort—a cup—or as it is still called in the west—a *dish* of tea.

We must now return to the Hall, which, before day-break, became a scene of uproar and alarm. Every body seemed to be in a bustle, but no pursuit was made, or plan of action determined on. The 'squire had sent for a neighbouring justice of the peace, who was so far stricken in years, that it was necessary for one of his own men, assisted by Stapleton's messenger, to lift him on horseback, and hold him on the saddle, the whole distance between his house and the Hall. The old man, although of a remarkably irritable disposition, was scarcely wide awake when he arrived. The 'squire, however, without waiting to inquire whether or no his auditor was in a proper state to receive his communications, began to give a minute history of the capture, brief imprisonment, and escape of Braintree. He had gone as far as Saul's seizing the constable, when old Justice Borfield, for the first time, interrupted him, by inquiring, with warmth, what they all meant by using him as they had done? "Here have I been," added he—"Ay, now, I recollect—Yes—the scoundrels broke into my bed-room;—so I suppose, at least;—dragged me out of bed; and when I awoke—for, odd! sir, and as I'm a gentleman, all this was hurry-skurry, and passed on like a dream—but when I awoke, I found myself in my best wig on the back of a high-trotting horse; and lo, and behold! I saw—for my miscreant of a man had fastened on my spectacles, though, as you see, he forgot my left shoe—I saw one of them on each side, holding me down to the saddle by my waistband. I struggled and exclaimed; but the villains heeded me not! Now, sir, what the devil does all this mean? What am I accused of? I insist upon being answered."

"My dear neighbour, my very worthy friend Borfield," said Stapleton, "I need your assistance—your presence—your advice in this matter."

"You're very complimentary, indeed! What! now you've made a blunder, you drag me into your counsels to bear half the blame! Neighbour Stapleton, I'm a very ill-used man, and I won't put up with it. Talk of the liberty of the subject, and the power of a justice of the peace! Why, I've been treated like a tetotum! At this rate, a magistrate's an old woman; or worse—worse by this hand! Brute force beats the King's commission! I'm dragged out of my bed at midnight, by lawless ruffians—lifted into a saddle, when I haven't set foot in a stirrup these twenty years—and brought here on the back of a rough-trotting galloway, close prisoner, to sign some documents, I suppose, which wouldn't be legal, without the formality of a second magistrate's name. I'll tell you what, James Stapleton, I don't like it.—If I'm an old man, I'm not a machine. Your satellites have brought the horse to the brook, but you can't make him drink. I'll sign nothing;—I'll die first:—for I'm hurt and insulted."

The old man now grew exhausted, and Stapleton once more attempted to pacify him. By dint of excuses and a few flattering compliments on the freshness and vigour of his intellectual powers, and the value of the advice of a man who had so much experience, Stapleton, at length, prevailed upon him to hear the end of the statement, relative to Saul's escape.

"Well, well! then order coffee and dry toast," said Borfield, "for if you need advice, I lack refreshment. Order coffee, and let the toast be cut thin, and baked by a steady hand—by-the-by, let my own miscreant do it—and then we'll see what can be done."

It appeared that Braintree's escape had been discovered sooner than he expected. The old earth-stopper, on his return from Gorbury, where he had been following his vocation, saw somebody cross a field, at full speed, on a horse which he well knew to be Martin Stapleton's pie-bald hunter. He fancied, too, that the rider bore some resemblance to Braintree. But whether the man were Braintree or another, it was clear that all was not right. The earth-stopper, therefore, thought proper to put spurs to his poney, and, instead of turning down the next lane toward his own cottage, to push for the main road, and trot up to Stapleton Hall. As he passed the paddock he looked round it; but saw no horse. When he reached the gate-way leading to the house, he raised such a clatter, by ringing the bell and beating against the door,

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that several of the servants, and Stapleton himself, were soon roused from their beds. Before the earth-stopper was admitted, Stapleton inquired from the window, what had occurred. "I beg your honour's pardon," replied the old man, "I reckon I ha' zeed Zaul Braintree; or, iv 'tean't he, 'tis a man like un, riding athirt tailor Mudford's 'tatee-patch, in Misletoe-lane, zaving your worship's presence, upon a zpringy switch-tailed, pie-bald, a blood-like weed ov a thing, zo var as I could zee; but I'll zwear he were a zwitch-tailed pie-bald; and the young 'zquire's yean't in the paddock."

Stapleton threw on his dressing-coat, and hurried up stairs to the room where Saul had been confined. The lamp was still burning; and, by its light, he discovered at a glance, that the prisoner had effected his escape. Abel's staff lay upon the mattress, and, at a little distance from it, Stapleton beheld the constable on the floor, apparently lifeless. "The villain has murdered him!" thought he; but his fears were instantly dispelled, and his indignation roused by a sonorous snore, which evidently proceeded from the nostrils of Abel.

Stapleton took up the staff of office, and turned the constable over with it two or three times, before he could wake him. In reply to the questions put to him by the 'squire, Abel gave a tolerably clear account of what had taken place: the last thing he recollected was seeing the eyes of Ponto glaring at him, as he lay on the floor. Search was immediately made for the dog, but without success: he had either effectually concealed himself in some part of the house, or made his escape. Abel begged for a warrant from his worship to apprehend and hang the animal, "he aided and abetted the prisoner," said he, "in getting his liberty; and I am ready to swear, and what is more, with your worship's leave, I do insist upon swearing, that I lay in bodily fear o' the beast. But Ponto," continued he, "was not the sole and only one that lent the delinquent a helping hand; he hath a friend in court: the rope was cut for him, that's clear; for he never could have done it himself. Your worship, this looks awkward against somebody."

The morning dawned through the eastern window of the library, as Stapleton finished his statement, and old Borfield his second cup of coffee. The latter now suggested that all the persons in the house should be rigidly examined, and the depositions of Abel and the earth-stopper formally prepared. The whole of the household, as well as the two last-mentioned worthies, were then called in; and after a few questions had been put to the domestics in a body, it came out that somebody had heard Sam say, before he went to bed, that the poacher's dog had burst into the Wainscot-room when he (Sam) went up to call the young 'squire down to supper. Sam, upon being questioned, prevaricated and became confused. Perceiving this, Stapleton inquired for Martin. "He ha'n't left his room yet, sir," said Sam; "I'll step and call him."

"No, no!" exclaimed Borfield, "by no means: stay you there, and let the constable go for him."

"I forgot to say," said Abel, "that Master Martin did certainly condescend to be beadle over the prisoner, while I took needful refreshment."

"Then you ought to be whipped for suffering him to do so," quoth Borfield. "Mr. Stapleton, this begins to be serious," continued he;—Stapleton turned pale as he proceeded, and now wished he had not sent for his brother magistrate;—"the youth's your son; but it is our duty, in such an investigation as this, to pay no respect to persons. And so, when you returned," he added, turning to the constable, "the bird was flown, was he?"

"I will be judged by any man here if I said so!" replied Abel. "Saul and I had some chat after my return; he was there, and, seemingly, safe enough; but the cord must have been cut by somebody while I was away."

"And who did you find in the room besides Saul?" was the next question put by old Borfield.

"Sam ran against me, as I went up over the stairs, and the young 'squire did the like, more disagreeably, just after I had crossed the threshold."

Borfield shook his head, and said to Sam—"Young man, consider yourself in custody; and constable, fetch down Master Martin Stapleton; it is strange, amidst all this uproar, he has not made his appearance!"

"Has no one seen him?" inquired Stapleton, in a tone of unusual solemnity: he looked anxiously round the circle, but no reply was made. "Open that window," continued he, pointing to one near him, in the recess of which stood the earth-stopper, who obeyed him, as fast as his stiff joints would permit. A perfect silence reigned through the room for nearly a minute, after Abel had quitted it, in obedience to Borfield's commands, when the old earth-stopper said that he heard a tired horse galloping up the high road, about a mile distant, and he thought it was the young 'squire's pie-bald. Upon being asked what induced him to think so, he replied, "why, your honour, Master Martin's horse were lame vrom a zand-crack in the near vore-voot, and the horse, I do hear, don't strike the ground even; I be zure he's lame;—and az I do think—"

The earth-stopper would have proceeded, but Abel and Martin now entered the room. The young man's dress was in disorder; his hair was matted; his eyes were swollen; and his whole appearance indicated that he had not passed the night asleep in his bed. "I understand," said he, addressing himself to Stapleton and Borfield, "I understand that—"

"You have but one question to answer, Martin," interrupted Stapleton.

"And answer it or not, as you think fit," said Borfield; "recollect, young gentleman, that you are not compelled to implicate yourself:—be careful!"

"The caution, sir," said Stapleton, "is kind and well-meant, but, I am sure, needless. Mar-

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tin—did you, or did you not, aid Saul Braintree in his escape?"

Martin was silent.

"Don't press him," said Borfield, forgetting to whom he was speaking; "we have quite sufficient, without his own acknowledgment, to warrant us in concluding that he did. The constable's evidence—"

"Borfield! Borfield!" cried Stapleton casting on the old man a look of reproach that silenced him, "let him answer for himself. What say you, Martin? Acquit yourself, I insist—I entreat!—Did you cut the rope for Braintree?"

"All that I have to say, sir," replied Martin, firmly—but his voice faltered, and he burst into tears, and hid his face in his hands, as he concluded—"All that I have to say, sir, is, that the man proved to me he was my own father!"

"Martin, you're mad!" exclaimed Stapleton, starting from his seat.

"Braintree your father!" said Borfield removing his spectacles, but speaking in a calm and unconcerned tone; "how's this?—Then where's Mr. Stapleton's son?"

"In the county gaol, abiding his trial for murder!" replied the young man.

"Martin, your wits are wandering!" almost shrieked old Stapleton; "What do you mean?"

"It is but too true, sir, I fear. Meg Braintree changed us when children at her breast."

"No, zhe didn't, Master Martin," said some one at the lower end of the room; "No, zhe didn't; worse luck!"

To the amazement of all present, Saul Braintree, who had just entered, now walked up towards the justices, and stood within three paces of the table, behind which their chairs were placed. Old Stapleton was still on his legs; and, with a vacant and almost idiotic stare, turned from Martin, on whom he had been gazing, to the weather-beaten face of Saul.

"'Tis you ha' done all this mischief, 'zquire," pursued Braintree; "Oh! you used I—but it don't matter: Meg, too, to play zuch a trick, and not tell me o't!—Master Martin, she didn't do as I told her; but never, afore this night, did I know I'd been made such a vool ov!—Your horse volled lame as a cat wi' me, coming back, but you'll vorgi'e me, I do know, vor bringing ee' zuch news. I bean't your vather; there—there, it do zeem, he stands: 'zquire, this be, truly, your zon—mine be in irons; but I'll vree un! I'll vree un!" repeated he, raising his voice suddenly to a high pitch; "he sha'n't bide there long! I be bad enough, vor zure and zartin, but I can't let un die vor I!—Oh! I be beat out und out!—Tell'ee I can't ztand it; zo, justice, take my convession!"

Borfield touched the elbows of Stapleton, who was now totally inattentive to the scene before him, and affectionately embracing Martin.—"Take the pen, sir," said Borfield; "and, prisoner, reflect a moment on what you are about to do: you are in a state of great excitation; we are willing to hear you; but, I repeat—be cautious!"

"Cautious—cautious! d'ye zay?—No, I won't! Caution's been the ruin o' me. Caution doan't zeem to I to be any use in theze parts. I ha' zeed men wi' no more forecast than chilver hogs—do well all their lives, and keep out o' harm's way, vlourishing like trees:—now, I ha' been as cautious as a cat, and you do zee what I be come to."

"I cannot write, indeed, Mr. Borfield; I cannot write a word: you must excuse me," said Stapleton, throwing down the pen.

"Well, well, then, as we've no clerk, and I have written nothing but my name these seven years," said Borfield, offering the pen to young Stapleton; "suppose, Master Martin, you take down the prisoner's confession?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Martin, "*that* I never will do."

"Then we must adjourn the examination for an hour," said Borfield, "let the prisoner be searched, and conveyed to a place of security. I will especially swear in the earth-stopper and my man to assist you, Abel; my man shall remain in the room with you, and the earth-stopper may watch outside the door: be attentive earth-stopper."

"And, above all things," added Abel, "take care that his dog don't get in."

"Doan't'ee be aveard o' he, Yeabel," said Saul, "I ha' killed un, poor blade!—It were the last zhot I shall zhoot. He ha' done much mischief for I, poor dumb beast, and he might ha' done more vor a worser man;—vor I reckon I bean't zo bad az zome be, and that's a comvort. I knocked up varmer Zalter, and borrowed his double-barrelled gun, to gi'e the dog his dose. Ponto knowed what a gun were, well enough; but he zeemed to vancy I were in vun like, when I pointed the muzzle o't to un; vor a' wagged his tail and looked as pleasant up in my vace, that be dashed iv I weren't vorced to shut my eyes, avore I could pull the trigger. But, oh! Master Martin, iv you had but heard his one zhort deep howl, you'd ha' gone 'mazed—that is—if you were I. Truly, I do think, I zhould ha' zhot myself iv 'tweren't vor two things:—Virst, I couldn't ha' vreed poor dear Bob, bless un! iv I had; and next, I'd a' given my word and hand to varmer Zalter, I wouldn't harm myzelf, avore he'd lend me his gun."

Martin now asked his father's permission to offer Saul a little refreshment; the 'squire immediately acceded to his request, and the kind hearted young gentleman whispered Sam, in Saul's hearing, to get a little brandy from the housekeeper. Braintree, however, much to Martin's surprise, requested that no liquor might be brought for his use. "Master Martin," said he, "it yean't wi' me, as 'twere last night. I be past the help o' brandy, now:—I be done vor. Ponto's gone, and I zhall zoon vollow un; he did'nt deserve it—nor I neither, may be;—but I zhall h'at though, vor all that. But Bob zhall be vreed—no offence, justices; but, d'ye hear?—Bob zhall be vree! My buoy zhan't never zuffer for I. No, no, that wouldn't be like Zaul

Braintree;—eh! Master Martin?—would it, neighbours?—My wife zhan't zay to I again, as zhe did, poor zoul, last night, 'Zaul, thee hast murdered my zon!'—'tean't pleasant. Your zarvant, Justice Borfield: you ha' been my ruin, 'zquire Ztapleton; but I doan't bear malice; I do vorgive 'ee wi' all my heart. Will'ee be zo good as to make vriends, zir, and think o' Meg, if aught should happen to me?—will'ee, zir—will'ee—will'ee?"

Saul stretched forth his hand across the table, and Stapleton, apparently without knowing what he did, or, possibly, actuated by a return of those kind feelings which he had entertained for Saul, twenty years before, so far forgot his own character and situation, and those of the prisoner, that he put forth his hand towards that of Braintree: a short but hearty mutual squeeze ensued, and Braintree immediately left the room, closely followed by Abel Harris, the earth-stopper, and Justice Borfield's man. He had scarcely proceeded a dozen steps from the door, when, as if something of importance had suddenly occurred to him, he turned about, and earnestly inquired for the young 'squire. Martin was soon by his side. "Master Martin," said Saul, "there be one thing I've a' got to zay to 'ee—"

"Your wife, I suppose, Braintree—"

"No, no, not zhe; I zpoke to 'zquire about zhe: besides, Bob will be vree, and won't zee poor Meg lack;—pine zhe will—but he can't help that."

"Can I do any thing for you?" inquired Martin.

"Not vor I—not vor I," replied Saul. "I ha' got but a vew words to zay to thee, lad, and I'll zpeak 'em vreely. Peggy yean't your zister, now:—when I be gone, iv you can't do her no good, doan't do her no harm, vor my zake, lad; doan't, pr'ythee, now!"

"I never will, you may depend, Saul."

"Then God bless thee, and good bye!—Now, Yeabel!"

Saul now followed Abel into the Wainscot-room again, and resumed his handcuffs. Old Borfield, who had been roused to unusual energy, and even displayed a portion of that acuteness, for which he had been famed in the county twenty or thirty years before, sank into a doze. Long before he opened his eyes again, Stapleton had received Saul Braintree's confession, which, coupled with other circumstances, while it convicted Saul, clearly exculpated his son from any participation in the offence. The father and son were tried together; the former was found guilty, and the latter acquitted. Saul, however, evaded the execution of the law: a strong fear of death came over him, after his conviction; he made a bold attempt to escape—the particulars, of which it would be needless to enumerate: suffice it to say, that he was not only unsuccessful, but perished in a most resolute struggle with some of the gaoler's attendants, who intercepted his progress. Another paragraph will finish our tale.

Old Stapleton, who had long been in a declining state, died within a few days after Martin came of age: the young 'squire shortly after sold off his estates, and, it was confidently said by some, but disbelieved by others, dwelt happy and contented, as it falls to the lot of most men to be, in a distant part of England, with his old nurse under his roof: Robert Braintree, the tenant of a capital farm, within a morning's ride of his mansion; and pretty Peggy, his wife.